WENDEL TELLS ALL — "MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

NOV. 28,
1936

Liberty

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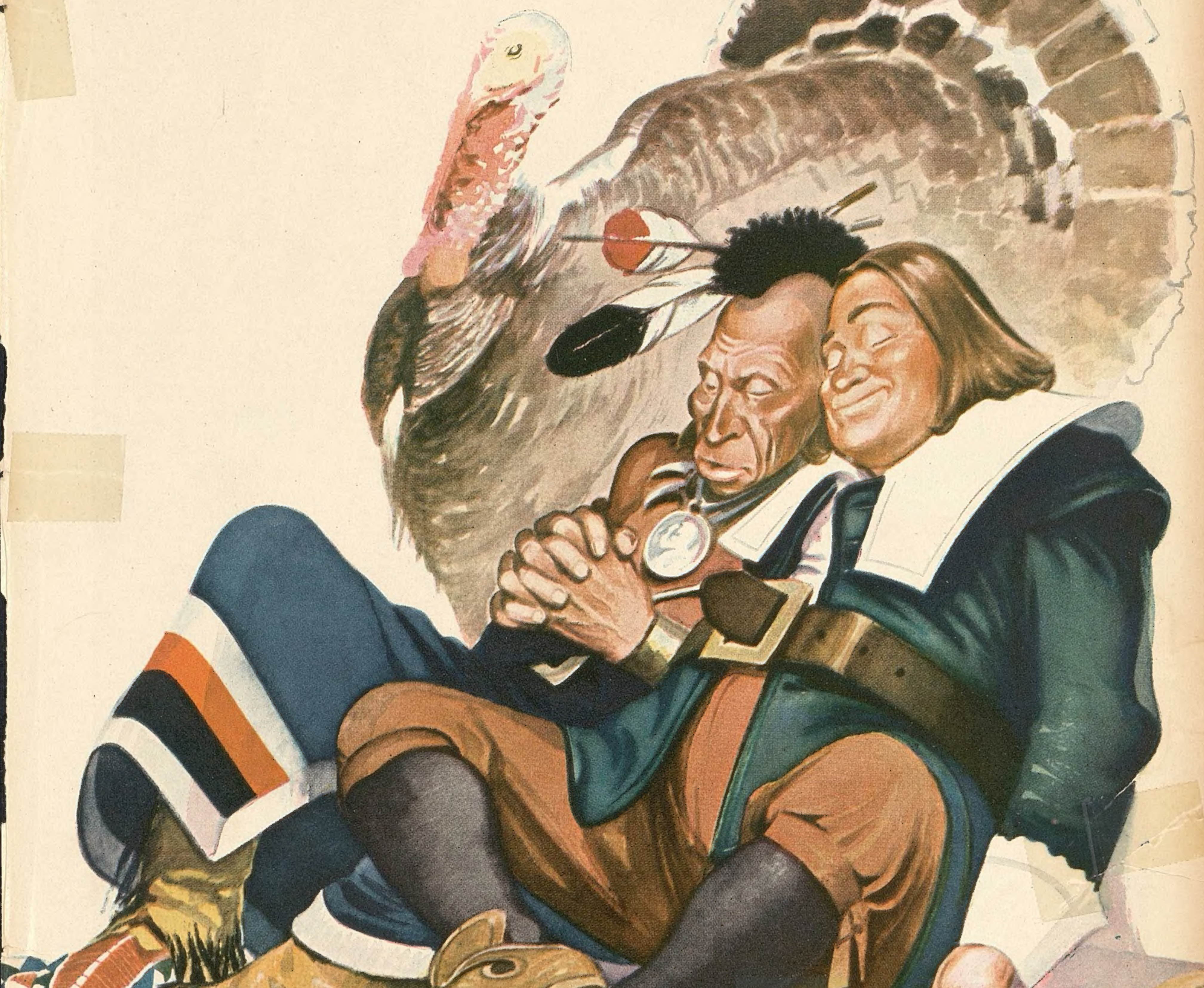


IS ELSIE JANIS GUIDED BY HER DEAD MOTHER'S VOICE?

WHY SHE IS HELPING THE POOR by ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

"You'll be all set now for a tough winter"

TYPE 40
Ford

WINTER! Zero temperatures! Cold starts! More driving after dark with the lights on! . . . If you want to be sure of your car's performance this winter, be sure of the battery. You CAN be sure with a Genuine Ford Battery.

Genuine Ford Batteries are built with plenty of power for winter driving. They have extra capacity for the extra demands of electrical accessories — radio, spot light, heater. They are carefully built to strict Ford specifications. They are rigidly tested and inspected. They meet Ford standards of quality and precision.

Large plate areas — plates of highest quality materials — oxides that meet exacting specifications — vertical-grain wood separators for long life . . . these are but a few of the features that make a Genuine Ford Battery a value far beyond its price.

Each of the four types of Genuine Ford Batteries is fully guaranteed. Ask your neighborhood Ford dealer for the one that will do the best job this winter in your car or truck.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DEARBORN, MICHIGAN

GENUINE
Ford
PARTS & ACCESSORIES

Genuine FORD BATTERIES

NOVEMBER 28, 1936 **Liberty** VOL. 13, NO. 48

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR IN CHIEF
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

The Only Way to Save Democracy—Take the Profit Out of Politics

BERNARR MACFADDEN

REVOLUTIONARY planning has become quite popular throughout the world; but about the most foolish of these fantasies is the idea of some wise (?) officials that we should take the profit out of business. In other words, they would eliminate the reward for honest effort. The adoption of such a policy would destroy the industry of this country.

Our outstanding achievements as a nation have been due to the individual genius of our business men. We have become the wealthiest nation in the world through their efforts. It is the inspiring dreams, accompanied by inventive genius, which have built our powerful industrial organization. It is through buying and selling that we have raised ourselves from a nation of pioneer backwoodsmen; and the promise of financial rewards to business has brought about this change.

If we were to take away the rewards that come with the building of a business, the ultimate effect can well be imagined. Prizes of some sort are the incentives that fire the imagination, arouse the ambition. Our enthusiasm is then made real and vivid. Profit from business is the one outstanding factor essential to our advancement.

Business has built all our tall buildings, our railroads, cities, colleges, churches—practically everything worth while to our national advancement.

But there is one monumental evil that we are facing which will ultimately destroy this nation if it is not effectively attacked: profit in politics.

Profit must be taken out of our governmental activities. The rocks of destruction of our governmental system are not far ahead if this monstrous evil is allowed to continue indefinitely. Year by year the scandals of financial allurements in politics become more menacing.

In years gone by we were governed by statesmen who had the interests of our country at heart. Financial profit, if of interest, was always incidental, and that accounts for our amazing progress as a nation.

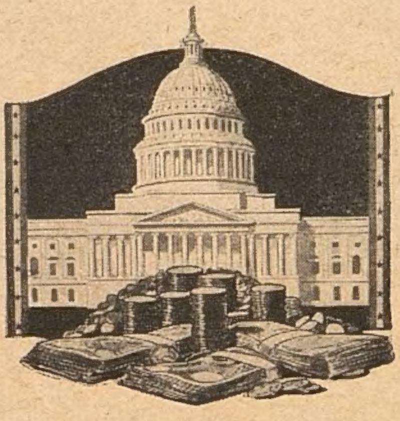
England is perhaps an extraordinary example of the value of honest statesmanship. The importance of business men in that country is recognized by conferring honors upon them. They are given official recognition by titles of various kinds—dukes, barons, earls—which is just another method of extending recognition to worthy citizens.

Previous to our present socialistic tendencies our great business men were honored, not with governmental recognition, but with a certain amount of public approval. Some of our recent officials have tried on various occasions to discredit business men. The impression was broadcast that they were unfair to their employees and that they overcharged their patrons. And no credit whatsoever was given to our business leaders for the great commercial achievements of this nation, due entirely to the untiring efforts and genius of these hard-working executives.

Our future is hanging in the balance. The policy adhered to by England, whose unusually effective diplomacy has made it one of the world's greatest powers, should be given some consideration by us. Generation after generation, century after century, Britain has maintained her supremacy.

Our great business executives who have proved their worth in the world of business should be given opportunities to demonstrate their value in the management of governmental affairs. High official positions should be filled by dollar-a-year men, to whom financial rewards would be no inducement.

With such men in power, the financial scandals of politics would soon disappear.



Again we could have real statesmen whose one desire would be the continuation of governmental principles which in the past have proved their extraordinary value by giving us nearly half the wealth of the world and a standard of living for workers far higher than that of any other nation.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Wendel TELLS ALL—

"MY 44 DAYS OF KIDNAPING, TORTURE, AND HELL IN THE LINDBERGH CASE"

His Own Revelation of What Befell Him While Hauptmann Was Waiting to Die

by PAUL H. WENDEL

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART ONE—"YOU'RE GOING TO CONFESS!"

REMEMBER that night last spring when all the world was listening to get the word that the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby was dead?

You were at your radio. The fatal hour came. The clanging bell, the sonorous voice, announced that it was eight o'clock. Eight fifteen. Eight thirty. Was something wrong? Had some diabolical static cut off the waiting world from the death house at Trenton?

Eight thirty-five. Eight forty.

Still no word to say that Bruno Richard Hauptmann was dead. For forty long, inexplicably trying minutes, you and you and you—some forty million yous—were kept waiting without being told the reason.

Well, I was the reason.

Little had I thought as I went my quiet, simple, peace-loving way—first as a chemist, then as a lawyer, then again as a chemist—that I would ever become the focal figure in such a breath-taking crisis.

Little did I think, when a stranger stepped up to me in front of my New York hotel, about noon of February 14, 1936, and said, "Hello, Paul," that I was about to undergo ten days of torture.

Still less did I think that I might later be called upon to testify at the trial of my closest friend on the charge of being the master mind in this kid-

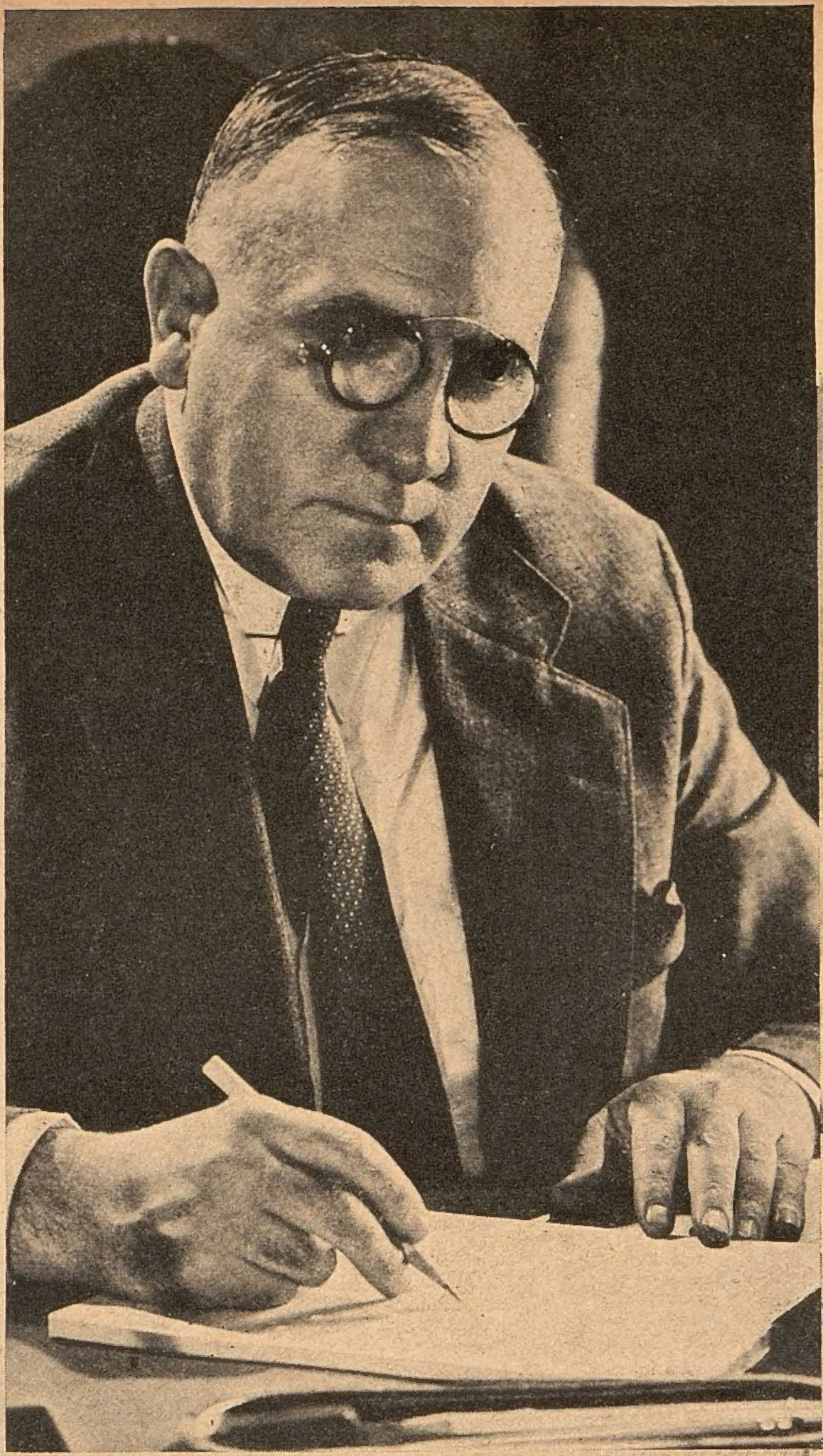
Ellis H. Parker, New Jersey detective, and his son and namesake—both accused in the Wendel kidnaping case.

naping-and-torture crime, the penalty for which, if proved in court, is life imprisonment or death.

I refer, of course, to Ellis H. Parker, chief of detectives of Burlington County, New Jersey, who—with his son, Ellis Parker, Jr.—is, I believe, about to be tried for this almost unbelievable offense against a man who loved him like a brother.

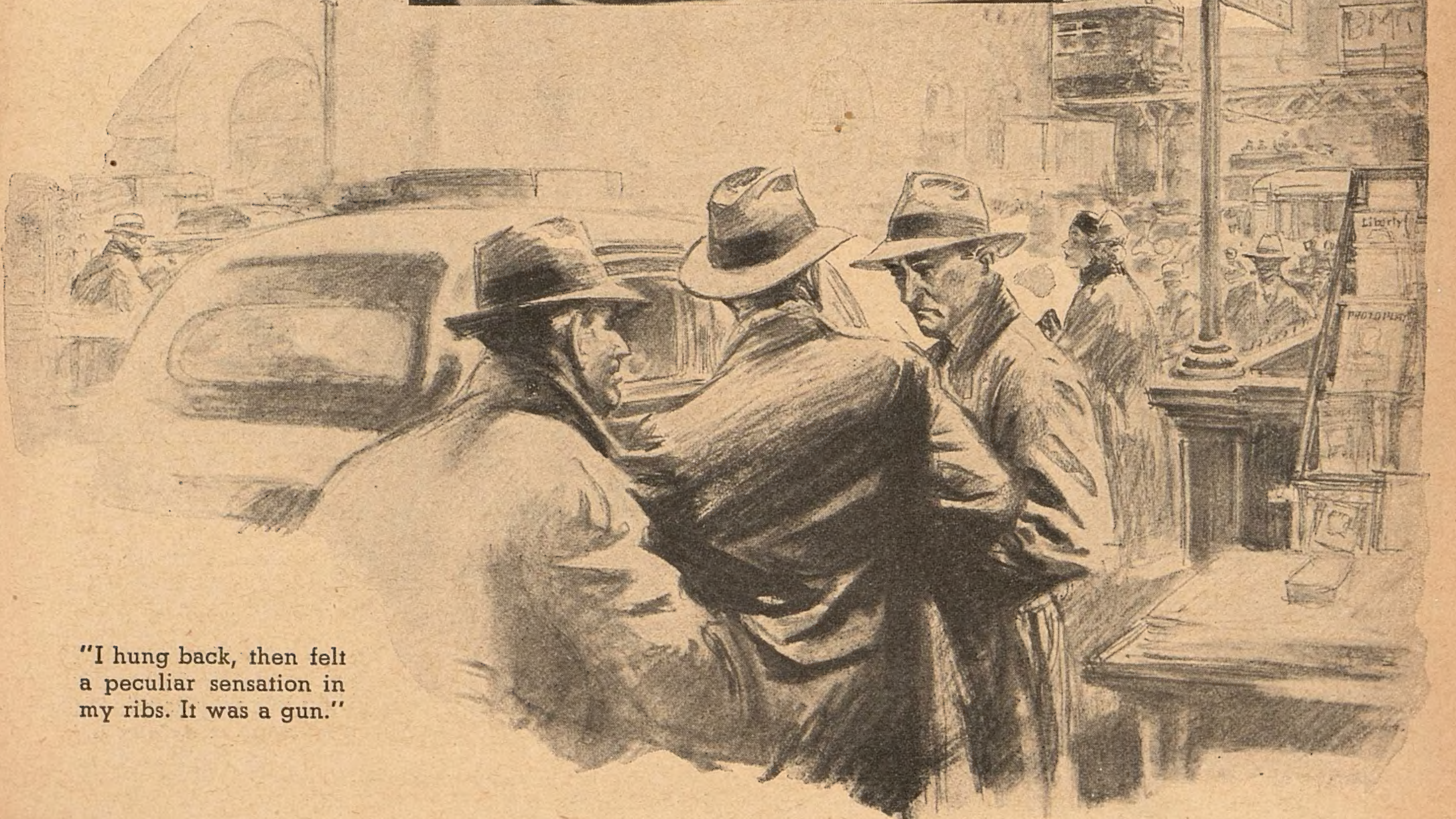
In telling this fact story I am not influenced by hatred against Ellis Parker or any of his family. I have seen a letter from a man much higher up in the government of the State of New Jersey—and I have a copy of that letter in front of me as I write—which suggested, if it did not command, the bringing into custody not only of myself but of my entire family.

I shall produce my copy of this letter in due course—and I think that you will agree with me that the Parkers weren't the only persons high in New Jersey's political life who desired my detention as the alleged kidnaper



Paul H. Wendel. "I was the reason why the world had to wait to hear that Hauptmann was dead!"

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GROUT



"I hung back, then felt a peculiar sensation in my ribs. It was a gun."

and murderer of the infant Charles A. Lindbergh, Jr.

But to get back to that winter day in Manhattan—February 14, 1936—when I had just emerged from the B. M. T. Subway at Thirty-second Street, Herald Square. I had come from the office address I had recently taken at 2 Rector Street in lower Manhattan, and was on my way to the Hotel Stanford, a modest residential hotel where I was temporarily making my home.

The stranger who accosted me familiarly as Paul was small in stature, neatly dressed, clean-shaven, of a neutral complexion. I thought he was and he afterward proved to be a foreigner. When he saw me look at him questioningly, he said, as if doubtful:

"You *are* Paul Wendel of Trenton, aren't you?"

"Of course," I replied, suspecting nothing.

"Good," he said. "Jimmy de Louis is down at headquarters and wants to see you."

De Louis was a detective in the Trenton Police Department, a man I had known for twenty years or more, and who was, in the course of duty, concerned with a New Jersey case in which I had figured. It was reasonable that Jimmy should want to see me, but it did seem odd that he should send a stranger to tell me about it when all he had to do was to telephone my home in Trenton or my hotel in New York.

Perhaps this stranger sensed my doubts, for he said:

"Jimmy told me to pick you up."

That phrase didn't appeal to me. It reminded me of what happens in the last reel, when the master detective—Thatcher Colt, Perry Mason, Philo Vance, or what have you?—comes in and puts his hand on the criminal.

I looked about, hoping somebody would come out of the hotel. As I did so, a second stranger rounded the rear fender of a black sedan which was parked with its snout well angled toward the street. He too was a young dark chap, short—five feet six, I should say—but stocky, about one hundred and seventy pounds in weight and twenty-five or twenty-six years old.

"Come on," he said. "Jimmy only wants to question you for a little while."

I hung back. Then I felt a peculiar sensation in my ribs. It was the muzzle of a gun in his hand.

"Hank," the first man said to him, "get in the car." And to me: "You too—and be quick about it!"

I was quick. After all, one doesn't hesitate too long with a gun in the ribs!

At the wheel was a third man of about the same age and size as the other two, with short hair on his head and long sideburns on his cheeks. He must have had the engine already running, for in a twinkling we were out in the middle of Thirty-second Street and careening into the southbound traffic on Broadway.

STUCK between the two thugs in the back seat of the sedan, with the business end of an automatic caressing my ribs, I figured my only chance for a getaway would be to wait until the car stopped in traffic near a cop. Then, if I yelled, they wouldn't dare shoot me. It was a good plan, but it didn't work. The man at the wheel was too clever. He kept the car rolling with the traffic, so that we never even slowed down for a red light. Naturally, I began to get nervous and fidgety.

"Take it easy, doc," said the man called Hank.

"How do you know I'm a doctor?" I asked.

Although for many years a practicing attorney, I was also a graduate Doctor of Pharmacy and was often called "doc" by people like the Parkers, whom I had known for a long time.

"You were pointed out to us," he said.

One of my other captors told me afterward that the man who did the pointing out was young Ellis Parker, Jr., who was standing across the street from my hotel, effectively disguised by horn-rimmed eyeglasses and a black mustache. I recalled seeing such a man as I came from the subway station, and he was of the same height and build as young Parker.

I don't know Manhattan as well as Jersey, but I did know when we passed police headquarters on Centre Street. There I accused my companions of having lied to me to get me into the car, and they freely admitted it.

"We're federal officers," explained the man who had first approached me and whom I came to know as Bill.

"Well, what do you want with me, and where are you taking me?"

I knew I had done nothing that could possibly incur action by G-men or any other law-enforcement officers, and I was boiling at being subjected to such treatment. By this time we were out on the Manhattan Bridge and speeding toward Brooklyn.

"We're taking you out to Floyd Bennett Flying Field to meet another federal man—O'Bannion."

I demanded to see their credentials, and they said they would show them to me when we got to the airport. I didn't believe they were what they said they were; still, the papers were full of the activities of G-men in early 1936, so I decided to bide my time. As a matter of fact I couldn't do anything else.

For a while I was lost in the maze of Brooklyn streets through which we passed, but I soon realized that I must try to keep some track of the route we were taking. The first thing I definitely remembered was a big arch which I have been told since was the entrance to Prospect Park. Presently I noticed a street sign: Coney Island Avenue. Then we left this main thoroughfare and found ourselves in a sparsely settled region. There was an odd-looking yellow-brick tower off to the left. Straight ahead was the sea.

WE were in the Sheepshead Bay section of Brooklyn, I figured, and this proved to be the case. For a time the car's route followed the water's edge. The street signs at this point showed Emmons Avenue. The man Hank took a pair of handcuffs out of his coat pocket and put them on my wrists.

When I protested, he said, "That's all right, doc. I have to do this or I'll lose my job."

While this was going on, Bill slipped over into the front seat. He said he wanted to get out and telephone his wife. As he got out, the car took a sharp turn to the left, which brought us up behind a row of houses on ground that sloped down from the street in front and made it possible to have garages in the cellars at the rear.

Jack, the man at the wheel, had blown his horn as he made the turn. Now, as if by prearrangement, the folding doors of the garage in the cellar of the second house from the corner opened outward, the car rolled in, and the doors shut behind it. The whole thing was done with such speed and precision that it was like a sleight-of-hand trick.

The confederate in the garage turned out to be a man of a little less than medium height, about fifty-five years of age. He wore a dark suit and a light-gray fedora hat pulled way down over his eyes. The side of his face looked as if he had undergone a face-lifting or grafting operation. I learned afterward that this effect was nothing more than collodion and mercurochrome, which he had painted on as a disguise. This older man, addressed as Tony, was the only one of the four who showed any fear of being identified—and he needn't have bothered, because I had never in my life seen him or any of the others.

Now that we have the whole gang assembled, I may as well explain that Bill, the active leader, was really a man named Murray Bleefeld; that Hank was Harry Weiss; that Jack, the chauffeur, was Martin Schlossman; that the fifty-five-year-older was Murray Bleefeld's father, Harry Bleefeld; and that the first three of these men have since admitted to the authorities their part in the events I am about to narrate—all of which, they agree in saying, were inspired and directed by the Parkers, father and son.

But we had just rolled into the garage. Bill was suddenly aware that he had left something on the back seat.

"Hank," he commanded as he jumped from the car, "be sure to get my rod."

I saw the revolver lying on the seat beside me, and I made a grab for it with my cuffed hands; but the now familiar feel of a steel muzzle in my left ribs convinced me of the foolishness of any such attempt. Keeping his own gun where it would do the most good, Hank ordered me out of the car and pushed me toward a door at the cellar end of the garage.

(Continued on page eight)

Here's the Guarantee THAT WON'T "EVAPORATE"

FIND YOUR CAR ON THIS CHART

IMPORTANT! The price per gallon of an anti-freeze means nothing unless you know *how many gallons* you will need during the *entire* winter. You can't get that information on a boil-away anti-freeze. But you *can* get it for "Eveready Prestone" anti-freeze . . . and here it is. See how reasonably you can get two-way protection *all winter long* against both freeze-up and rust with *one shot* of "Eveready Prestone" anti-freeze—one shot because it won't boil off, no matter how warm the weather gets between the cold snaps. If your car isn't on this chart, your dealer has a chart showing all cars; and amounts needed for temperatures to 60° below zero.

Find your car and read from left to right. The first figure shows the protection you get with one gallon of "Eveready Prestone" anti-freeze in the cooling system; the second with one and a half gallons—and so on. "+" means above zero. "—" means below zero. If your car has a hot water heater, add ¼ gallon to the quantity called for.

MODEL	1 GAL.	1½ GAL.	2 GAL.	2½ GAL.
Auburn				
6-52, '34; 6-53, '35; 6-54, '36	+12	-4	-27	-59
8-100, '32; 8-101, 8-105, '33	+15	+2	-16	-42
850, '34; 851, '35; 852, '36	+17	+6	-9	-28
Buick				
40, '34, '35, '36	+6	-18	-54	
60, '32; 50, '33, '34, '35	+10	-8	-34	-62
60, 80, 90, '36	+12	-4	-27	-59
80, 90, '32; 60, '33, '34, '35	+15	+2	-16	-42
80, 90, '33; 90, '34, '35	+19	+9	-3	-19
Cadillac				
370-D, '34, '35	+14	0	-21	-50
355-D, '34, '35; 80, 85, '36	+16	+4	-12	-34
452-D, '34, '35; 90, '36	+19	+9	-3	-19
370-A, '31; 355-B, '32; 355-C, '33	+21	+13	+3	-9
60, 70, 75, '36	+22	+15	+8	0
Chevrolet				
Stand.; '33, '34, '35	-12	-62		
Master; '33, '34, '35	-6	-47		
'31, '32	0	-34	-62	
All Models—'36	+8	-12	-43	
Chrysler				
6-'32, '33, '34, '35	+12	-4	-27	-59
8-'31, '32; AF, Imp. '35; 6-'36	+15	+2	-16	-42
Roy. 8, Imp. 8, '33; Air 8, '35	+16	+4	-12	-34
70, '31; DeLuxe 8, '36	+18	+8	-6	-23
De Soto				
6, '31, '32, '33; 8, '31	+10	-8	-34	-62
6, '34; Airflow 6, Airstream 6, '36	+16	+4	-12	-34
Airflow, Airstream, '35	+12	-4	-27	-59
Dodge				
6, '32, '33, '34, D2, '36	+8	-12	-43	
Senior 6, '30; DU, '35	+12	-4	-27	-59
8-'32, '33	+15	+2	-16	-42
Ford				
A, '30, '31; B, '32, '33	0	-34	-62	
V-8, '32, '33, '34, '36	+18	+8	-6	-23
V-8, '35	+16	+4	-12	-34
Graham				
80, 90, 110, '36	+10	-8	-34	-62
73-Spl. 6; 72-8, '35	+14	0	-21	-50
74-6, '35; 80, '36	0	-34	-62	
6, 8, '33; 6, 8, '34; 75, '35	+16	+4	-12	-34
Hudson				
6, '36	+3	-25	-62	
8, '31, '32, '33; 6, '35	+12	-4	-27	-59
8, '35, '36	+17	+6	-9	-28
8, '34	+19	+9	-3	-19
Hupmobile				
18, '31; Cent. 8, '32; 321, '33	+10	-8	-34	-62
417, 421, '34; 521, '35	+10	-8	-34	-62
322, '33; 422, '34; 518, '35;	+17	+6	-9	-28
6-618-G '36	+17	+6	-9	-28
326, '33; 426, '34; 527, '35;	+19	+10	0	-15
8-621-N '36	+19	+10	0	-15
Lafayette				
'34; '35; '36	+15	+2	-16	-42
La Salle				
50 (Str. 8) '36	+10	-8	-34	-62
350, '34; 35-50, '35	+15	+2	-16	-42
345-B, '32; 345-C, '33	+21	+13	+3	-9
Lincoln				
Zephyr, '36	+21	+13	+4	-7
136,'33,'34,'35,'36;145,'34,'35,'36	+23	+17	+10	-2
Nash				
60, 70, '31; 960, 970, '32	+3	-25	-62	
1130, 1070, 1170, '33; 1220, '34	+12	-4	-27	-59
3620, 3640, 3640A, '36	+14	0	-21	-50
1280, '34; 3580, '35; 1080, 1180, '33	+17	+6	-9	-28
Oldsmobile				
F-30, '30; F-31, '31; F-35, '35;	+3	-25	-62	
F-36, '36	+3	-25	-62	
F-32, L-32, '32; F-33, '33;	+12	-4	-27	-59
L-35, '35; L-36, '36	+12	-4	-27	-59
L-33, '33; L-34, '34	+15	+2	-16	-42
Packard				
120-'35, '36	+14	0	-21	-50
Sup. 8, '33; '34; 8, '33, '34, '35	+16	+4	-12	-34
Sup. 8, '35	+18	+8	-6	-23
745, '30; 845, '31; DeLuxe, '32	+21	+13	+3	-9
12, '33, '34, '35, '36	+25	+21	+10	+3
Pierce Arrow				
41, 42, 43, '31; 54, '32; 836-A, '34	+21	+13	+3	-9
1601-8, '36	+21	+13	+3	-9
840-A, '34; 845, '35	+22	+15	+6	-5
1602-03 (12), '36	+24	+20	+15	+9
Plymouth				
'30; PF. PG. '34	+6	-18	-54	
PA, '31; PB, '32; PE, '34; PJ, '35;	+10	-8	-34	-62
P1, P2, '36	+10	-8	-34	-62
PC, PD, '33	+3	-25	-62	
Pontiac				
'30; '31; 6-'32; '35	+6	-18	-54	
8-'33, '34, '35; 6-'36	+8	-12	-43	
8-'36	+12	-4	-27	-59
Reo				
6-21, 6-25, '32; FC '35; Roy. '35;	+15	+2	-16	-42
6D, '36	+15	+2	-16	-42
8-25, '32; S-2, '33; S-6, '34	+16	+4	-12	-34
Studebaker				
Dict. 6, '36	+6	-18	-54	
Comm. 8, '31, '32, '33;	+10	-8	-34	-62
Dict. 6, '34, '35	+10	-8	-34	-62
Dict. '31, Comm. 8, '34,	+14	0	-21	-50
Pres. 8, '33, '34, '36	+14	0	-21	-50
Pres. 8, '31, '32, '35; Comm. 8, '35	+17	+6	-9	-28
Terraplane				
6, '32, '33; 6 Spec. '35; 6, '36	+3	-25	-62	
8, '33; 6 DeLuxe, '35	+10	-8	-34	-62
6, '34	+14	0	-21	-50

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
specifically
GUARANTEES

that "Eveready Prestone" anti-freeze, if used according to printed directions, in normal water-cooling systems, will protect the cooling system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a whole winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling system tight enough to hold water.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.

GENERAL OFFICES: NEW YORK, N.Y. *BRANCHES:* CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO
UNIT OF UNION CARBIDE UCC *AND CARBON CORPORATION*

DON'T BE CONFUSED BY A NAME

Many brands of anti-freeze are being marketed under various names. Most of them are based on alcohol, and because they are not plainly labeled, it is easy to become confused. So before you buy any anti-freeze, just ask your dealer how much alcohol it contains. For alcohol—no matter how it is treated or what it is called—is subject to evaporation, leaving you without protection.

But you won't have to worry if you get "Eveready Prestone" anti-freeze. It contains no alcohol, is definitely guaranteed.

The words "Eveready" and "Prestone" are trade marks of National Carbon Company, Inc.

$2.70 A GALLON

EVEREADY PRESTONE
EVEREADY PRESTONE
TRADE-MARK
THE PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE
Does Not Boil Off
Prevents Rust
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
Unit of Union Carbide UCC and Carbon Corporation
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Won't boil off . . . contains no alcohol

"From some peephole," as in this posed photo, they watched Wendel.

(*Continued from page six*) "What are you trying to do?" I exclaimed. "This isn't Floyd Bennett Field."

I was in the doorway now, and headed toward a small windowless basement room which I afterward learned had been a coalbin. The only piece of furniture—if you could call it that—was an ordinary wooden box which stood in the center of the room on four iron posts.

Instinctively I drew back.

"Get the hell in there!" commanded Hank, whose gun was now on my spine; and then he added the first words I had heard which linked what I was undergoing with the Lindbergh case: "If Bruno burns," he said, "you'll burn too!"

I asked what they meant by a remark like that, but I never got an answer.

"Sit down!" two strident voices yelled in my ears as both Bill and Hank shoved me on to the box with my back to the door.

Then they tied my legs with leather straps to two of the iron posts. To make doubly sure, they tied my feet with iron dog chains to the posts and to each other with heavy rope, a short length of which they also tied securely to my handcuffed hands, forcing me into a stooping posture with my hands pulled well below my knees. Then they passed a leather strap around my chest, back, and arms, pinning my arms immovably to my sides.

The bolt slipped in the door. The one electric light went out.

I waited twenty minutes without hearing a sound. Then I yelled for help.

Immediately the man Hank opened the door and straightway smacked me across the face with the palm of his hand.

"If I hear any more out of you," he growled, "I'll plug you!"

WHEN Hank went out, he turned on the radio very loud, apparently with the idea of drowning out any further outbursts from me. Thereafter it played practically continuously throughout the ten days of my incarceration.

About six that night, Bill (Murray Bleefeld) came in and stuffed my ears with wads of cotton. My one contact with the outside world, the sense of hearing, seemed gone. But after he left, I was able, by taking long breaths and straining the muscles of my upper arms for about two hours, to work the leather strap far enough up so that I could raise my right shoulder and rub my ear.

This loosened the cotton just enough to enable me to distinguish noises outside and above my cell. Upstairs I heard a piano playing, a child running back and forth, a woman talking; and outside my door, some kind of machine, apparently a heater, working continuously. I could have used that heater where I was, for it was bitter cold! Outside the door also I could hear several voices talking in what sounded like whispers.

I listened hard for street noises, for an automobile horn or the rumbling of a truck, but there weren't any.

The radio was my only means of telling time—not only the occasional station announcements but the familiar programs as they came along. About half past eight, according to the dialing, Hank came in. I asked him to throw my overcoat over my shoulders, which he did. I also asked him for something to eat or a cup of coffee.

"I have orders," he replied, "not to give you anything to eat or drink, so don't ask me."

"How long are you going to keep me here?" I demanded.

"Until you talk."

"Talk? About what?"

"You'll see."

Then he left me, and I heard no more from him until morning. The light went on at intervals, however, throughout the night, and then off again. I was evidently under frequent observation from some peephole behind me, probably the door through which I had entered. By midnight my back was aching terribly and my wrists were beginning to swell. It didn't seem possible that any one could be so cruel as to leave me in that strained position all night.

But little did I know the men with whom I had to deal! This was Friday, February 14. It was eight days later, Saturday, the 22d, before they so much as allowed me to evacuate my bowels.

AS I recall the physical pain and mental anguish I suffered that very first night, it seems unbelievable that I was able to close my eyes in sleep even for a moment; but I must have done so, for I remember waking up to hear a ghostly voice calling to me through the ether:

"This is Louisville, Kentucky, and it is now 1 A. M."

The next sound I was able to distinguish, other than the continual whispering outside my door, was the singing of gospel hymns! That program, I knew, was ten fifteen in the morning; but it was just as dark in my little cell now as it had been when they locked me in the night before. I was numb with the cold and stifling for lack of air. My back, my wrists, my legs, every muscle in my body shrieked with pain. The worst of it was, I couldn't do anything to relieve the torture. I couldn't move.

About noon Hank came in. He had no food with him, and I knew it was useless to ask for it. He didn't offer to release me from my shackles.

"Bill's here," he said. "He'll be down in a few minutes, and you better do as you're told."

"What's all this about?" I demanded. "You're no police officers and you haven't any warrant for my arrest."

I didn't get an answer to that one, because Bill came in and repeated what Hank had said about doing as I was told.

"If you don't," he growled, "it'll be just too bad!"

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"I'll be back in a few minutes," he said, "and then I'll tell you what to do."

He went out, and Hank stayed with me. Presently I heard the footsteps of two men walking up the stairs, and afterward the voices of two men talking on the floor above. I couldn't distinguish what they said. Then Bill came back and put it to me straight. It was obvious that he had received his orders from somebody upstairs.

"Doc," he began, "you are going to confess to the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby."

I said—well, what would you have said? You would have protested, as I did, that you didn't know anything about the Lindbergh baby, that you had never been on the Lindbergh place, that you would never, never, never confess to a crime you had not committed! Bill's answer to all these objections was the same:

"That doesn't make a damn bit of difference."

Finally he explained that there were certain angles to the Lindbergh case that had to be offset so that Bruno Hauptmann could get a new trial, and that certain very important and powerful people wanted somebody to confess to the crime so as to hold up the execution, which was almost due.

"Not me!" I exclaimed.

"Think it over," he said.

At this point Hank stuck his head through the door and told Bill he was wanted on the telephone. I knew this wasn't so, because I could distinctly hear the phone every time it rang, and it hadn't rung while Bill was with me. I noticed later that this telephone gag was used repeatedly to get Bill out of the room apparently for the purpose of getting instructions from some one upstairs or in the cellar—some one who, Bill now says, was Ellis Parker, Jr., still disguised. Young Parker, he says, was there all the time in that house at 3041 Voorhies Avenue, directing and sometimes participating in the torture to which I was subjected.

This time Bill stayed perhaps five minutes, during which I heard earnest whisperings. Then he returned and insisted even more sharply than before that I do his bidding. When these tactics failed, he lowered his voice and spoke in an almost propitiating tone.

"Doc," he said, "I was ordered to pick you up. I'm only doing a job for which I'm being paid, but I'm your friend. I'll help you if you do as I ask."

"I demand my release," was my reply.

"It's no use, doc. A high police power ordered you picked up."

"Yes," put in Hank. "Somebody from Jersey has put the finger on you, doc."

I refused to do what they asked, and they went out, locking the door and turning off the light. I sat there in the darkness as long as I could. My back was breaking now, and my wrists were so swollen that the handcuffs cut into them. I thought of my wife, my daughter, my son—the anxiety they must be suffering. After another two hours or so of misery I began yelling again.

Once more Hank came rushing in. He slammed me across the face and in the stomach, and showed me a long black revolver. He also showed me that it was loaded.

"Another squawk out of you," he threatened, "and I'll fill you full of holes!"

As he banged the door behind him and slipped the bolt, the radio suddenly became even louder than before. It must have been very near the door. I knew it was three o'clock Saturday afternoon, because it was the Metropolitan Opera program I was hearing.

TIRED as I became of the radio's continuous screeching, I blessed it many times for keeping me in touch with what was going on in the outside world, and informed of the passage of hours and days.

One thing I noticed, though: the minute a news commentator mentioned Bruno Hauptmann, somebody shut him off.

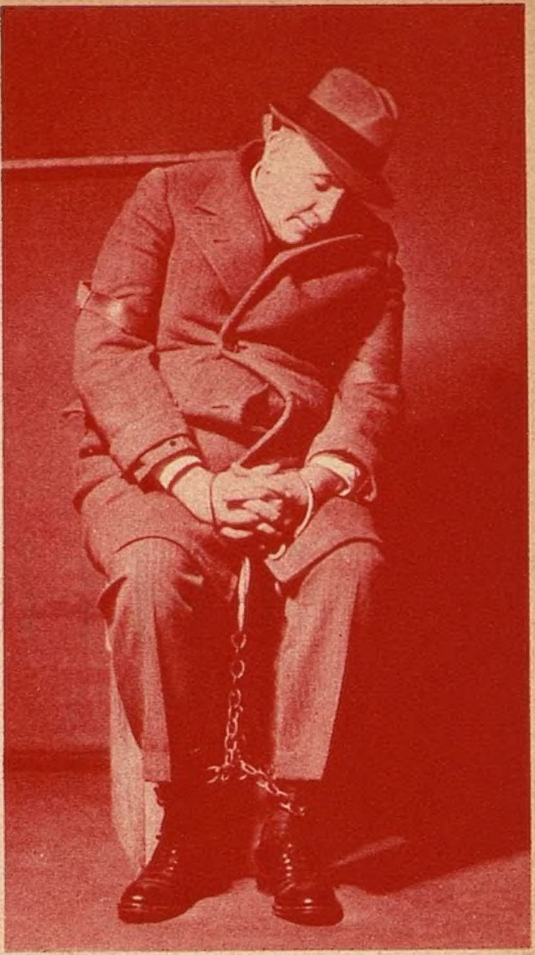
As a matter of fact, I wasn't any more interested in the Lindbergh case than I was in anything else. I hadn't had anything to do with the case, except to aid in the search for the slayer when Ellis Parker requested that I should do so.

I had done undercover work for him. This had consisted chiefly of taking him and his secretary, Mrs. Anna Bading, to the North Jersey home of an important man in the alcohol-manufacturing industry, whom I had met in connection with my chemical experiments and inventions, and who was said to be able to contact the Capone outfit in Chicago.

Parker had told me frankly at the time that he was out to make a reputation for himself on this Lindbergh case, and needed all the help he could get. Back in the early '20s, when I was involved in litigation that looked very bad for me, Parker uncovered evidence which resulted in my complete vindication. I never forgot that. Even now, in spite of all I have suffered, if Ellis Parker or his boy should receive a severe sentence for what was done to me in that Brooklyn dungeon, I would go before the Court and ask that the sentence be modified. It was this feeling which had led me to undertake this Lindbergh work for Parker—work, by the way, for which he expressed much gratitude at the time.

Why, then, since my only connection with the case had been on the side of law and order and in association with my great and good friend Parker, should I be picked out as the man on whom to pin this dastardly crime?

The afternoon dragged on. I could hear people coming down the steps and opening and shutting a door at my right, which I later learned led out into the street. Once I heard some one say, "Have you got your gun? This is going to be a tough job."



This shows Wendel strapped and chained as his captors kept him.

About suppertime—it was suppertime for everybody in that house but me — Hank came in and told me that Bill had gone uptown to see "the big boss," and that he was going to try to get me off.

"You just keep cool, doc," he said in a tone that was obviously meant to be friendly. "Everything'll come out all right when Bill gets back."

The evening passed without word from Bill or the mysterious boss. About midnight Hank, still in what was for him a pleasant mood, came in with a cup of coffee and two bologna sandwiches. I drank the coffee but—although I hadn't tasted food since breakfast Friday morning—I was too far gone to eat.

Shortly after the Louisville announcer had said it was one o'clock, Bill came in and sat down beside me on the box. He said nothing about getting me out of this hellhole, so I went after him with:

"See here, Bill, you *kidnaped* me. Do you know what that means under the Lindbergh law?"

"Sure I do," he sneered.

"It's life, man; or maybe the chair."

"Not for this baby," he said. "I represent some big men in this thing. They'll take care of me. And of you, too, if you do what I tell you to. There'll be a lot of money in it for you. You can pay your debts and go back to the practice of law in Jersey. How'd you like that?"

I told him I didn't want that kind of money; I was paying my debts and could take care of myself.

"You listen to reason, doc," he said. "I'm leaving now, but I'll be back in the morning. You better have your answer ready, and it better be right!"

With this threat, he went out, bolted the door, and turned off the light. It must have been about half past three, and I was so dog-tired that I went straight to sleep. All next day, however, I was awake, and much of the day was spent in listening to threats of what they would do to me if I did not sign a confession.

Next morning, promptly at ten, just as the Gospel Singers were going on the air, the door opened and all four of my captors stalked solemnly in. I had suspected from their manner the day before that the really rough work was about to begin. Their present funereal mien made me sure of it—and in their hands they brought the tools which were to be the instruments of my torture.

"It can't happen here!" you would have said of such an experience as Wendel will describe in full next week. He will tell not only what his torturers did to him but what they convincingly threatened to do to his wife and his son Paul, and to his daughter, who was expecting a baby—with the eventual result that he gave in and agreed to write the "confession" they demanded.

Master Villon

THINKS HIS LUCK HAS TURNED

THAT lovable rogue, François Villon, has overheard the gentle-born Louise admit her love for him while she is visiting the chaplain, his godfather, in the cloisters. In this latest adventure, Villon, remorseful over a misspent life, in which women have played no small part, decides to forswear his roistering, thieving companions, and especially that brazen wench, Catherine, one of his former lights-o'-love.

A Slender Girl, a Fat Purse, and Some Matters of Hearts and Gold in a New, Colorful Tale of a Lusty Poet-Rogue

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

WHEN Master Villon went to his attic room, his spirits were, to say the least, exalted. If Louise had paid that visit to the cloisters, and arranged with him, right under his godfather's nose, a tryst in the cemetery tomorrow, then she had tossed her hat over the windmill and fate had decided to be sweet.

There would be a kiss or two. Then, to put their happiness on a permanent basis, he would persuade her to elope. Contemplating this avalanche of bliss, he felt a poem coming.

The pen was dry and shapeless for want of use. He whittled a new point. Now then!

Eight lines in a rush! He tilted his chair back and read them over out loud. Entirely too witty. She'd never believe he was serious. Perhaps it would sound better in the morning.

It didn't, as a matter of fact; by daylight it seemed scandalously brisk. But no criticism is worth much if you're hungry. Master Villon pulled on his breeches, ran his fingers through what hair remained on the sides of his head, and went down to the refectory table. The cook heard him and looked in from the kitchen.

"You!" said he.

"Me," said Master Villon, sliding along the bench.

"Breakfast at this hour!"

"Call the meal what name you will, Edouard," said Master Villon, "but put something between my front and my back. They're so empty they touch."

His godfather came out of the study.

"Good morning to you," said Master Villon without rising.

His godfather came around to the bench on the other side of the table. "Fetch him some of the cold porridge, Edouard."

"A little bread and cheese," added Master Villon pleasantly. "And if there's a mug of ale—"

"Porridge, Edouard," said the chaplain.

The cook reached into the kitchen for the dish, and shot out again with the spoon sticking up in the lardlike mass.

"Edouard," said the chaplain, "you may return to your work."

Edouard flopped his slippers back to the stove.

"We missed you at supper," said his godfather sternly.

"I was in my room."

"For how long?" said the chaplain.

"Father, I was busy with my thoughts. I wrote a poem. I gave the evening to it."

"As I have noticed before," said the chaplain, "you are the devil's masterpiece in liars."

"But I can show you the verses!"

"Stay where you are," said his parent. "How would I know how long ago you composed it? It's about her, I suppose."

Master Villon braced himself.

"If you knew," said he, "what a change she has wrought—"

"You are what you always were," said his godfather. "A bad man and proud of it—even merry."

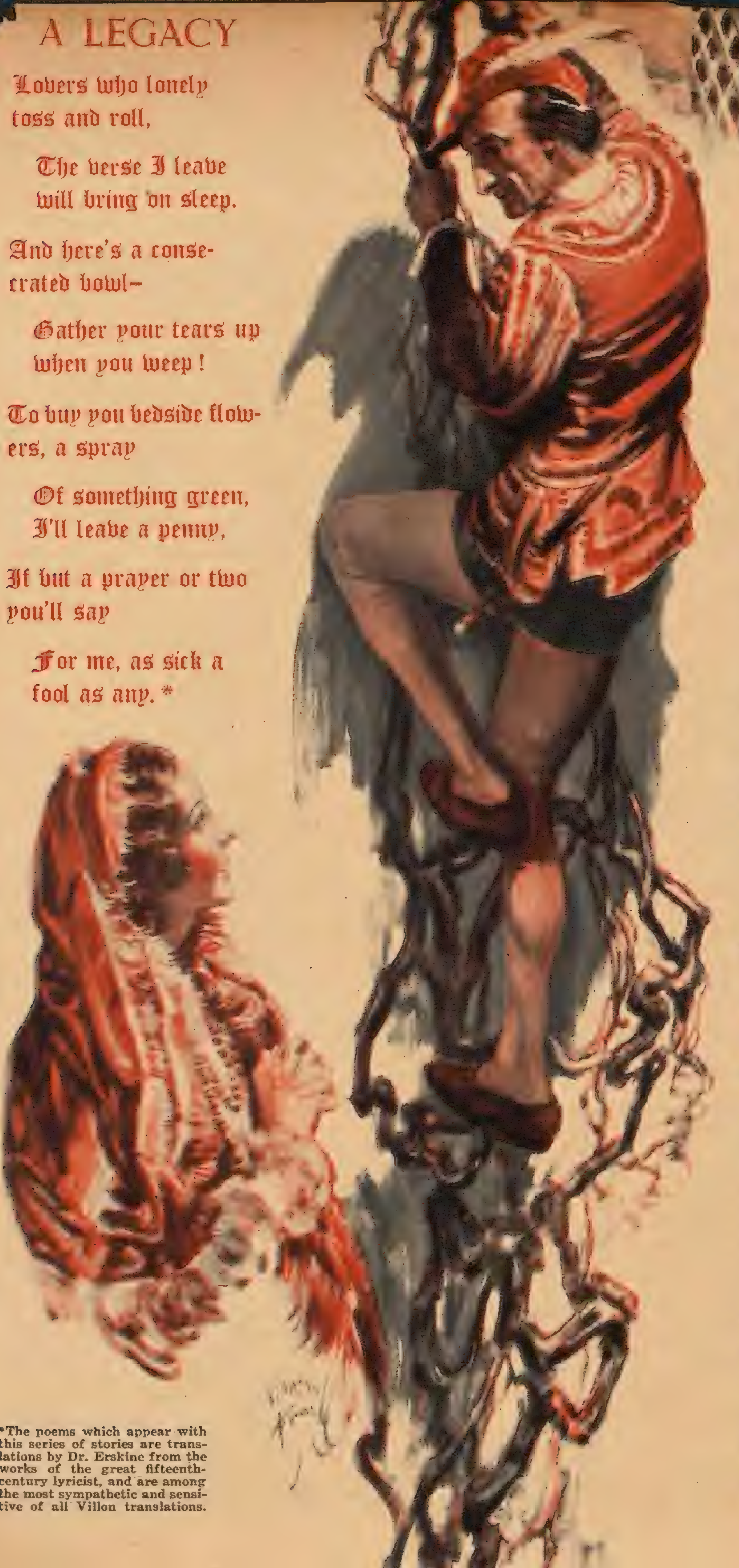
"My present cheerfulness," said the poet, "rises from what I confess is an unaccustomed practice of virtue. If you knew the human heart you might believe me. Yesterday I said good-by to Catherine. She's gone from my life. I also called on my mother, as a son should, and was rewarded for the visit."

by JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

A LEGACY

Lovers who lonely toss and roll,
The verse I leave will bring on sleep.
And here's a consecrated bowl—
Gather your tears up when you weep!
To buy you bedside flowers, a spray
Of something green, I'll leave a penny,
If but a prayer or two you'll say
For me, as sick a fool as any.*



Master Villon slid down the old vine. Catherine laughed. "Is *that* the way you get out?"

"What did she say?" asked the chaplain, a bit nervous.

"In your hearing," Master Vilion continued, "I told Louise the truth about myself. Also, to keep the record perfect, I declined an invitation to rob your brother in Angers."

"You are hobnobbing with the thieves again!"

"Warn my uncle to put his gold away," said Master Villon, "and no harm will be done. They have their net spread—but I've said good-by to them too."

"Angers!" groaned the chaplain. "That quiet town! Are we safe nowhere?"

"Also," said the poet, "I leave Paris today. Forever."

They looked at each other across the table. It seemed to Master Villon that his father was trying to decide whether it was true, and, if so, whether an expression of melancholy would not be appropriate.

"I still have about half the bag of gold you gave me."

"Keep it," said the chaplain with an expansive wave of the hand.

"I shall need more," said Master Villon.

His father turned a thick purple.

"It is for the last time," said Master Villon.

The chaplain kicked the bench over, getting up. "Reformed, have you? Pig! Goat! Hell-spawn!"

"Don't go into my ancestry," said Master Villon, smiling across at him. "And don't give me the money unless you think best. But I must get it somewhere, and to whom else should I turn? I'd rather take it from you than from my uncle in Angers."

From the cast of the chaplain's face you wouldn't have guessed he was a man of God.

He disappeared into the study and came back with a well rounded bag which he flung on the table.

"I'll open the door for you myself," said he.

Master Villon untied the bag

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*The poems which appear with this series of stories are translations by Dr. Erskine from the works of the great fifteenth-century lyricist, and are among the most sympathetic and sensitive of all Villon translations.

to be sure, then grabbed it by the neck and started for the stairs.

" Where are you going now? " said his father.

" I'll be with you in a twinkle," said Master Villon. " You wouldn't have me leave the poem, would you? "

In his attic room he put his hat on, and divided the coins equally between the two bags, to balance his pockets. The poem was lying on his desk. Before he could pick it up he heard a whistle in the street, and stretched his neck from the window.

Catherine was standing in the opposite gutter, with a shawl over her head.

" Come down," she called.

" Good-by! " he called back.

" Only a moment, François! It's about Noah! "

" Would I come down for him? "

" It's about you, François. You'll be glad to hear it."

WHY reject good tidings, from whatever source? Not when it's your lucky day. Master Villon slid lightly down the old vine.

Catherine laughed. " Is *that* the way you get out? "

" Out or in," said he, careless because he would never need that secret ladder again.

" François, I've quarreled with Noah. I'm through with him."

" No business of mine," said he. " What were you going to tell me? "

" Just that."

He shrugged his shoulders and made off toward the Street of the Harp.

" François! " she called.

He kept on.

" You'll be sorry! "

He hurried around the corner to the left. She was calling so loud, his godfather at the front door might hear her. He smiled at the thought of those two meeting.

Michel the tailor was in his shop, still bent and crippled from the racking he had suffered months ago. At sight of Master Villon he turned pale—from anger, as the visitor had reason to guess.

" Good morning, Michel. How are the joints? "

" Satan, begone! " said the tailor fervently.

" I owe you money," said Master Villon, laying a piece on the counter.

The tailor threw it through the open door.

" Pick it up again when I'm gone," said Master Villon. " The gold isn't false this time. Ask my godfather. I had it from him."

" You've ruined my health! " cried Michel. " They all but boiled me alive for the other coin! "

" Wasn't I on the gallows beside you, with the rope fitted? " said Master Villon. " And neither of us at fault."

" God will catch up with you! May I be there to see! "

Master Villon turned away. " Don't leave it in the gutter too long. Some of the undeserving poor might pick it up."

It increased his sense of virtue not to pick it up himself. The face he took into the barbershop on St. James's Street was cheerful under a week's beard.

" Greetings, Colin Galerne! Smooth me off my cheeks, will you? "

Galerne was taking a nap in the farthest corner. He woke slightly dazed. " At once, at once! Seat yourself! "

Then he recognized his customer. " Have the kindness to leave my shop, François Villon! "

It was too late in life for the poet to be sensitive. " I don't owe you anything, do I? "

" The provost warned me," said the barber. " If I shave you I'm to let him know."

" Shave me, then," said Master Villon, drawing a chair near the window. " You don't have to tell him at once? "

" On peril of my life."

Master Villon took from the right-hand bag a gold piece. " It's a parting gift," said he. " Never again will you put soap on this beard."

" That's true," said Colin Galerne, fingering the handsome coin. " Especially if I tell the provost. You wouldn't offer me a bribe, would you? "

" It's tomorrow you shaved me," said Master Villon, giving himself a day's start. He slid down in the chair, leaned his head back, and shut his eyes. The barber slipped the money into his own thin purse, and brought out the bowl of lather.

When the chin was covered, he stropped the razor.

" There's a story going around," said he, " and many a time I've wished for a quiet moment with you, to get the truth of it. They say Lady Marguerite, over on the island, had you into her house for the night, and drowned you afterwards."

" You can see for yourself," said Master Villon, " how drowned I am."

" I was thinking of that," said Galerne, lifting the nose to work on the lip. " How about the other part? "

" It's the woman that has to be drowned," said Master Villon. " They stick like burrs."

" Don't they, though! " said the barber, chuckling, to show he knew life. " But these fine ladies, now—" He gave his attention to the neck. " They keep proper on the outside," he continued, " but at home, when the shutters are closed—" He smacked his lips to indicate the unutterable. " Do you know the Lady Marguerite? "

" By reputation," said Master Villon.

" If we poor folk, now," said the barber, " behaved that way—"

" But we do, don't we? " said Master Villon. " It's the one part we can share in a rich man's life."

" You're speaking of men; I referred to the women," said the barber. " I think the women should obey the Ten Commandments, one in particular. The Lady Marguerite, for example. Do you know what they say? "

Master Villon sat up in the chair and ran his hand over the fresh cheek. " Very smooth this time, Colin Galerne."

" I could do it better," said the barber, folding up his napkins, " if you let me do it more often. Who shaved you last? "

Master Villon put his hat on, not wishing to report on his travels.

" Some of the rich women are good," said he.

" I won't say it never happens," said Galerne.

Master Villon looked back at him from the door. " It's tomorrow I had this shave, you remember."

FROM noon on he was waiting in the cemetery. They had fixed no certain hour. Up and down the arcade he paced, busy with his dreams. They would go to Poitou, a pleasant district where perhaps they could stretch out the bag of gold for a year or so, and when the neighbors saw how admirable a citizen he was, frugal but paying his debts, they would doubtless help him to employment. No one need starve who can write. He could compose an occasional letter for them, or he could work for a notary—there are always notaries—or perhaps the village priest could use a lay assistant, or there might be a rich youth to instruct—or, at worst, if he wrote more poems, his old rescuer, the Duke of Orléans, might—

A gravedigger at the other end of the cemetery was tossing dirt out of a hole. Master Villon's calculations of ways and means floated on the surface of his thought. Underneath was his yearning for Louise, the luxurious pain of complete love, not for lips and arms only, but for mind and soul. If they two could always be together! If she were there to listen to, and talk to, and look at! If he could feel her nearness in the house!

It was four o'clock or later when she came, wearing a man's hat and a man's long cloak wrapped round her. The gravedigger had gone home. Seeing her there at last, on the stones of the arcade, Master Villon was lifted to a peak of bliss. He and she alone! " I had begun to fear—"

SHE LAID HER HEAD ON HIS SHOULDER AND THEY CLUNG TOGETHER FOR A MOMENT IN THE DUSK.

"You knew I would come," she said, unbuttoning the collar of her coat. "Must we talk standing up?"

They sat on a convenient tomb.

"Let me ask you one thing," said she, with her frank eyes. "There's little time. You love me—I love you. We'll skip what we know. You have loved other women before."

"Not loved," he put in.

"Are you tangled with the last one, whoever she is? Don't be annoyed—it would be only natural, wouldn't it?"

"There is no one," said Master Villon. "I am free."

"Does she think so?" asked Louise. "The provost's wife says you'll be dogged by your adventures. I shouldn't like to begin a tug of war with some other girl."

"It wouldn't appeal to me either," said Master Villon, "since I'd be what you'd tug at. I promise my undistracted devotion, with peace thrown in."

"I WISH I understood you better," said she. "At one moment you seem very direct, but again I ask if you are laughing at me. Aren't you too fond of adventure and new experiments?"

"I should like a kiss." He took it before she could answer, and it seemed what she had been waiting for.

"Now if we hurry," said he, "we can pass the city gate and be well on the road south before dark."

"Oh, are you running away?"

"I am carrying you off, my darling!"

"You think you can smuggle me through the gate?"

"I know I can!"

"And how shall we live, afterward?"

"I have the gold in my pockets," said he. "Honest gold, bestowed by my godfather," he added, meeting her glance.

"I have some too," said she, "but it's in my room at the provost's."

"Let it stay there," said he. "Life comes first."

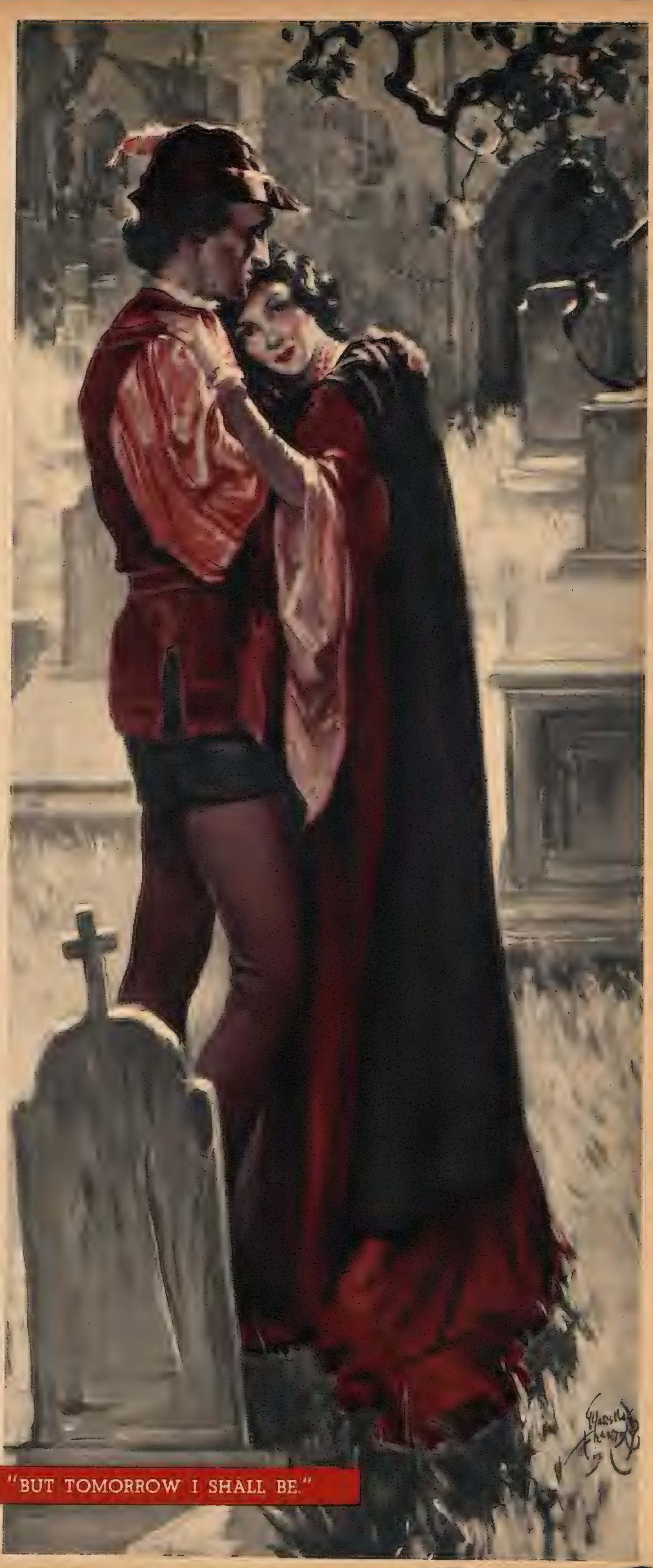
"Yet we could use the money," said she; "and if I'm running away, I'd better take a few clothes."

"Darling—there isn't time!"

She kissed him. "You haven't much patience, have you! Here I am, like a bird you whistled to, throwing my life in with yours, and you grudge me an hour to gather up a handkerchief or two and a change for the journey!"

"The gates will be closed," said he. "We'll buy more as we go."

She laughed. "What a fortune we have! No, François. We'll go tomorrow—as early as you wish. I'll come to you—where shall we say? Oh, I know! I'll call on your nice godfather again, and you'll happen along, and we'll worry once more



M NOT READY TO START NOW," SHE SAID. "BUT TOMORROW I SHALL BE."

about your sins, and I'll take my last farewell of you both, and then you'll slip out and find me here!"

"I've done some foolish things," said Master Villon; "but that would be the worst, to lose an hour of you!"

The girl reached up her lips again. "I'm glad you're so headlong; but, you know, I'll be doing pretty well even by my plan. I didn't expect to be blown over the wall like a leaf in the wind. I thought we were to meet, and give a word to each other, and of course I was hoping that some day—"

"Now!"

She laid her head on his shoulder and they clung together for a moment in the dusk, with his arms around her. He was sure she would relent, if they stood there long enough.

"I'm not ready to start now," she said at last, with a bit of a sigh, as he thought. "But tomorrow I shall be. I'll come to the cloisters."

"Does a moment like this come twice?"

She put her hand up to pat his cheek. "And you're supposed to know about life! If the moments wouldn't all be like this, do you think I'd risk it?"

"Perhaps—you won't!"

"Silly! I promise! Tomorrow!"

When he followed her toward the street, she asked him to stay behind, and he knew her caution was wise. He waited in the darkness of the arcade, between the graves and the pictures, until she was far on her way.

Then, moving slowly back to St. Benoit's, he tried to dull the pang by imagining subtle reasons for her coyness. Not the gold or the clothes, certainly, but a fine reluctance, a sensitive woman's fear that her generosity should seem cheap. The assertion of her right to come to him properly prepared marked her a great lady. Catherine or Margot wouldn't have thought of it.

What could he say now to his godfather? Best to climb up the vine again, and hide in the room till morning. A long wait, when you are in no mood for verse-making. He remembered the Mule, where Montigny and Guy would be entertaining Peter Merchant. And he had intended to have no more traffic with them!

The Mule was a simpler tavern than the Pine Cone, but it was off the pavement, not down in the cellar, and since the cloisters had an eye on it, decorum was its foible. You talked in low tones and you were not supposed to sing. If you felt yourself getting drunk, you went home, or if you overstayed your prudence, the tavernkeeper threw you out as a sacrifice to the higher life.

There, at a small table in the corner, sat Montigny and Guy, with a moon-faced creature who looked like a priest. He wore country clothes, leather leggings and breeches and a woolen shirt; but to Master Villon's eye he could have found his way through a Latin prayer.

"HERE'S our poet," said Guy. "Peter Merchant, you are in the presence of a unique talent."

Peter Merchant spread himself in a good-natured smile, but for a second his eyes were like gimlets.

"What will you eat?" said Montigny. "There's a rabbit stew."

"Food is food," said Master Villon.

"Have some wine," said Montigny, beckoning for another mug.

"We were just discussing you," said Guy, swallowing half a pint and wiping his lips on his sleeve. "Peter Merchant knows an uncle of yours in Angers."

"He can't," said Master Villon. "I have no uncle."

"Don't split hairs!" said Guy. "Your godfather's brother."

"My godfather has no brother."

Guy helped himself to the wine pitcher to cool his temper.

"Assuming that you're telling the truth, there's still a priest in Angers, and Peter Merchant thinks you should visit him."

"Why?" asked Master Villon, looking straight at the man.

"It wasn't my idea," said Peter Merchant in an unctuous voice. Master Villon was sure he belonged to the Church.

"Well, whoever thought of it," said Guy, reddening.

"If it's *your* plan," said Master Villon, "it's a bad one."

Montigny hastened to sweeten the tone: "François, this person in Angers has a small fortune, and too much money undermines the soul. We were contemplating an errand of mercy, a thoroughgoing rescue; and Peter Merchant thinks that you, of all the clever lads he has heard of—"

"I don't steal, if that's what you want!"

Guy stood up. "You don't steal, don't you?" The noise turned several heads their way, and the tavernkeeper hurried over with the food.

"Sit down, Guy," said Montigny. "You're drunk."

Guy flopped back to his bench and poured more wine, to vindicate his sobriety.

"It's all in confidence," said Peter Merchant, when the tavernkeeper had retired and the other clients had forgotten them. "If this fellow in Angers doesn't interest you, then he doesn't."

Master Villon took his own pace and finished his stew. After one sip, for manners, he left the wine alone.

"It's a lean season," said Montigny, "and we should all look to the future."

GUY passed from indignation to philosophy, the wine performing miracles. His tongue sounded too large for his mouth.

"If he really *has* the gold—tha'sh the queshion. No other queshion's of the leasht importance. Supposing, now, he goes all the way to Angers—all the way to Angers —all the way to—to—"

"To Angers," said Montigny. "Shut up, for God's sake!"

"And having arrived at—at—whatever the plashe is," continued Guy, "supposing the priest is poor, as he should be? He took a vow, didn't he? I ask you—did he—or didn't he—take a vow? But when you look at it in the teeth, wha'sh a vow, anyway? Wha'sh—is it?"

"Peter Merchant," said Master Villon, "I believe you know who I am and what I've done."

The man smiled courteously. "By hearsay. A brilliant career!"

"I've been a thief," said Master Villon, "and the law has taken toll of me. But I'm clear now, and I won't try it again. Plan what you like, but count me out!"

"I plan nothing," said Peter Merchant.

"What's your business in the city?"

"I sell wine," said Peter Merchant. "In the vineyards we grow somewhat dull. I envy the excitements of your world, your gallant pranks—the pranks of youth!"

"Tha'sh what *I* say," murmured Guy. "A slender girl and a fat purse! God's gift to the young! Montigny—I say—Montigny—" Guy was smirking at him, heavy-eyed. "You remember that time—yes, you do, don't pretend—that time—"

Montigny excused him to Peter Merchant. "He had no food since yesterday."

Guy drew himself up. "You think I'm drunk! I know you do. I'm not! I ask you now—I ask you—do you remember—the College of Navarre?"

In the silence Peter Merchant rubbed his plate with a piece of bread. Montigny, white-faced, sat with his eyes riveted on the fool across the table. Master Villon called for his reckoning and paid.

"A pleasant evening to you all," he said, and stepped out into the night.

He could hear the voice of the judge pronouncing doom. If only Louise had fled when he asked her!

Nothing for it now but to climb the cloister wall and hide in his attic bed. Not the safest place, if Peter Merchant spread the news quickly, but that was where she would come in the morning.

In his dark room he had the conviction that some one was near. He kept his knife in his hand. If any one should wind fingers around his throat—

He found the bed with his hand, and sank on it. Or on what was in it.

"You needn't squeeze the breath out of me," said Catherine, "and you needn't get huffy. I know you wish it were some one else!"

THE END

Why the Sweetheart of the A.E.F. Has Sold Her All and Is Helping the Poor . . . The Stirring Secret of a Famous Star's 'Orders' from Beyond the Grave

by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Elsie and Gilbert Wilson, her husband, at home in the manor house she adored—and has now given up.

Pictures, Inc., photo

Is ELSIE JANIS Guided by Her Dead Mother's Voice?

Jenny, whose living voice was always Elsie's guide.

READING TIME
21 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

ELSIE JANIS is either a nut or she's a great woman. At forty-seven, the woman who earned the title of Sweetheart of the A. E. F. has auctioned off even her most beloved personal possessions, given up her adored manor house in Tarrytown, rejected all radio, stage, and screen offers, and started out to give herself and her genius to charity, and charity alone.

Why?

Because, she says, she has orders from G. H. Q.

G. H. Q. is Elsie Janis's own personal term for God.

Under these divine orders, she has stripped herself to the barest necessities of existence, pledged herself to accept only such returns as will enable her to live; and she will never again sing or dance or produce shows except as benefit performances for the American Legion, the disabled soldiers, and needy children.

And she has done this in the face of bona fide offers of thousands of dollars for her services, in face of the fact that she was badly in debt.

"G. H. Q. won't let me down," she said, with simple faith, when asked how she expected to pay off all her obligations, make a living, and still devote herself only to giving to others.

We are witnessing a drama unequaled in fiction. We are beholding either the collapse of one of the most famous and beloved actresses this country ever knew, or we are seeing a magnificent experiment in a personal religion, an actual and practical attempt to follow and interpret the teachings of the Galilean.

That's why I say Elsie Janis is either a nut or a great and inspired woman. The word "nut" is Elsie's own. She herself declared that a great many people had thought her a bit nutty all her life, and that now, when the newspapers headlined her decision, they would be apt to think her nuttier than ever.

Personally, having known Elsie and her equally famous mother, Jenny, for a great many years, I don't have to hesitate. But now it is possible to give all the facts for the first time, and to let those who have seen only the surface understand something of this ideal of religion which directs Elsie Janis in her new life.

Elsie wears slacks and a yellow sweater and uses army slang when she talks about it, but it's a religion nevertheless.

Elsie's mother, whom we all called Jenny with love and reverence, has been dead five years.

Yet it was Jenny's voice that spoke to Elsie Janis and sent her forth to "do something swell, something which will give me a reason to go on living, something for children and for all those in need."

The voice which had guided her from the time she was the child wonder, Little Elsie, was the voice from beyond the grave which brought her these new orders from G. H. Q. "I had definite assurance which I knew came from mother that there was nothing in power and possessions unless they came through unselfishness and love of fellow men," Elsie said.

Now and again in this life, as you pass through, you will be cheered and renewed by sight of a great love. Such was, beyond question, the love of Elsie Janis and her mother. It was misunderstood at times. People who didn't know regarded Mrs. Janis as a managing stage mother, concentrating only upon her daughter's successful career. There were stories—stories which hurt—that Elsie's mother was a tyrant, a sort of Mother Knows Best. It was said that she wouldn't allow Elsie to marry any of the men who followed her for years, and that tale gained credence when Elsie, soon after her mother's death, married Gilbert Wilson, an unknown actor seventeen years her junior.

But to any one who knew Elsie and Jenny any such ideas were simply ridiculous. The two were a unit, bound together by every mutual thought and taste and understanding and desire. They spoke and acted as one. The great Elsie Janis career was their career, with Elsie out

Universal News Reel, from Soibelman

"Sell whatever thou hast, and give to the poor." Elsie's auction. Five thousand people attended it the first day.

in front displaying her talents, and Jenny behind, managing, controlling, and attending to business and detail. Elsie didn't marry because she didn't want to—as long as she had her mother's companionship and devotion. Afterward she was lonesome and married a handsome young man whom she loves. The difference in age didn't matter to Elsie, because part of her actual religious belief is that personality is ageless, can be maintained as ageless. She says, "G. H. Q. told me, 'You can dance better than ever. You can still turn a mean cart wheel—as long as you are doing it for others.'"

And went ahead and proved it at a huge American Legion benefit.

Now Elsie believes, Elsie *knows*, that she and her mother are still acting as one.

I remember sitting in the little sunlit garden behind Elsie's house in Beverly Hills one afternoon not long after Jenny's death. I had been deeply devoted to Mrs. Janis. I was thinking of her as Elsie and I sat there alone, thinking how strange it was to see Elsie without her. Most of all I was wondering how Elsie could look so cheerful and beaming when I knew she had loved her mother better than anything in life.

I remembered that Mary Pickford and Ruth Chatterton, who were almost like daughters to Jenny Janis, had told with amazement of Elsie's strength, her serenity, her smiling thoughtfulness and comfort for others on the night that Jenny died so suddenly.

"We'd expected her to go all to pieces," Ruth said. "We'd expected to have to take care of her; we'd been prepared for anything she might do. Instead, she was the one who comforted us. She called it Jenny's going-away party, and she took care of every little detail herself. It was wonderful but it was amazing to me."

The little garden was bright with flowers and sunshine; and somehow Elsie, sitting there in pajamas, with her curls tumbling in the wind, was part of it and of its happiness, and I did not quite understand.

JUST then a great yellow butterfly fluttered down upon Elsie's shoulder, touched her hands for a moment, seemed to linger about her, and then floated away to perch joyously upon a blue delphinium.

"Oh, there's Jenny," said Elsie brightly.

For a moment I thought my ears had deceived me. Then I thought, in swift panic, Elsie's lost her mind. Her grief has turned in. Oh, this is terrible!

I looked up to find Elsie's amused eyes upon me.

"Not the butterfly," she said. "I don't mean the butterfly is actually Jenny, dear. But—when I am quite happy, as we have been this afternoon, especially when I am with some one she was fond of, she nearly always comes. I can feel her presence so plainly that often she speaks to me. Nearly always there is something lovely to announce her coming—like this butterfly, or the sound of bells, or a light sometimes in the night."

One thing was certain. Elsie believed it. There had been no such tie between Jenny and me, and so perhaps I could neither see nor feel this miracle that might be taking place before me; but my breath came a little short at the sight of Elsie's face. For, like every other woman, I should love to know for sure that the father I worshiped is still the same and that in time I shall see him and talk with him again.

I said, "Does she—really speak to you?"

Elsie said, "Oh, yes. I knew the night mother left us that where there is real love there can be no real parting. It was given to me to know. That's why I was able to bear it when she went away. You see, mother taught me years ago where real guidance comes from. We had always followed orders all our life together. I knew she wouldn't leave me alone, and she hasn't. I know that she is closer now to the divine orders than I am, and that she will tell me. And as long as I know that, everything will be all right.

"You see, the Power is there. You have to learn to let it through. I will tell you something that may be hard to believe, but it is true. All my life I have wanted to play the piano. I could sing and dance, but I never had time to learn to play, and I always envied the people who could. One night after mother went, I was alone. I couldn't sleep, and I was thinking of her, and of all she had taught me. I felt very happy, very close to her. And somehow I drifted over to the piano and I thought of music she had loved and of how it had been a language between us. I sat down and played the piano. That is the truth. I played it as well as a concert pianist could do, the great songs she and I had loved."

THE little garden was very quiet and I struggled with a silly unbelief, because I too know that there is a Power and that we use it so very, very little. I too have had it do marvelous things for me.

"I've never been able to play but that once," Elsie said quietly.

But that isn't all of Elsie Janis's religion—the conviction of the survival of personality beyond the grave. Part of her present uplift, she says, is that conviction. You go farther and travel faster when death has lost its sting and the grave its victory, of course. And she does believe that her present course and her present faith are dictated by her mother, sending through the orders from G. H. Q. It is dramatic and illuminating that Elsie's name for God should be G. H. Q., the soldiers' abbreviation of General Headquarters. It proves so definitely that her tremendous experience in the World War has been the molding power of her life, that she has never ceased to be the Sweetheart of the A. E. F.

Just what sort of God is the G. H. Q. whose orders she obeys without question? Just what sort of religion has sent her out to give herself to charity?

In a way, it is simple. It isn't new. The thing that is new about it is the way Elsie is applying it to life. She believes that the only way you can understand God is to love man; and that the only way you can love man is to serve him unselfishly. She believes that only as you consecrate yourself to the service of your fellow man, under guidance from G. H. Q., can you open the channels which give you a full life, happiness, spiritual growth, and contentment.

And she is now putting it into actual operation.

I have never talked about this faith before, because it was a personal matter and belonged to Elsie. But now that she has made open declaration of that faith, the things that I know may help to reveal it and her purpose to others. I don't think Elsie herself has ever put it into words. I don't know that all of it is clear to her, for it's an expanding and growing thing.

But, to understand it at all, you must understand Elsie Janis and what her life has been.

General Pershing himself once said that Elsie Janis was worth a battalion of soldiers during the war.

That's quite a large order for one young woman, but it was true.

"The only real inspired happiness I have ever had was when I was giving without thought of Mammon—in the war and after it," she said in the amazing statement she issued to announce to the world her renunciation of her estates, her place in the entertainment world, her chance of a great comeback at a big salary. At the same time she said to the god Mammon: "Listen. I know all about your setup. I know just what you can give. But I want to be a rookie again; and as every army guy knows, the less you carry on a march, the better."

When she said she knew all about the setup of Mammon, Elsie Janis told the truth. No woman in this country ever had more of everything Mammon could offer. Nor is this the first time she has given it all up, offered her very life to serve humanity.

Some years ago a newspaper syndicate asked me to write an article naming the ten greatest women in the United States. A few people seemed surprised when I included Elsie Janis. The explanation was simple. The boys who made up the American Expeditionary Force were of my own generation. My brother was over there. My first husband, who was a grand guy and is now dead, was in uniform. Boys I'd grown up with, danced with, my best friends were in the A. E. F. Those of them who came back—some of them, you see, didn't—told me about Elsie Janis. It wasn't any fiction, that title. When they called her the Sweetheart of the A. E. F. they meant it. She had been the symbol to them of all that a sweetheart could have meant, the comfort and the gaiety and the sweetness they needed in the dark red hell of war.

Literally, they worshiped her.

Surely our memories are not so short as to have forgotten that. That made her a great woman to me.

In 1917, when she went into the trenches to sing and dance and laugh and joke for our boys, Elsie Janis was under thirty. She was America's favorite musical-comedy star and no one has ever quite taken her place. Nobody could dance like Elsie, because she seemed to dance with the sheer exultation of being alive. Nobody could sing like Elsie, because of the delight she took in singing. Her gaiety and joyousness swept audiences, and The Vanderbilt Cup and The Lady of the Slipper were Broadway's outstanding hits. She wasn't exactly beautiful, but she didn't have to be. As a person she was as gay and funny and witty and delightful as she was on the stage. Elsie Janis was a real idol.

BEFORE America entered the war, she was starring in London, and singing and dancing in hospitals there as well as in the theater, where the soldiers on leave jammed the aisles to watch her.

Very few people know that the great love of Elsie Janis's life was a young British actor. His first name was Basil; I can't remember the last one. He was young and handsome and they were to have been married when the war was over. He was killed in one of the great drives, and Elsie went on singing and dancing and giving every moment of joy and gaiety she could to the men who wore the same uniform in which she had seen him last. She didn't say much about it to any one but Jenny. Jenny knew and understood and helped her through that hard time.

It wasn't long after the first doughboy put foot on French soil that Elsie closed her show, gave up $3,500 a week salary, packed up her dancing shoes, and said to the A. E. F., "Here I am. What can I do?"

There were lots of other people who entertained the boys in France. But there was only one Elsie Janis, as they will tell you. She had something to give that no one else seemed to have—and more than that, she stuck. Not for just a few shows, but for nine long shattering months, surrounded by death and danger and suffering. And in the midst of them all and for all those months—sometimes ten shows a day—within sound of guns, in hospitals and camps, anywhere and everywhere, Elsie gave them laughter and music and forgetfulness.

When she shook down her curls and twisted them up again with a hairpin, picked up a piece of rope and did imitations of Will Rogers, of George M. Cohan singing Over There, when she turned cart wheels and did her best dances—they were home and safe and happy again for a little while.

When it was over, she broke down and nearly died in a Paris hospital of sheer exhaustion and overwork.

Acme photo

"A real idol," Sweetheart of the A. E. F. Now, under orders from "G. H. Q.," Elsie has gone back to her boys.

Her return to America was an unparalleled triumph. The Sweetheart of the A. E. F. was the most-talked-of woman in the land. Every manager wanted her. A dozen shows were offered her at incredible salaries. Elsie wasn't interested. She had made up her mind—and she was broke, because she hadn't worked for months and they'd given away more than any one ever knew to the sufferers in the war zone—to give a show with only service men in the cast. She got her gang together, presented the show when every one told her it would be a failure. It was the biggest hit of the year.

Then she went back to work.

It was about that time I first learned about G. H. Q. I was in New York on a business trip. Elsie was starring at the Palace in a vaudeville engagement—vaudeville was still great in those days—and that meant both matinee and evening performances. So Jenny said they would pick me up one night after the show and drive me out to the Manor at Tarrytown to spend the night.

Thinking of Elsie now, I remember that winter night with a strange little feeling of amazement. The big luxurious car, the liveried chauffeur, Elsie and Jenny wrapped in furs. I remember how swiftly we slipped out of New York, and how the traffic officers all along the way saluted Elsie as she passed. I remember the beautiful old manor house filled with antique treasures, and the delicious supper that was waiting for us and the perfect servants in attendance.

AFTER supper Elsie went to bed. She had a matinee the next day. But Jenny and I sat up and talked. The talk started because I was troubled about many things. The attempt to arrange my life as a mother of small children and a writer. The way to handle the bit of success that had just come my way. I suppose Mrs. Janis had been listening for many years to young women telling just such tales.

I do not know that my quotations from that night will be exact. It is a long time since. But I do not think I will be far wrong. The scene is etched upon my memory. The mellow old room. The small candle-lit table with its roses and gleaming silver. Jenny's amazing face, lined and marked with years of experience, a strong, vital, almost ugly face that held by sheer force of personality and some quality of aliveness that I cannot describe. I know that she wore a black dress and that her voice was harsh but charged with vitality.

What she said that night I know now to be the foundation of Elsie Janis's religion.

She said, "You do not need to come to me for guidance. Not to any one in the world. You were created by a great Power. You can be absolutely sure of the love, protection, and guidance of that Power of spirit. Ask for it. Turn to it. Open every bit of yourself to it and you will get it. It is a science and it is exact and practical. I have been guided by it all my life, and Elsie has been guided by it all her life. We have had the most blessed life any two people could have, because we have always been guided and we have always obeyed.

“Behind everything we have done has always been the thought of giving happiness to as many people as possible. That is why Elsie did the work she did in the war and why it bore such blessed fruit. She did it without thought of return. That is the best way, if you can do it. It isn’t possible always, but it is always possible in some degree. Do you understand what I mean?

“There is just one sure, important thing in life. It’s very simple. I will show you that. The important thing is love—and the only thing there is to love that we know about and can see and can be sure of is our fellow man. Once you have accepted that, everything else falls into place. Once you know the value of that spiritual love for man, religion becomes a practical power.

“But it isn’t such an easy thing to love your fellow man. We have lost the path, most of us. It’s easy enough to sit here, warm and comfortable and well fed, and to think of humanity as something to be loved—something abstract. But it isn’t so easy when humanity translates itself into terms of the man who tries to cheat you, the woman who is envious and lies about you, the friend who betrays you, the men and women you work with who are stupid or mean or petty or incompetent.

“Love takes a lot of doing, my girl. The ability to really love is rare. Most people don’t have it because they’ve never seriously set their minds to it.

“Well, there’s only one way to get back on the path of love for your fellow man. Enough love to embrace everybody and everything. Enough love to hate the sin and love the sinner. Enough love to overlook stupidity and evil and unkindness and see through to the need, the crying need for love in every heart.

“That way back is what I call service.

“Did you ever stop and think of the things you could do every day for every person you meet? You can’t go around washing people’s feet. You’d get arrested. You can’t give every one money. But there is a simple way you can serve every one. That’s just plain ordinary kindness. It’s unbelievable how little of it there is and how much it will accomplish. It’s giving, and giving opens the windows—they have to be open to give, so they are open to receive. And each little kindness you do builds up your power to love. You will find that automatically you love the people to whom you are kind—and again the magic circle operates. They love you.

“SOMEBODY once told me a story about a woman and a carrot. The woman was at the bottom of a very deep pit. She begged and pleaded and prayed to get out, and finally the powers told her that if she could remember one single kind deed she had ever done for anybody she could get out. Well, she thought and thought, and finally she remembered that she had once given a carrot to a hungry little boy. It wasn’t very much of a kind deed, but she couldn’t remember anything else.

“She sat there quite a while longer, and then one day she saw a carrot in front of her. It was tied to a long rope. She took hold of the carrot, and the rope began to move and lift her up and up out of the pit. She was overjoyed, but the journey seemed long and slow and she was afraid. Suddenly she looked behind her and saw somebody was hanging on to her feet and somebody was hanging on to their feet and there were a lot of people all hanging on to her, trying to get out of the pit, and she let out a yell and said, ‘You all get off me! This is my carrot. It’s my chance to get out! Get away from me!’ And just as she spoke the carrot broke and they all tumbled down together.

“That’s the way it is. It only needs one little kindness to start you up. But you have to love everybody you meet on the way up, and be willing they should share in anything you have, or you won’t get anywhere.

“Once you love your fellow man, what happens? You must of sheer necessity fulfill every law. You can’t help it. You can’t possibly even commit a sin. How can you? Think it over. You can’t lie or cheat or murder or steal or anything. And that love begins to enfold and develop your personality, your individuality.

“That personality is all you are or ever can be. It will never let you down. All things will be added unto it, as we were told in the beginning. All things. Success, friendships, opportunities, everything. But don’t think you can fool about it. Don’t you get the idea for a moment that you can just smile and act sweet and be polite. That’s a good start. But you have to go far beyond that to real love before your personality begins to grow into a power—a power directly connected with the great Power.

“Personality is all you are and all you have and all you can take with you from this world into the next one. Start there, at the beginning. Start trying to know the connection of your personality with God—and then you’ll find guidance to do all the other things. That’s the way Elsie won her success.

“Try it, day by day, little thing by little thing. You must take some risks. Risks of time and money and disappointment and heartbreak. But go on giving. As you serve others, the Power will serve you. But it must be every day, every hour. This religion that only works on Sundays is no good, you know.

“But we’re afraid of being laughed at. It takes courage to live according to your own beliefs and not follow the herd. But in time the laughter dies away, because every one in the world is looking for happiness, and when they see it they come to look for its cause. They will say, ‘She’s nuts.’ Then they will say, ‘But she’s happy. I wish I knew how she does it.’

“IN the end, we will get just as far in this world as our record with humanity allows us to get. Inside, we will get just as far in happiness. The real record of your dealings with your fellow man is the real record of your happiness, your spiritual power, your ability to get what you want, and your life in the next world. That’s practical and scientific and—it is power. It can be used. It has been used.

“Every bit of happiness and spiritual power there is in your work or your life comes from working unselfishly to give or to share with humanity. Elsie found that out in the war. We’ve proved it. She’ll never be really happy until she can devote herself again just to giving herself, to trying to help people to be happier.”

Then she took me up to bed in the room where George Washington had once slept.

Her words came back to me when I saw those headlines about Elsie. Perhaps those were the orders that came through to Elsie from G. H. Q. From the Power in which she believes. She’d had a lot of struggles. She’d done a lot of things. Made good pictures. Produced good pictures. But she was restless and dissatisfied. She didn’t seem to find her place. Life, she said, seemed empty, not quite worth living.

Then, about a year ago, she had a terrible automobile accident and for a long time it looked as though she might not have to worry about how she was going to live her life. But she got well.

“Since my accident,” she says, “which I call my ‘truckin’ number,’ I have asked constantly not for help but for orders from the real G. H. Q.”

She wanted peace—inner peace. She wanted to be a rookie again and start on a long march under orders and traveling light.

And her orders, she says, came. Sell all you have and give it to the poor and follow Me—didn’t somebody say that two thousand years ago? Such were Elsie Janis’s orders. She’s gone back to her boys—back to the A. E. F. and its wounded and broken. Back to help and cheer and dance and sing to bring joy into their lives and to earn money not for herself but for them.

“You can still turn a mean cart wheel if you’re doing it for others.” That’s what G. H. Q. told Elsie Janis.

That’s her religion. To turn cart wheels for others under orders from God, so that her personality and her spirit will grow into that love of humanity which makes real greatness. So that when the time comes she can salute Jenny and say, “I carried out orders, sergeant.”

I don’t think she’s a nut.

I think she’s a great woman, as her mother was.

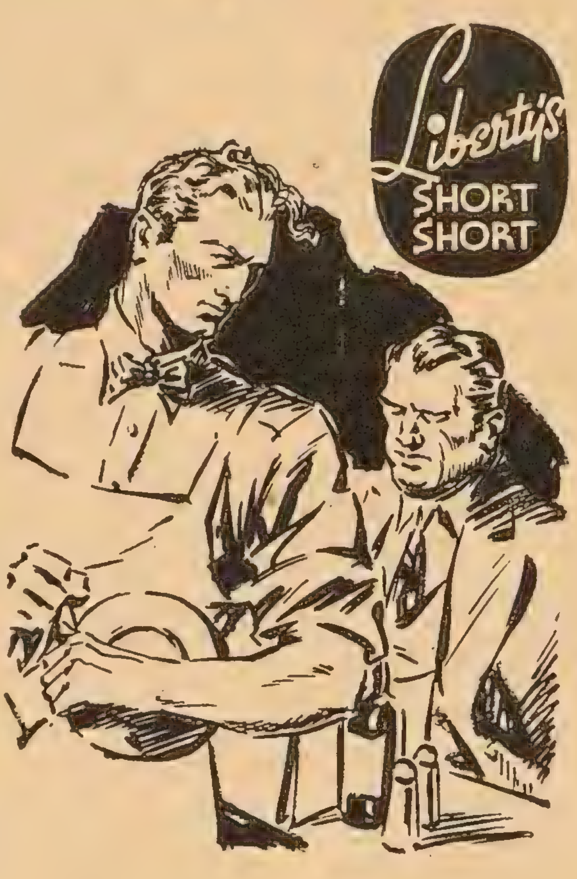
What do you think?

THE END

Make Up A Couple, Kid

by WILLIAM MARTIN

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 7 SECONDS



AS I was checking the register and putting the bills into the cloth moneysack, Red drifted in and eased down on a stool at the counter. Since I was the only man on the night shift at the Tavern, I had to squeeze in my checking whenever business slacked up. It was about three in the morning and Red was the first customer I'd had in over an hour.

"Hello," I said, walking down to the grill and picking out an onion to chop up for Red's Western sandwiches. "How many are you eating tonight?"

"I ain't eatin', kid," he said. I put down the onion, surprised. Red had been eating two or three Western sandwiches every night for months. Ever since that first night when he'd bawled me out for mixing the onion with the chopped ham instead of with the egg in the skillet. He'd talked hard and I'd given him a call. When you work alone nights in a hamburger joint you can't afford to let a guy with a big meat-chopper face like Red's get started with an argument. So I'd said to him: "Listen, bullet-head, stop cracking your jaw at me, or I'll bend a club across your skull. But if you'll tell me decent how you want your Westerns cooked up, I'll make 'em like you say."

Red had looked pretty steady at me for a while. But he hadn't started anything. Finally he'd said: "All right, kid, you make 'em like I say." And then he told me how he always liked the onion chopped fine and mixed with the egg before you put in the ham. I fixed the next sandwich just right, and he ate four more as fast as I could cook them up. I'd never seen anything like it. He seemed starved for Westerns. He always seemed starved for Westerns every night he came in after that.

And so when he said he wasn't eating tonight, I didn't know what to think. Usually he was a snappy dresser, but as he sat there without a hat or coat or tie, studying me, I finally figured he was broke. So I said:

"You're steady around here, Red. Eat a couple on the boss tonight."

"I ain't got time," he said. He kept looking at me, and I suddenly realized I hadn't gotten used to his tough face after all. I could hardly see his eyes for his big cheekbones. And it didn't feel good having him size me up like that. Suddenly he pulled his hands below the level of the counter, leaned forward, and said: "You think you're tough, kid, but whatja do if your joint was stuck up?"

The question jarred my breath away like a hard right hook over the heart. But I couldn't let a serious-faced guy like Red think I might be yellow about a gun. "I don't know, Red," I told him, talking slow so he wouldn't see I was short of wind. "I don't know. If it was only a couple of guys, I've got the butt end of a pool cue I keep handy for drunks, and I might take a chance."

"I thought so," he said, "so I ain't givin' you the chance." He shoved a snub-nosed automatic up over the edge of the counter. "Gimme that sack of velvet," he snarled. It was a jolt having *Red* pull a gun on me, and I was flat-footed. I'd talked too fast. My club was down by the sink, and he had cut me off. So I handed over the sack. "And gimme that club," he said. "You got no use for it now." He followed me down the length of counter while I got the cue.

Then, instead of going out the door, he backed over to one of the tables along the wall and sat down, facing me. As I was wondering whether he was going to shoot me down, a couple of customers breezed in and sat down on the two front stools. I tried to get steady by filling two glasses of water, but when I set them out, I sloshed water all over the counter. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Red watching me and I didn't know what he might do: stick up the customers, or let me have it in the guts if I showed signs of talking, or what.

"What'll it be?" I said to the slim pasty-faced guy. He didn't answer, so I turned to the other fellow. "What's yours, Shorty?" I said. But Shorty wasn't listening. He'd slid back off the stool and was holding a gun on Red. "Get 'em up, bum," he growled. Red's hands went up quick and high. When I looked back at Slim I saw a .38 lined on my chest.

"Open the box," he said quietly, nodding toward the register. My heart was rattling against my ribs, but I managed to open the drawer in a hurry. I handed Slim the change Red hadn't bothered with, and a couple of bills I hadn't put in the sack—about six dollars in all. Slim snarled at me and leaned over the counter and looked into the drawer. But it was empty. For a second I thought he was going to drill me. But just then the short guy said: "Let's scram." They seemed in a hurry. The short guy rushed out. And Slim, still keeping his gun on Red and me, backed out after him.

MY arms seemed glued up, and it wasn't until Red put his arms down that I could get mine down. My heart was pounding hell out of my ribs, but when Red picked up the sack of money and his gun from under the table and started toward me, I nearly went down.

He slipped his gun inside his shirt, sat down on a stool in front of me, and tossed the bag on the counter. "Make up a couple of Westerns, kid, to go out," he said. He shoved the bag toward me.

"What!" I said. "Are you giving it back?"

"Sure," he said. "And watch how you chop that onion. I found a piece of skin last night."

"But didn't you stick me up?" I said.

"Say," he growled, "get them Westerns ready to go. And watch what you're doing!" I couldn't get it all straight but I managed to fumble two sandwiches together and into a paper bag. As I laid the bag on the counter, Red went over and picked up the cue butt from under the table. He felt the weight of it in his hand, then turned toward me. I was still mixed up. I thought he was giving back the club too. So I reached out my hand.

"No you don't," he said. "I ain't taking any chances on you. Slim may come back some night. Slim ain't nice with that .38 if you don't behave. Pal of mine over at the club told me a slim guy and his mob was working all the small joints up this way tonight. So I dropped in." He studied me for a moment, then said earnestly: "Kid, be careful. You make the best Westerns I've ever ate."

He tossed a half dollar on the counter and went out, leaving me a twenty-cent tip.

THE END

Do We Get Our Morals

Not at All, Says One Who Knows; the Films Give Us What We Want to See. Hollywood Gets Its Morals from Us!

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

IF you take seriously adverse criticisms of Hollywood, you probably believe that all movie people have bad taste and all the public has good taste. For many years now it has been the popular custom to hold Hollywood responsible for the bad manners and bad morals of our "movie-made children."

The constant implication that there had been no sin in the world before Hollywood originated it induced me to take stock and try to discover, if I could, which was more potent—the influence of Hollywood on public taste and morality, or the influence of public taste and morality on Hollywood.

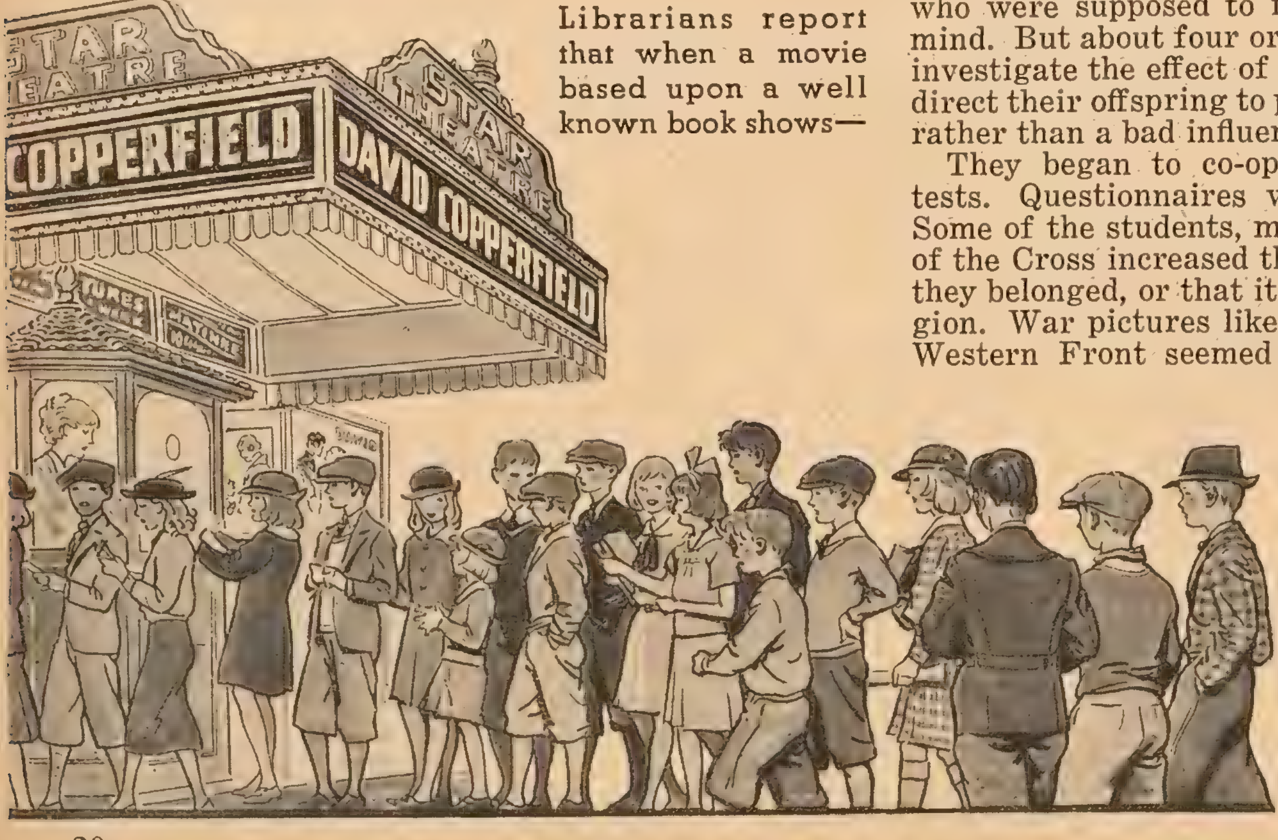
Women form the great majority in any picture audience; and it is quite true that in certain superficial things, such as clothes, manners, and home decoration, Hollywood very often sets a fashion which the women of the world follow.

As to clothes, it is not only the costumes of stars which are imitated, but also the latest modes of Paris, London, and New York as displayed in the newsreels. They go into the most remote corners of the country and keep the entire feminine population in touch with what the well dressed woman is wearing.

Checking up, I came across an ingenuous letter received by one of the studios. "I live in a little country town in Kansas," a woman wrote, "so small that until very recently we didn't have a movie theater. My sister, who married well, is living in Kansas City and she often invites me to visit her. I used to hate to go, because I felt like a rube. Now we have a movie house, and I can get from the screen the latest styles and I can see how society people act at table and in the parlor. I have been able to practice manners in front of a mirror, and I can copy clothes so they look stylish."

Rather pathetic, I thought, this evidence of striving for some sort of culture. Yet there is a certain group which protests that the Hollywood influence on manners is deplorable, since the manners revealed on the screen are not up to Park Avenue standards. So what? Isn't it important that a large portion of our backwoods population is trying to learn something of the niceties of life, to shake off the derogatory label "rube"?

The claim that baby grand pianos have superseded uprights as a result of movie influence is entirely true. Indeed, from furniture dealers all over the country I learned that customers ask for chairs or tables or whole sets of furniture similar to ones they have seen in pictures. "Taste in furnishings has become much more simple than it used to be," the owner of a large home-furnishing store wrote in answer to my inquiry. "The general public is getting wiser about periods and about right and wrong combinations. Whether it's the influence of the movies or not I can't say positively, but I believe that seeing so many pictures which are correctly decorated must be having its effect."



Librarians report that when a movie based upon a well known book shows—

Even the most patriotic of us have to admit that in the past American architecture and decoration have leaned toward standardized ugliness. Our houses were overly ornate on the outside and fussily full on the inside. If motion pictures, even in a small way, have taught appreciation of the simple line, let's enter it on the credit side of the ledger.

A lama of Lhasa, while visiting Delhi for a conference, saw his first movie. He frankly confessed that the picture seemed to him worthless, but that a floor lamp by which the hero read in bed seemed a great contrivance for comfort. After endless inquiries he was put in touch with the manufacturer, and in due time a lamp, with a power unit to run it, was sent on muleback over a steep mountain range to the lamasery.

Like the lama, the average woman will go to any extreme to gratify her desire for something she wants, whether she sees it in a shop window, on another woman, or on the screen.

It has been charged that the slimness of the Hollywood stars started the craze for the boyish form which obsessed the American woman and in many cases jeopardized her health. Maybe so. But women dieted and massaged years before they were habitual moviegoers. Why blame Hollywood? If a duck dislocates its neck trying to look like a swan, you can hardly blame the swan, now can you?

As far as I can see, there has been nothing in the Hollywood influence that could possibly be called harmful to women. Now, however, we come to a matter of primary importance. How much are children affected by movies?

For many years women shifted the responsibility for their children's movie habits to the Hollywood producers, who were supposed to fit all subjects to the adolescent mind. But about four or five years ago women decided to investigate the effect of movies on children, and to try to direct their offspring to pictures which would have a good rather than a bad influence.

They began to co-operate with teachers in making tests. Questionnaires were distributed in the schools. Some of the students, mostly girls, stated that The Sign of the Cross increased their faith in the church to which they belonged, or that it awakened a new interest in religion. War pictures like Cavalcade and All Quiet on the Western Front seemed to create a desire to work for peace. Even gangster pictures—which according to the moralists make criminals out of youngsters—seemed to teach the lesson that crime inevitably earns a reward of punishment or death.

There have been accusations from many sources to the effect that the movies incite children to crime. There has even been a book written to prove it. Yet the facts prove the contrary. I dis-

From Hollywood Now?

by CLARA BERANGER

cussed the whole question of movies and morality with field workers in charity organizations and with judges of juvenile courts; and the general opinion seems to be that the most common causes of juvenile delinquency are, first, wrong home influences; and, second, unsupervised play on the streets, which leads to the formation of neighborhood gangs. The way these gangs work is clearly revealed in the stage play Dead End.

The most common result of the movie habit noted by the questionnaires was the stimulation of interest in good literature. A large number of students admitted that they were often led to read a book or play from which the picture was made. Librarians verified this by reporting that when a picture based upon a well known book shows in the local theater the demand for that book is so great that usually there are not enough copies to go around. Stories like Mutiny on the Bounty, David Copperfield, A Tale of Two Cities, and many others that were filmed suddenly enjoyed a new popularity. In many cases there was voluntary correlative reading, such as Shakespeare's Henry VIII after the picture of the polygamous Henry was released, and the life and works of the Brownings after The Barretts of Wimpole Street.

ONCE women became convinced of the influence of the movies on young people, they determined to work for the production of pictures fit for them to see. But right here they struck a snag. The scoreboard of Hollywood successes and failures chalked up the disconcerting conclusion that most of the artistic pictures had been the worst box-office flops. Hollywood had frequently tried to give the public fine stories beautifully produced, and the public had almost invariably stayed away.

At first it seemed to the women that they were up against an unsolvable problem. Thoroughly alive now to their obligation, they investigated causes and effects. Who was responsible for the screen fare we'd been getting? Eventually the women came to the startling conclusion that demand always precedes supply, and that public taste must be more to blame than Hollywood. They were right. Hollywood has nothing to do with the spread of divorce. Nor is it responsible for the sex talk and sophistication which seemed suddenly rampant in all classes of society. Art reflects, it never creates, modes of living.

If you don't believe it, let me recall to you the breakdown of conventions and the moral chaos that followed the World War, a state of mind which was reproduced in all the arts. Plays dealt with adultery, prostitution, degeneracy—dipping the Broadway stage to a new low level. Restrictions were removed from language, and nice ladies young and old were shocked in the theater. But they went. Over and over again. For the thrill of it. Magazines and books carried realism to the most fanatical extremes. Tabloids fed a public avid for thrills with news about crimes of passion. If the motion picture became sexy and melodramatic, it was only because the trend of public taste compelled it.

But stories which can be enjoyed in the privacy of the home became offensive and lurid with the greater intimacy of the screen. And so, when the women of picture audiences realized that the picture theater was a community meeting place where day after day the family, including children, were absorbing sensational and often indecent stories, they made a resolution to do what they could to correct the condition.

The results? Not only is current screen fare more entertaining than yesterday's menu, but it has a definitely higher moral tone.

Never before have the classics of all countries been so well represented on the screen. Shakespeare, Dickens, Thackeray, Kipling, Barrie, Dumas, Du Maurier, Victor Hugo, Tolstoy are but a few of the illustrious names which are now flashed in electric lights on the marquees of the movie theaters.

Biographical stories of our own great personalities and dramatic episodes in our history are gradually being recreated on the screen.

Music of all kinds from jazz to opera is being recorded with visual accompaniment and projected for the pleasure and enlightenment of movie audiences.

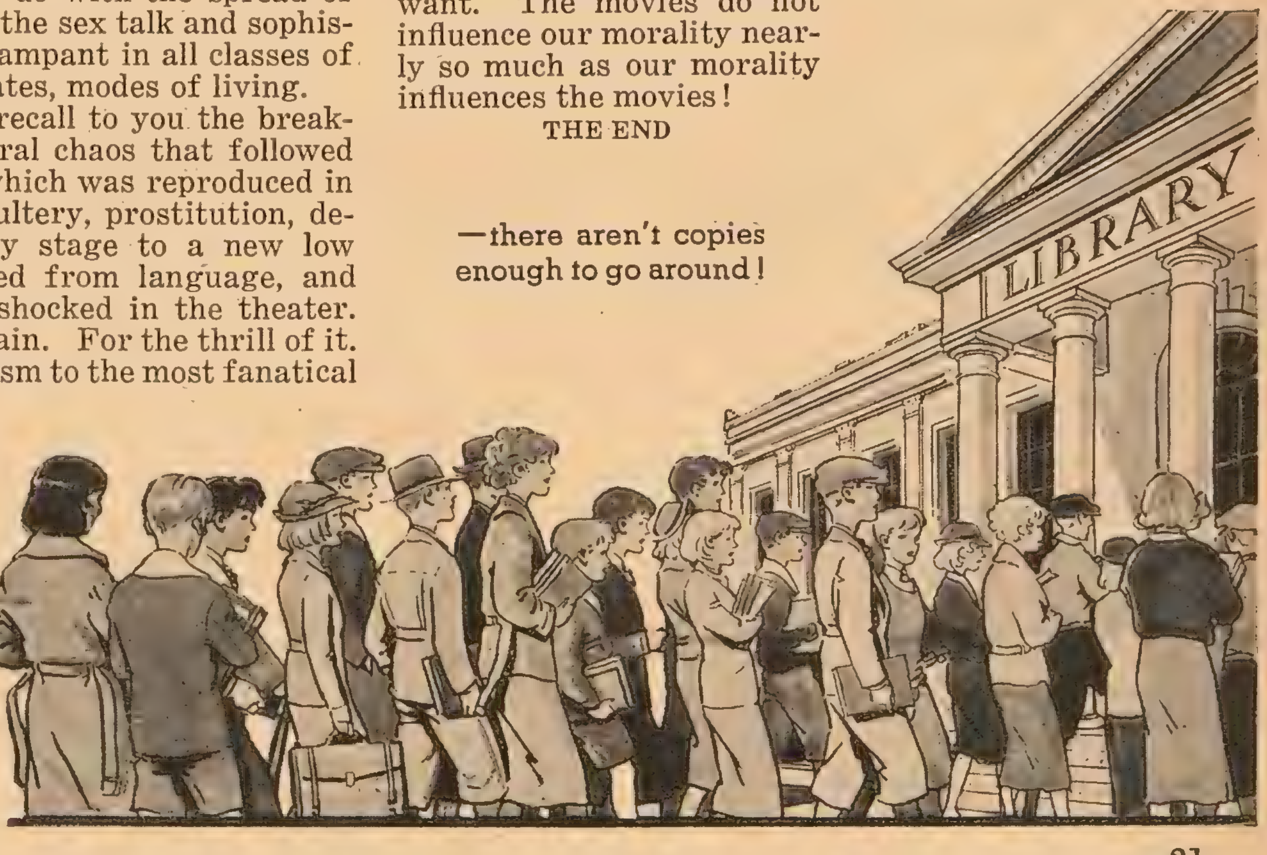
That movie audiences are responding is being proved by the box office. Fine pictures which formerly played to empty houses now reach an attendance equal and often greater than that patronizing the sexy sensational films. The early George Arliss pictures, for instance, which pleased the intelligentsia but were caviar to the general public, rarely made their production cost. Today Arliss is one of the most highly paid stars in the business, because of the crowds that flock to see him. And the crowds flock to the Arliss pictures and to others of artistic merit largely because the women of the country have made audiences conscious of the difference between good and bad pictures, and have given such an enthusiastic send-off to the good ones.

Yet these women could not have succeeded so quickly had it not been for the depression. When the crash came in 1929, and the intelligentsia could no longer afford the opera, the theater, the symphony, they turned to the favorite playground of the masses, the lowly movie theater. This "class" group is said to represent about twenty million people. You can see how they would be potential supporters of any movement for better films.

So now, there is no longer any class which does not regularly attend the movies. If a sensational picture succeeds, you may be perfectly sure it is because a large number of people want a sensational picture.

What we get on the screen is a direct result of what we want. The movies do not influence our morality nearly so much as our morality influences the movies!

THE END

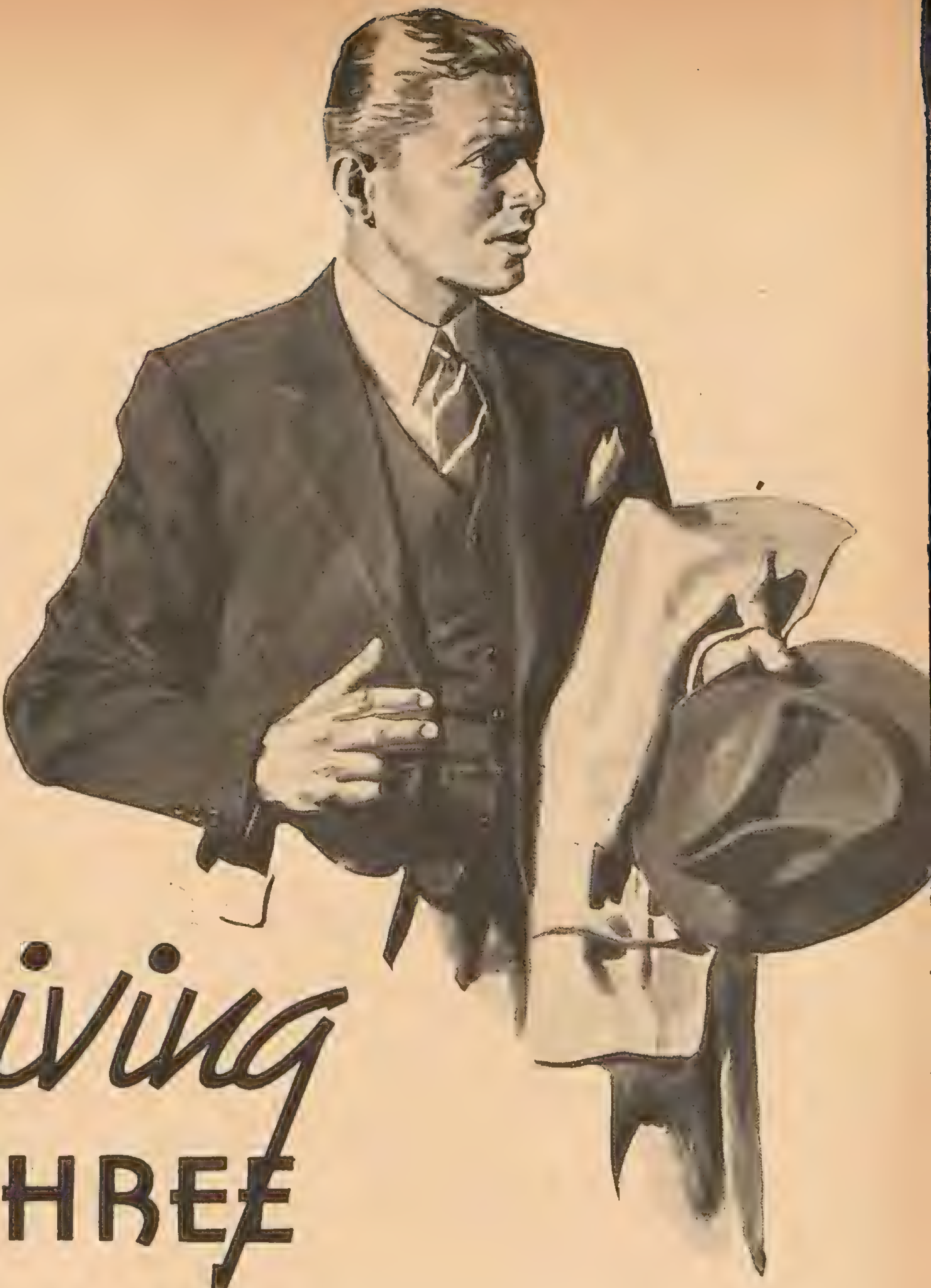


—there aren't copies enough to go around!

The Story of a Bewildered Woman Who Searched Her Heart . . . and of What She Found There

by VIRGINIA PAXTON

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 30 SECONDS



Thanksgiving FOR THREE

NANCY stuck her key in the door, grateful to come in from the cold November dusk to the warm apartment pleasantly odorous of dinner cooking.

"Mommy!" yelled her small son Donny, hurling his stocky pajama-cased weight against her.

Lillian, the maid, stopped rattling pans in the kitchenette to poke her dusky head between the twin white cupboards.

"They's a telegram on the table, Mis' Donovan."

"Thanks," said Nancy, hugging Donny to her. It was always wonderful to return from the steaming inkiness of the Journal office to him.

She opened the wire and sat down suddenly. It was from Dave. The first message since their separation a year ago in New York: IMPERATIVE I SEE DONNY TOMORROW STOP ARRIVE WASHINGTON NINE A M DAVE

"Ain't bad news, Mis' Donovan?" Lillian asked anxiously.

Nancy said, "My husband will be here for Thanksgiving."

Lillian emerged from the kitchenette, straight and lean as black willow. "Men!" she spluttered. "Good-fornuthin', no-'count men! Mis' Donovan, yuh shore ain't goin' to let him walk all oveh yuh again!"

Nancy sighed. "We'll have to have dinner here for him tomorrow," she said. Lillian grumbled audibly about turkey and cranberry sauce and mince pie. She demanded to know about Mark Howard and the Thanksgiving he had planned for Nancy and Donny in Maryland. She nodded approvingly as her mistress telephoned Mark. He would, he said, be over at once.

"Now yuh come eat, Mis' Donovan," urged Lillian. "Don' jes set there, frettin'!"

Mark came in while Nancy was putting Donny to bed. "Hi, bug," he said, and the baby grinned back at this pal who took him to the zoo, bought him toys, told him when he whined that "Men don't cry."

As Mark stood, offering the new sailboat for Donny's bath, Nancy realized he was as immaculately groomed as a soldier, and she could not help comparing him with newly appraising eyes to Dave, who was always careless about clothes. Mark was a lawyer, calm, practical, and wise; Dave was a newspaperman, excitable, irrational, and clever. They three had known each other in college before Mark inherited his family's house in Georgetown and returned to practice there before she and Dave had eloped and lived a newspaper life, crazily full of chaos, fun, and heartbreak.

Nancy had never known, that morning when she blundered so blindly on to a train, whether in going back to Washington she was trying to recapture happiness in a place where there had once been enough for two, or whether it was because Mark was there.

She had sat in his office and said, "I don't know what to do!" What flashed through Mark's mind might have been pity for her, resentment at Dave, or hope for himself. "Work," he had told her, and called the Journal. The rest had followed. During this past year she had come to depend on Mark's unfailing friendship.

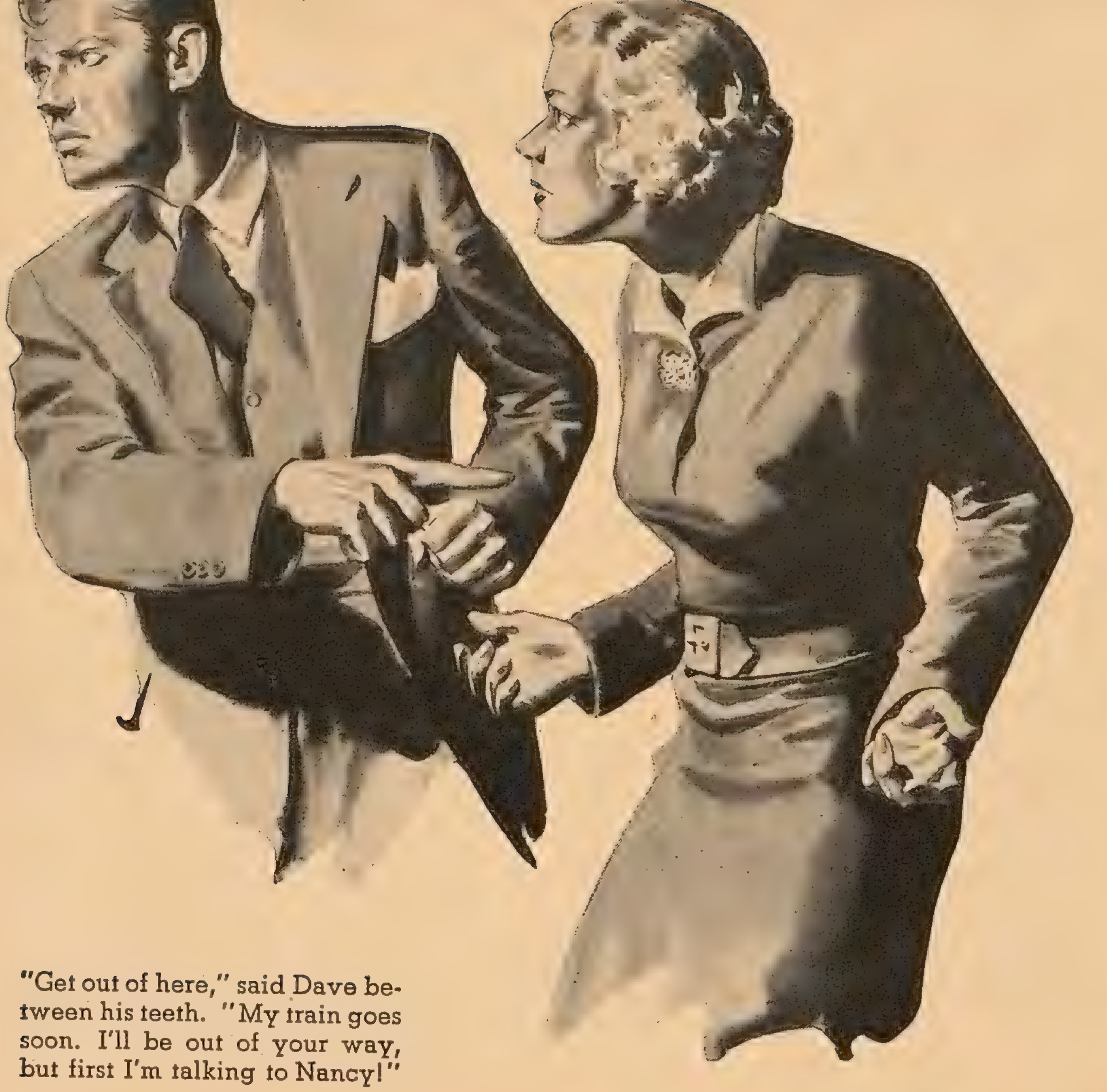
She showed him the wire. With his customary neatness he folded it, tucked it back into the envelope before answering. "He must want you back," said Mark.

"How could he?"

"He's not coming to see the baby, Nancy. He's coming to see you."

"I wish I could run away," she sighed.

ILLUSTRATION BY CHARLES BRYSON



"Get out of here," said Dave between his teeth. "My train goes soon. I'll be out of your way, but first I'm talking to Nancy!"

"No use," Mark told her briskly. "The issue's there. It must be faced."

"I know," said Nancy.

"Naturally, this will change our plans for tomorrow. You will have to be with him. I had a surprise for you. I'll give it to you now instead." He handed her a long narrow green strip.

"Why, this is a—a ticket to Reno!"

"I know." His voice was gentle. "I want you to use it. I want to marry you, Nancy."

"Oh!"

"You must have guessed, of course. I've waited this year to see if you would stay. I want you to be happy—to make your own decision."

"That's kind of you, Mark," she said gratefully. "You've been so very kind all along."

"I never wanted to ask about the trouble between you and Dave, but if you wanted to tell me now—"

Nancy hesitated. "Money trouble," she told him briefly. "He gambled. He charged things. He bought roses when I needed gloves. He wouldn't let me work. He wanted to do the providing for the family, but, Mark, he always provided the wrong things!"

"Typical," nodded Mark. "Nancy," he asked, almost timidly, "do you still love him?"

The clock ticked loudly in the silence. "No," said Nancy. "How could I?"

"Then—you'll go to Reno? Day after tomorrow?"

She could hear Donny's soft breathing from the bedroom. He would have a good kind father. The house in Georgetown had an old ivy-covered wall around it. There was peace in that house, security against storms and loneliness.

"Yes," said Nancy, "I'll go."

Mark's gusty sigh of relief. Mark's lips against her cheek. Mark's hand over hers. Mark saying, "We'll have to arrange with Dave for the signature of the divorce papers. He'll have to agree to your having the custody of Donny."

A knife twisted in Nancy. She could see Dave's lean long face under its shock of auburn hair bending over the bed when they brought her back from the delivery room, tears rolling from his brown eyes because they thought she was going to die. He had slipped the wedding ring back on her finger and said brokenly, "I never knew what love could mean until now." And together they had looked down at the funny red bundle that was Donny.

Mark must have seen something in her eyes, some desolation. He said quickly, "I'll talk to him alone, if you prefer."

"Oh, no." Nancy managed to smile. "I'll do it. You stay away."

"Now, remember to use logic," Mark told her. "Don't make any emotional decisions, and remember this, my dear—that from now on, all your worries will be on my shoulders." Life always fell into clear-cut patterns for Mark.

She put her smooth blonde head against his wide protective shoulder and closed her eyes. "That will be—nice," said Nancy.

. . . . .

David Jerome Donovan, whose by-line appeared daily on stories of international import in the great chain of World Press newspapers, but who, like most newspapermen, had little money, tore through the Pennsylvania Station toward his train, tying his tie as he ran. He had managed shoelaces and vest and coat in the taxi. Confound the alarm clock! He missed Nancy. She was one of those precise people who get up at the first ring.

The train started with a jerk and he settled back, trying to make up his interrupted sleep, but the years kept crowding before him, full of inconsequential details that had become, with the passing of time, tremendously important. Eight years with Nancy. So many people and so many apartments shared. Maids afraid of the ash tray that was the top of a skull, finally charred through by burning cigarettes. Swift elevators; swimming in blistering sunlight; the lurching back seat of a bus. Chops for dinner and dinner late because of murder, fire, rape. Life had moved fast in Chicago.

There had been wet foggy days and dry dusty days, winter on Texas plains and spring in the foothills of the Ozarks, inedible food, strange people and laughter. Always there had been laughter. Hope too. High brave hopes, like having a son, which came true. Dishes to dry. Nancy tossing plates to him. Sometimes they broke but it never mattered. Good tense bridge at a quarter a corner, with hands overbid and slams made.

Then Washington in the spring, delirious with blossoms. Days of fatigue, difficult days at the office. Colds, chills, picnic lunches with beer and cheese. The terror of Donny's birth, the heavy incense at St. James's with its musty beams and queer light at the altar. Nancy's pancakes, initialed linens, small yellow rompers, and Donny in a play pen on the grass, eating dandelions.

Nancy always fed his heart. He understood, now, how her practical side tired of nonchalance and hope and never enough money for groceries. He gambled because he wanted luxuries for her quickly. He could explain it to her now. As the train neared Washington he knew exactly what he would say.

VIRGINIA PAXTON *was born in St. Joseph, Michigan, and now lives there, but her newspaper experience has carried her all over the country. She has a son seven years old and a baby daughter, but has found time to write distinguished short stories for the leading magazines of America.*

He felt very happy. He whistled the tune he always used to, coming home, as he went down the hall to her apartment: "Some of these days."

At the door he stopped short, after he pressed the buzzer. All at once he was afraid, terribly afraid.

Nancy opened the door, smart, trim, prettier than ever, though she looked thin and a little tired. Behind her he could see Donny scrambling to his feet.

"Hel-*lo!*" cried Nancy. "Come in!"

Automatically he bent to kiss her. He might have been getting home from the dogwatch, ready for breakfast, until Nancy turned her head and he sensed a cool remote barrier rising between them.

He could not know how disappointed she was in that instant. His hat was still shabby, his tie four years old. The toes of his shoes had started to crack, his suit needed pressing, and his pigskin gloves were worn. He stooped as he entered the door. He had a permanent stoop from entering doors. Mark, flashed Nancy's mind, was tall too, but with a compact military carriage.

Dave spun his hat through the air, as he always did. It lit on a candlestick. "You're looking well," he remarked, as she turned to the child.

"Donny, here's daddy!"

The boy, a miniature of himself, asked, puzzled, "Mark?"

Nancy tried to laugh. "Oh, dear, no, darling!" she protested. "This is *daddy!* Don't you remember?"

The child still stared.

"He knows—Mark?" asked Dave.

"Mark has been attentive," said Nancy hurriedly. "He takes Donny to the zoo, and he—"

DONNY pulled at his father's coat. "You bring present?" he inquired hopefully. Dave pulled out a doll with jointed legs and tattooed arms, with a pipe between clenched teeth in a hard-boiled sailor face. Donny shrieked, collapsing to the floor with his new toy.

"Nice place you have here," Dave said, his keen reportorial eyes flicking over the room. The clock from their fourth anniversary; her grandmother's walnut chest; the yellow vase, a wedding present, empty. Book ends, china, silver, ash trays, all familiar to him. Familiar, too, he thought, to Mark, who must come here of an evening.

"Yes," said Nancy. "Dave, if there are any things here that you'd like to have—they were ours jointly, you know—"

"You keep them," he said. "They wouldn't fit my place. Village garret. Three floors up. Dingy carpet. I have a fireplace, though," he added defiantly, "and I like it."

He rose and she went toward the kitchen. "I want to speak to Lillian a moment," she told him.

"Our Lillian?" he asked. "Gee, that's great! So she's been taking care of Donny for you. I'm glad. I worried a lot about him."

"Really?" asked Nancy with a delicate sarcasm. He could hear the words she didn't say: You must have worried, never to write or send money.

"Howdy," said Lillian coldly.

Dave was genuinely glad to see her. "Isn't Donny a great kid?" he asked. "You must have been taking grand care of him. Remember when he was a baby, pulling pans out of the cupboard? You'd laugh and say, 'You dirty li'l' ol' something!'"

"Yes, suh," answered Lillian mildly. "I remember. I remembers also Mis' Donovan wearin' her patchety ol' house dress, a-sayin' she'd be puffectly happy effen she had a pair o' stockin's that matched. Now, ef yuh'll kindly step aside, suh, I wants to look at the tu'key."

Dave stared at her. "I borrowed two dollars at the office, Lillian," he said. "She had a pair next day."

Lillian sniffed. "Chiffon. Evenin'-gown stockin's."

The turkey sizzled as she dripped butter over it.

"YES," said Dave oddly. "That's right. They were." He turned away. "Say, Nancy," he added apologetically, "I didn't want you to go to all this bother. I intended to take you and Donny out for dinner."

"That's all right," said Nancy. "Restaurant prices are high on Thanksgiving."

"You thought I wouldn't have the money? Look"—he pulled out his wallet—"seven dollars."

"Thanks anyway, Dave," she murmured. "It's easier at home with Donny."

"Well, see here"—he ran a distracted hand through his hair—"I've got to spend this somehow. Let's get a cab. I'd like to have a firsthand glimpse of Washington again."

"I go zoo?" asked Donny, dropping his toy.

"Zoo's a great treat," said Nancy.

"Not this time," Dave told the disappointed child. "I didn't come down here to look at wild animals. I came to see you and your mother."

Donny began to howl.

"Don't cry," said Dave. "If you're a good boy, we'll go down to Haines Point and see the boats."

"I no want see boat!" wailed Donny.

"Shut up!" barked Dave. The boy's tears stopped midway down his cheeks.

"Go boat," he said sweetly, and smiled.

"The child needs discipline," Dave remarked. Nancy's teeth set. They always did when she was angry.

"He'll have discipline," she told him. "He'll have a firm gentle discipline."

"What do you mean?" asked Dave.

Nancy knew then, definitely and forever. "I am going to marry Mark," she announced. "Will you call the taxi, or shall I?"

He stuffed his hands in his pockets, staring down at Donny, at the floor, at nothing in particular. When he spoke, his tone was extremely casual. "Perhaps," he said, "you had better call it."

Late autumn blazed through the park, with Rock Creek tumbling over stones, and the smooth road winding between the trees. They passed a familiar apartment building. Dave turned back to look at it. "There were blue curtains," he said slowly. "We each had one pair of shoes. Donny yelled a lot at night. We wheeled him down the hill Sundays. And you were very tired."

Nancy was silent. She had said nothing since they entered the cab, only put her arms protectively about the boy. The road wound up the hill past a large confectionery. "Remember," mused Dave, "the time we had only sixty cents and I spent it all for ice cream?"

"I don't remember," answered Nancy. "We were broke so many times." That was cruel of her. That wasn't like Nancy.

At Haines Point, where the peak of park meets the channel and the Potomac, they looked over the railing across the water to the War College, bright with banners. When they had first come to Washington, they had rented two rooms in an artist's house in the most unfashionable part of the capital.

Dave mentioned it.

"And the ragman used to call, 'Old clothes for *sale!*'"

"The colored janitor tried to kill his wife," Nancy supplemented suddenly and unexpectedly. "You stopped him, but he removed a front tooth for you."

In spite of herself she began to laugh, remembering Dave's toothless grin and his lisp when he returned from that clamor in the uproarious cellar.

"You always did think it funny," Dave complained ruefully. "Gosh, it's good to hear you laugh again. It's been at least two years, I think, since you've even smiled."

Silence swept over them again. He could feel the wall thickening and deepening and becoming a fortress armed with guns.

"Shall we go?" he asked.

On the way to the apartment he stopped the cab at a flower wagon, riotous with color. Chrysanthemums were the most expensive. He crowded two dozen great fluffy yellow balls of them into Nancy's arms. She didn't want to take them.

"Please," she begged. "You can't afford to—"

"I can afford anything for you," said Dave. It sounded melodramatic, he knew, but he meant it. "Besides," he added pathetically, "you laughed."

He wondered if she would ever understand how he had tried to stem the tide of their poverty with extravagant gifts, all to make her forget temporarily the necessities for which his salary never seemed to be sufficient. He wondered how he could explain the lavish luxury he wanted to give her in return for the laughter, peace, and love she gave him. It had all been so long ago, so difficult, that now the words stuck in his throat.

In the apartment he began to place the flowers in the yellow vase. Midway he saw Nancy struggling with Donny's heavy suit, and stopped.

"I'm sorry!" he exclaimed. "Let me help! I'd—"

Lillian marched through from the kitchen, extricated Donny, carried him off to be washed. Dave said, under his breath, "Nancy, about Mark. Tell me—"

Lillian emerged, Donny under her arm.

"Wait," said Nancy. "We can talk while Donny takes his nap."

"Dinnuh," said Lillian belligerently, "is se'ved."

IT was strange to sit again at the head of the table and serve Nancy and Donny. He complimented Lillian on her cooking, on the crisp brown turkey, the savory stuffing, the suave piquancy of the cranberry sauce, the fluffy-crusted mince pie. She only grunted and slapped down plates with a heavy hand. Humbled, he sat there making a good deal of nervous conversation about the first turkey Nancy cooked, from which yards of waxed paper emerged with the stuffing.

Donny fell asleep over the dessert. His head, shaped so like Dave's, lay in the curve of his fat sturdy arm. Nancy's eyes met Dave's and turned away.

"Shall I carry him?" asked Dave. Nancy nodded. He gathered the sleeping child close and took him to the bedroom. Nancy removed small shoes and stockings, loosened clothing, arranged the coverlet. Donny half woke as Dave bent over him.

"Good-by, son," he said. "I have to go back to New York in a little while."

"So soon?" asked Nancy in surprise.

"Night editor's sick," he said. "I go on at midnight. They didn't tell me until after I wired you."

Donny smiled up dreamily. "You go on train? You come back to see Donny?"

"Maybe. You be a good boy."

"I good," promised Donny. His arms went about Dave's neck and his soft little mouth was damp on Dave's cheek. Dave turned away to the living room, where he sat down beside Nancy on the davenport.

"I get homesick for Donny," he said. "All the little Italian *bambinos* on the street, with their big black eyes like his, make—"

"Dave," asked Nancy abruptly, "why did you come down here today?"

"To see you."

"But why was it important to see me today?"

"I know what you mean. A year since you left. A year to the day, Nancy, that I thought we were all through. But now I see things differently. I didn't want to write or come to you before everything was ready. I've done something I think will please you, Nancy. I—"

SHE wasn't paying attention. He felt she wished he would leave, so she could be with Mark.

He said with attempted cheerfulness, "Tell me about Mark. I'm interested in your happiness, Nancy—truly I am." He was proud of the paternal tone he managed, concealing jealousy that was tearing him apart.

Nancy turned a matchbox slowly in her slender fingers. "There's nothing much to tell. I came down here alone with Donny. Mark helped me find work, and now he wants to marry me."

"Nancy, do you love him? Do you?"

The buzzer sounded, startling them both. Dave rose as she went to the door. "Oh!" exclaimed Nancy.

"Sorry," said Mark, coming into the living room. "I wanted to talk with Dave myself. How are you, Dave?"

"Fine, thanks. How are you?" The two men made no move to shake hands. Dave hated the smug possessive smile on Mark's face as he said, "Well, is everything arranged? You've agreed to give Nancy the custody of Donny? She'll have him anyway, of course, but it will make things easier in Reno if you agree beforehand."

"Reno!" said Dave.

"Didn't you tell him?" Mark asked Nancy accusingly.

Dave flared up. "Of course she told me. But not about Reno!"

"What's the matter with it?" asked Mark. "Quick, easy, quiet."

Dave shook his head. "A queer ending for Nancy and me. Not in character."

"That's beside the point," said Mark impatiently.

"It's not beside the point," Dave contradicted him. "Nancy is too fine for Reno."

"Come, come," said Mark, irritated. "I might have known you'd fly off at a tangent. The main issue is that she's going. She's going tomorrow. She has her ticket."

Dave drew in his breath sharply. "Is that true," he demanded of Nancy, "about the ticket?"

"Yes," she stammered. Her eyes stared deep into his. "*I promised!*" she lashed out suddenly, as if that was explanation enough.

Dave stood very still, his hands clenched at his sides so that his nails dug into his palms.

"What about Donny?" he asked grimly.

Mark began patiently lining it up in words. Dave could almost see two neat columns of figures headed Assets and Liabilities, with his own name under the latter.

"First," said Mark, "Nancy will not have to earn her living. She will have a comfortable home. She will have time to mother Donny. I intend to provide a dog for him, a pony, and send him to the best boys' school there is. I am not asking you to make any provision whatsoever for him. Donny will have a father, that's all."

Dave moved abruptly, menacingly. An ash tray, struck unheeding by his hand, clattered noisily to the floor.

"Get this straight," said Dave. "Donny's got a father! You think Nancy's ever going to be content in that Georgetown house of yours with the wall around it? You think you can take a newspaper woman and pen her up in a society house and keep her there? She's got to have her freedom!"

"I notice," interposed Mark caustically, "that freedom is about all you've given her. The air, it's sometimes called."

He stepped back from Dave's fist. The muscle in Dave's cheek twitched tense.

"And Donny?" asked Dave. "In the 'best boys' school'? He's not a best boy. He's a plain ordinary kid who's going to lick the tar out of the tough boys in kindergarten. You can't buy Donny off with a dog and a pony and make a Fauntleroy out of him! He's my son!"

"Really," said Mark, "you seem to be making quite a scene over this little matter of a divorce."

"It's not a little matter!" roared Dave. "All your life you've seen the world as a piece of money, as a dollar sign. Nancy's got a practical side that's been taken in by it, but she's also got a flair for living! Good Lord, Mark, you don't even know what I'm talking about!"

"You are," complained Mark, his mouth curling into a sneer, "remarkably incoherent!"

"Get out of here," said Dave between his teeth. "Walk around the block or buy yourself some cigarettes. My train goes soon. I'll be out of your way, but first I'm talking to Nancy! Now get out!"

Mark went without even a backward glance.

Dave collapsed into a chair and held his head in his hands. Words seemed still to tremble in the air as Nancy came over to him.

"Why did you?" she cried. He got up to take her by the shoulders, to look in her eyes.

"Don't touch me," she said icily. Dave's hands dropped.

"Nancy, have you been happy here?"

"Very."

"Have you been—lonely?"

"No."

He had known loneliness that was a deep black chasm.

"Nancy, do you—love him?"

She did not even answer. He sighed and turned away. Slowly he removed his hat from the candlestick. He reached into his pocket and laid a small packet on the table.

"I'm leaving this for you. I wanted you to know. It doesn't matter now," he went on, with a brave defiance, "except, of course, for your opinion of me."

Nancy looked at the clock. She said politely, "I see. Have you enough money to get back on?"

His shoulders straightened. "Thanks, I don't need any assistance. A dime and my ticket will carry me back. I have that."

Her eyes were cold. There was no expression in the mask that was her face. Standing before him as he said good-by, she glanced down. A big button had slipped from his frayed topcoat. She caught it. She said tonelessly, "It fell off. If there were time I'd sew it on."

Dave eyed her queerly. "It's the same button. Don't you remember? You sewed it on in Chicago, in Texas, and in Hot Springs."

"Yes," answered Nancy automatically. "But it kept coming off. I don't seem to sew very well."

Dave lifted her fingers to his lips. "I always thought," he said gently, "that you sewed beautifully." She said nothing. "And so—it's good-by, Nancy?"

He waited, trying to swallow past the dry patch in his throat.

"Good-by," she said. There was nothing left. Nothing but to go. He closed the door behind him.

Nancy sat down wearily and put her head on her arms. So marriage must be a living thing. It could die the way a person died, terribly and in agony. This day a marriage died, Thanksgiving, 1936. She sat there for some time before she became conscious of the packet Dave had left. With shaking fingers she opened it. Out tumbled bits of folded paper, bills that read "Account past due," "Please remit," "If not paid in thirty days—" Bills for drugs, groceries, clothing. All paid! A long list written in Dave's hand with a grand total of $1,945.60. And he had done it in a year! He had scrawled underneath, "And I did not gamble!"

She understood in a flash why he was so shabby and why that flamboyant Irish pride of his kept him wordless until he could come to her with these.

Something clenched in her hand hurt where the knuckles had turned white. She looked down. It was the button. She was crying. She had let him go uncomforted, lonely, bruised. He had been too proud to ask, too afraid of her terrible stoniness.

"Lillian!" she cried out. "Stay with Donny!"

Blindly she stumbled to the door, through the corridor, pell-mell down the stairs, out into the street, where she screamed to a passing taxi.

Hours seemed to pass before she reached the station.

She ran. Across the station she could see him. The train had just been called. He was looking down at an empty cigarette package in his hand. He crumpled it and tossed it away. He had bought chrysanthemums. He had no cigarettes. He looked old and tired and forlorn. All the defiance was gone from his face.

She caught at his sleeve as he turned toward the train.

"Your button!" She held it out. Long sobs were shaking her. "I—could—sew it on—in New York."

He stared at her, blankly uncomprehending, as if she were a ghost he wanted to forget. Then joy and amazement flooded his face, and all at once he was young again.

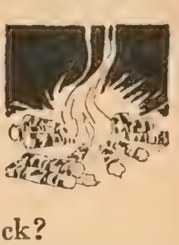
"I forgot—the thread," sobbed Nancy, half smothered against his shoulder.

"I've—got ten cents," said Dave shakily. "I—can buy the thread."

Idiotically they both began to laugh, clinging to each other, but it was a laughter that strangled on tears and fed the heart—a laughter of Thanksgiving.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS



1—Who (shown in the photo herewith) won his greatest success in Shakespearean roles, was supported by Henry Irving and Helena Modjeska, and was the first president of the Players Club of New York? Son of a famed English-born actor, his brother, also an actor, was shot in Virginia.

2—How large is the turkey crop this year?

3—Which language is chiefly spoken in Yugoslavia?

4—What famed singer burst a blood vessel while playing Punchinello?

5—Where are a halibut's eyes?

6—Who was vice-president of the Confederacy?

7—Do lenses, thinner in the center than at the edges, magnify or reduce?

8—How large were the Lilliputians?

9—Who in the Bible kissed calves?

10—Which disease had Andrew Jackson, Chopin, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning in common?

11—What king is queen of milk and butter production?

12—Who is the president of Princeton University?

13—How long is a light-year?

14—What organization for girls was founded by Dr. and Mrs. Luther H. Gulick?

15—Do fur seals and hair seals swim alike?

16—What former radio favorites portrayed Jake and Lena?

17—If black pepper comes from the black pepper plant, whence comes white pepper?

18—Who is referred to in Russia as Mister Gerst?

19—Castanets, gongs, and drums are what type of musical instruments?

20—Who was director-general of railways in the United States (1917-19)?

(Answers will be found on page 60)

Mr. Dunkle's DIARY

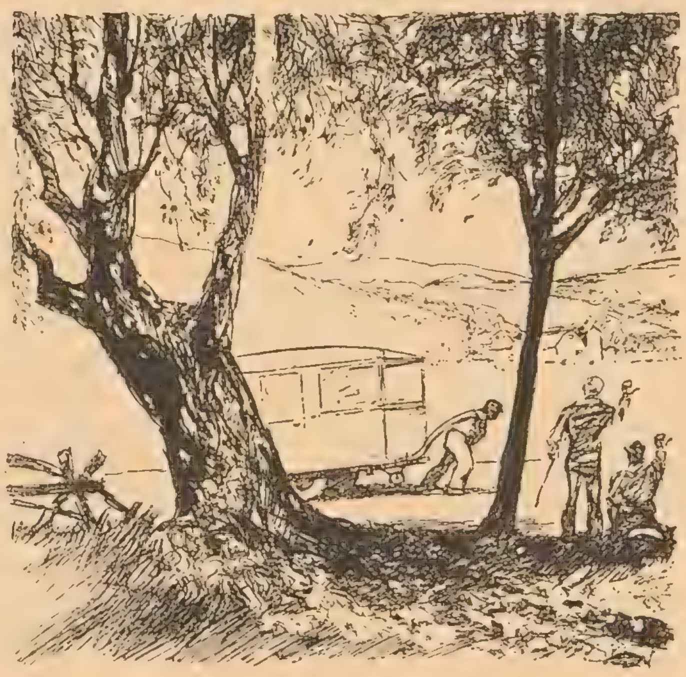
Trouble for Two on a Woeful Trail—A New Week of Westward Ho-Hoing

by NORMAN ANTHONY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

MONDAY: *En route to California.* Up betimes, bidding cousin Elmer and his wife good-by, and with our new trailer we did set forth once more upon our westward journey, leaving Chicago behind us.

So rolling along right merrily, my wife remarking that the trailer would surely prove a great economy, as the savings in hostelry bills alone would more than pay for it. And at dusk we did park deep in a fragrant wood, but no sooner had we retired to the luxury of our twin beds than a tremendous storm did break, so frightening my poor wife that there was naught to do but to drive on to the nearest town and put up for the night at an hotel.



I did lift the front end on my shoulder and did pull the ungainly vehicle along the road.

TUESDAY: Up to find the sun shining gaily, and it did so please my wife that she did offer to drive the car while I enjoyed the comforts of the trailer. And I did seize the opportunity to quaff several flagons of cold beer from our ice chest, a pastime, however, which proved hazardous, as each time I would put the glass to my lips the trailer would strike a bump, covering me with suds.

So to take a sponge bath, heartily singing the while. But when the car did stop and I did step out the door of the trailer to find what the matter was with naught but a towel wrapped about my torso, did discover to my embarrassment that I was standing in the midst of traffic in a large town. So on for the rest of the day, and we did put up for the night beside a murmuring waterfall, a location which proved to be rather unconducive to an unbroken night's sleep.

WEDNESDAY: Up betimes, breathing in the woody fragrance of the morning, and I did stand as nature made me beneath the waterfall, asking my dear wife if it did not indeed remind her of an old Indian legend. But at that moment a lady motorist did stop to replenish her water tank, forcing me to hide behind the cascade until she had gone, an experience which did chill me to the marrow, causing my wife to remark that now I most certainly did resemble an old Indian, and she did christen me Chief Frozen Face.

So back to bed in the trailer, my dear wife doing the driving for the day, and she did make comment at nightfall that she could see little difference between being home and on the road.

THURSDAY: Up in high spirits, having fully recovered from my chill of the day before, and we did soon come upon the waters of the Mississippi, which we did cross by ferry, an occasion which, I remarked to my wife, did make me feel somewhat like Caesar crossing the Rubicon. But she did retort that she could see little resemblance, except that I had plenty of Gaul.

So entering the fair State of Iowa, we did roll along uneventfully, camping for the night in the Wildcat Den State Park, a beautiful spot. But, as luck would have it, the lady in the trailer next to us did harangue her poor spouse continually, causing my wife to comment that evidently that was how the park got its name.

FRIDAY: Up betimes, my dear wife offering to drive, so I did relax in the trailer, albeit it was difficult, owing to the bumpiness of the roads, a condition, however, which helped no little in scrambling the eggs for luncheon. But when I did lean out to call my wife, did discover that the car was nowhere in sight and that I was alone in the middle of the highway. So finishing my lunch and several bottles of ale, did stand beside the trailer and attempt to thumb a lift, with no success whatever. And when I did lift the front end on my shoulder and did pull the ungainly vehicle along the road, two hitchhikers did have the nerve to ask me for a ride!

My wife did finally come back to rescue me, and we did retire for the night atop a beautiful wooded hill.

SATURDAY: Up late, my dear wife preparing a bountiful breakfast of sausages and eggs, a repast which I did relish to the full. And I did gaze out the window at the passing panorama with great contentment, remarking to my wife how smoothly we wheeled along. Then suddenly I did jump to my feet crying, "Great heavens! I thought *you* were driving!" And did discover to my horror that the brakes had loosed and that we were rolling downhill.

So opening the door did manage by a superhuman effort to reach our car and stop it just in time to prevent us being pitched headlong into the Missouri River.

So into Omaha, Nebraska, and so shaken were we that we did put up at an hotel and did even take the casters off the beds.

SUNDAY: Up betimes, my dear wife wishing to look up an old school chum by the name of Araminta Jollup, and when I did ask the telephone operator to see if she could locate the lady, she did answer, "One moment, sir." And to my utter surprise, a few minutes later a waiter did appear with a mint julep which, as I remarked to my wife, was certainly an old chum of mine if not hers.

So did spend the rest of the day ordering Araminta Jollups, assuring my dear wife that any old friend of hers was a friend of mine. But when I did attempt to sing "For she's a Jollup good fellow," she did put her foot down on any more reunions.

Nothing can halt the dauntless Dunkles on their westward way. You'll see them meet new perils in an early issue of Liberty.

RIDING HIGH

by Dora Macy

Author of Ex-Mistress and
Public Sweetheart Number One

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN, in New York, is packed with people watching the cowboys and cowgirls do their stuff in Colonel Manger's celebrated rodeo. Dusty Wyde, according to the announcer, is about to ride Third Rail, a dangerous outlaw horse. But when the bronc, with Dusty on his back, plunges into the arena, he stops, visibly shivers, hangs his head, and is led away.

Patsy, Dusty's sister, suspects what has happened: Buckshot, dropped into Third Rail's ear and working into his head, has disabled him and may kill him. She guesses that Hector Ryon, the publicity man, did the deed. Hector wants to marry rich and giddy Mildred Graham, but Mildred prefers Dusty. Patsy knows that Dusty will be believed to have fixed the killer horse, out of cowardice. So, to save Dusty's career, she says that she herself did it.

Poor Patsy! Already her hand is cruelly injured because, in defending herself against the advances of Monk Raleigh, one of the rodeo judges, she had to strike him a blow in the mouth, cutting herself on his teeth. Her plight is deepened by her love for Chance Wagner, a devil-may-care cowboy rider, unmanageable as a steer, and Hugh Branders's love for her. Hugh, a rich New Yorker, is tied by marriage to another woman.

There is still a further blow in store for Patsy. Her friend, Gail Parker, the girl champion bronc rider, though saddened by the death of Duke Hillman—Gail's ex-husband, who was killed by a bronc—still is bitter enough against Patsy to slap her in the face.

Ostracized by her own crowd, Patsy stumbles blindly out of Madison Square Garden. She walks to the Hotel Holt, near by, where she and Gail share a room.

Cowboy or Dude? — Dark Days and a Bitter Test of Love Confront the Heroine of an Exciting Rodeo Novel

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

PART EIGHT—HEARTBREAK AND DEFIANCE

THERE was no one in the meagerly lighted cavern that was both social hall and public receiving room of the Hotel Holt. The elevator was parked in the basement; only the roof of its dusty cage was visible to Patsy as she peered down, and no sound answered her insistent ringing. With a sigh, she reached across the scarred old registry desk and from the tiny wooden pocket of 917 she took her own key. Then she climbed the eight flights of cement steps to her floor. The bandage on her right hand was soaked thick with hot blood and she held it carefully under her left armpit to keep it from dripping a trail along the hallway.

Inside the room she turned on the two inadequate lights, tossed her big hat on the bed, and wiped the sweat from her face with a towel.

In another hour the rodeo riders would be out of the Garden. Tonight they would not be bunching out on parties. Duke Hillman's death would have changed the whole tempo of their spirits.

After the show they would gather in the arena around

a flag-draped body. Duke's hat and saddle would be in the center of the flowers, and Duke's big chestnut cayuse would stand at his head. The minister would read the words committing to God one of the best friends the rodeo riders ever knew. The band would play The Last Round-Up. Every one would be there, from the Colonel to the meanest razorback. Every one but Patsy. But that wouldn't be enough punishment for her. A mob feeling of indignation would top their grief and serve magnificently as an outlet for their agitated sentiments. A horse had been brutally and fatally maltreated by one of their own. Like as not they'd beat a straight trail to the culprit and show her what they thought about it.

Patsy was determined not to be there to see. Just where she was going, or how, she had no thought. Her brain was not functioning; only the pain in her awkward helpless hand and the need of escape were clear to her. She did not even know that she was crying as she frantically piled her clothes and equipment into the cowhide valise that Hugh had given her. Not until she was interrupted did she in any way comprehend the state of her nerves. When a knock sounded sharply on her door, she cried out in terror. She sank back on the bed.

"Patsy—are you there?" Chance's voice, whittled with anxiety.

For a moment Patsy closed her eyes in semirelief. Surely Chance would help her. He would take care of everything. Know where she could go and see her safely out of harm's reach. A metallic noise cut through her thoughts and she opened her eyes. Chance had tried the knob. He stood just inside the door, which he closed softly. Under his weathered tan his face was pale, his black eyes were compassionate, but his lips were set into a thin severe line.

For a moment neither spoke. Then Chance pushed back his black Stetson, and his big palm massaged his eyes as if wiping out the sight of Patsy, tear-, sweat-, and blood-stained there on the bed.

"You clearin' out?" he asked quietly.

She nodded.

"Where you goin'?"

"I don't know," she answered dully.

He came toward her; then checked himself, thrust his hands into his pockets. "Don't want to stay and face it, Patsy?" His drawl was coaxing, as if hopeful she would measure up.

"No."

He took a deep breath and leaned against the bureau, studying her. "Gail won't be back here for some time," he said.

"Why?"

"They're goin' to ship Duke back to Texas. Gail's goin' to the funeral parlor. Wants to sit up with the body or something. She's sure hit."

PATSY stared through a blur of tears at the worn rug.

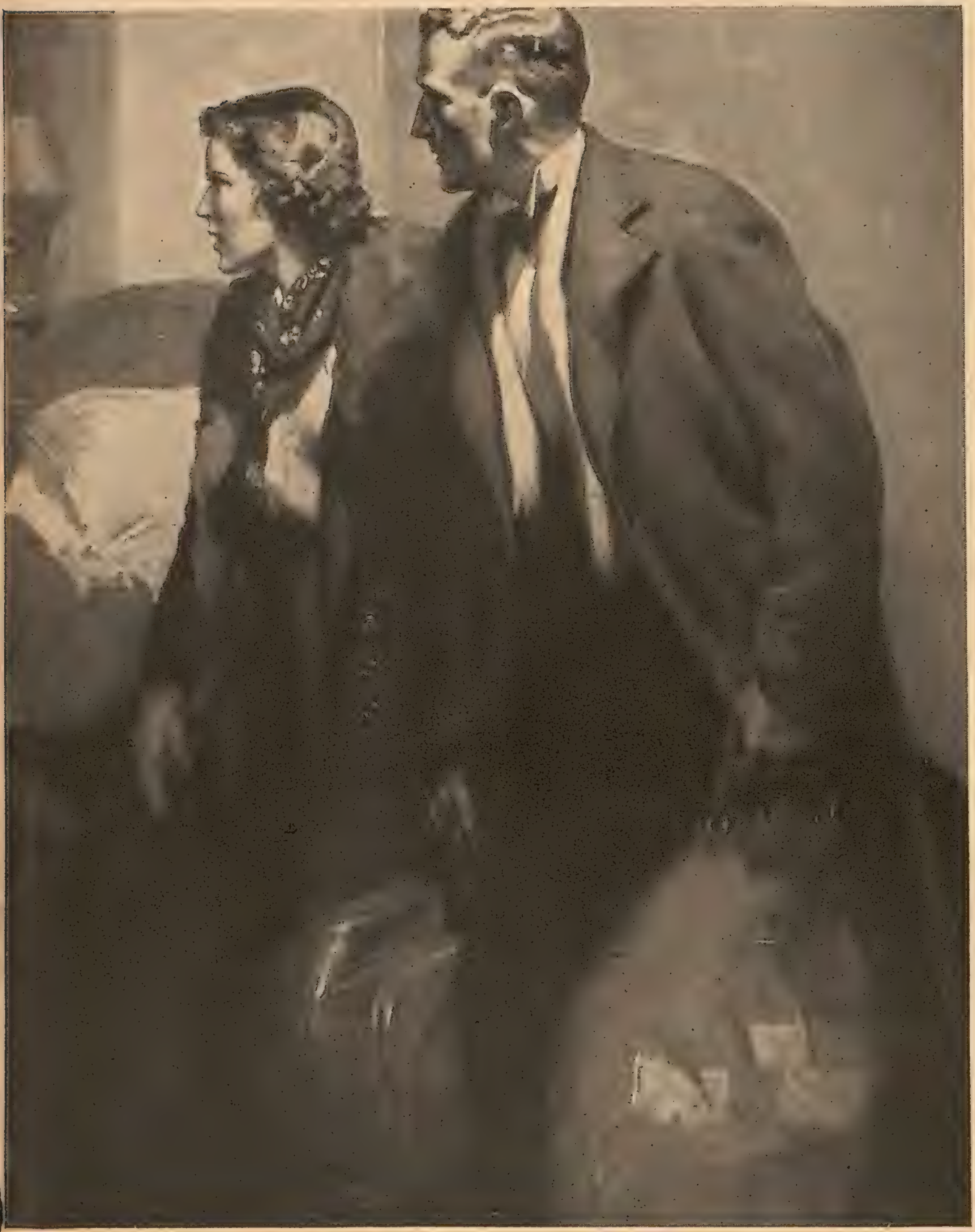
"Chance, when you see Gail again, tell her something, will you? Duke he told me during the show—just while Gail was ridin' her bronc—that they was goin' to be married again. He said to me, 'Don't tell nobody, 'cause even Gail don't know it yet.'"

Chance took off his hat and tossed it on a chair. From the pocket of his garish purple shirt he took a striped handkerchief, sopped his forehead.

Patsy wet her lips. "I tried to tell her myself—only she made for me like she was goin' to kill me."

"Yeah, I know."

"I guess you heared, all right. Well, that ain't



He picked up the valise and the ungainly saddle bag. "Ready?" he said. With a noisy bang of his chair, Chance got to his feet.

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

nothin', either. Only I got to get out of here before she comes."

"Why don't you stay and have it out?"

"No."

"O. K., sister, but you're a sucker to eat dirt. I don't know who you're coverin' up for. That's what's got me."

Patsy's head went up. "What do you mean, Chance?"

"What the hell do you think I mean?" he barked. "You didn't touch no hoss. It ain't in you to do it. The Colonel hisself would as quick put buckshot in Third Rail's ear as Patsy Wyde. Now why don't you come across and tell me?"

He was never to forget the look that transformed her. He felt the blood rush up over his face and pound in his temples and ears.

"Oh, Chance!" Her voice was barely more than a whisper, yet it filled the stifling room with a vibrant and tangible emotion. "Oh—darling!"

"Aw, cut it," he protested irritably. "What's got into you?"

His words and attitude checked the glow in her small tired face. "You believe in me," she said simply. "Dusty didn't. My own brother—that's what hurt most."

"Yeah? He's a louse. Just a big wet-nosed woolly that can't see egg on his chin. When I got a little time and get around to it, I'm gonna dust his tail for walkin' out on you."

"No—I won't have it! Leave him learn for hisself."

"Like Dutch I will. Know what I think? I think you're coverin' for *him*."

"You couldn't—you *couldn't* think Dusty would fix his horse."

"After the way he turned on you, I'd put nothin' past him. I'm speakin' out. If a guy's that rotten, he's rotten enough to fix his ride—the way I notions it. Besides, who else would you cover up for? Tell me that."

Patsy smiled one-sidedly and shook her head. "No you don't, Chance. You don't trap me into tellin'. You're the very boy I'd tell last. You'd tear the show apart and raise a boil overnight."

"You're damn right I'd tear it apart! But I'm gonna tear it apart anyway. Because I'm gonna find out the gunzell that fixed Third Rail and bigod I'll make magpie bait outa him. I ain't sleepin' till I find out!"

"All right, headstrong," she sighed. "Go fight the whole bunch, if you must. You might help me pack first, and tell me where to go, and help me get there."

"I ain't got a cent." He shrugged.

"Now that you got Monk fixed on judgin', can't you get some advance?"

"I got an advance from him early tonight, when we made the deal."

"And—"

"I put it on tomorrow's races. You see, I had a tip."

"I SEE." She stood up, and Chance became aware of the bloody area across the front of her trousers and shirt where she had been nursing her hand.

"Snakes!" he exploded. "You're bleedin' like the flood. I thought it was just a hurt." He took hold of her bandaged hand possessively. "Gee, you rid all right."

"Yeah; it was that last round on Gray Star. I must of ripped it open when I did the back flip. Please! Leave it alone, Chance."

With expert deftness Chance had loosened the clumsy gummy knots and was unwinding the bandages. From under his black lashes he darted her a silencing glance and bent to probe the wound revealed. He whistled softly.

"You can't go nowhere nor do nothin' until that's fixed," he said sharply.

"Aw, I've had worse heal by itself," she insisted.

"This won't."

"Well, I don't know no doctor that would sew it up for the excitement of it." Patsy shrugged offhandedly.

"I'll find one," Chance decided grimly.

With a small sound of impatience, Patsy turned from him. "Oh, Chance, can't you never think straight? Who in the outfit's goin' to pay for a sandwich, let alone a city doctor? Who's goin' to pay for a room for me to stay in? Who's goin' to pay my fare back home where I belong? That's only a few questions. I can ask you a lot more, and you won't know the answers. And don't look at me like that. Because you're comical. And I don't feel like laughin'."

She knew she hurt him, and it steadied her.

He came over and put his hand on her shoulder. "Listen," he said with a quiet patient tone that shamed her. "I may be broke, and I may be comical, see? But I guess you know I'm the best vet in Montana. I got my kit inside there. We don't need no doctor. If you're game enough to let me sew you up. Are you?"

She looked into his hot black eyes and found there a sureness and purpose that outweighed a lurking humiliation. His eyes were demanding courage of her, and faith. More than that, they asked the opportunity to help. He was the only human being who stood by her, who sought her out and came to her in trouble. The only one who had believed in her in the face of her own words. Every cowboy in the outfit was his own veterinary, and most of them their own doctors; back home, her dad had pulled the family teeth many times, had played midwife and undertaker. Her hand needed quick attention or like as not she'd lose it.

"Sure I'm game," she said huskily.

"Good." His smile was terse. "Wash it off. I'll be right back."

SHE watched him go into the adjoining bedroom which he shared with Dusty, and a queazy chill stole over her. Obediently she turned to her own bathroom and held her hand under the faucets. With her well hand she struggled to wash her face and comb back her damp red hair. She wriggled out of her bloodstained blouse and wound it around her hand. Then, with an intentness bordering on frenzy, she went into the bedroom and selected a clean blouse and a pair of overalls from her half-packed belongings. In the bathroom again, she closed the door, stripped, bathed as best she could, and climbed into the clean things.

"We ain't got all night." Chance's voice was high-pitched and nerved.

She opened the door and smiled crookedly at the haphazard operating theater he had arranged. He had dumped on the floor everything that had been on the small center table. This he had covered with a fairly clean pillowcase on which he had set his instruments. From the center light he had unscrewed the dirty glass shade so that any benefit of forty watts might not be lost.

Patsy took in every detail and smiled at him. "Gee, you're sweet," she said softly.

"Nuts!" He shrugged without a smile. "I'd do as much for my horse. Sit there. I doctors standin' up."

Patsy walked over to the chair. She stared dully at the long curved needle which Chance had selected. She couldn't know how her lips quivered. She knew only that Chance decided to talk, and that his voice angered her, and that her anger stamped out the weariness and filled her with surprising and mounting strength.

"Now get this straight, Patsy!" His tone was mocking and infuriating. "Just don't cry. I couldn't stand it if you was to cry, see, 'cause my hand would shake sure enough. My horse don't never sob none when I fixes him up. Will you promise?"

Despite his gibing tone there was definite appeal in that question, fraught with nervousness. She glanced up hotly. "I ain't got a tear in me. Now get on with it, will you?"

"Ain't got a tear, huh?" He smiled softly. "Hard as bedrock. That's Patsy Wyde. She can take any body blow without a peep, like a Crow Indian. Any li'l' old hardship. But just let somebody hurt her feelin's and, boy, does she drip!"

"Be still, can't you?" Patsy broke in harshly.

"Gotta talk when I sews." Chance grinned his sassiest. "Keeps me from thinkin', see? So if you want your paw tailored you leave me talk. Sorry I ain't got no catgut left. Wasn't none in Dusty's bag, either. I only got horsehair—black, at that. Means we gotta take out stitches, don't it? Now you drink this down for me, like on old-timer, will you?"

With a grimace Patsy regarded the glass he handed her. "Whisky?"

"My best. Too good for a gal who don't know the taste of liquor. But the only anesthetic I got. For God's sake, swallow it, will you? We ain't got all night!"

His sudden harshness startled her, and obediently she put her lips to the glass. The first gulp scraped her throat and she struggled to keep from coughing.

"That's right." His voice had an exaggerated drawl as he took the glass from her. "That's more than I do for my hoss. I don't never give him Bourbon."

He lifted her hand and rested it on the table. Swiftly he doused some cotton in carbolic acid and swabbed the jagged cut. She caught her breath and bit her lip, her gray eyes wandering from the cleaning of the cut to his dark profile.

"That ain't so bad," he commented dryly. "Not so bad as I thought. Ever see the one I sewed up on my own leg? Remind me to show it to you some night when we ain't got nothin' to do. Tonight you and me is set for a little party. Hold steady, can't you?"

His tone was razor sharp and his eyes, glancing at her, were frightened. With one hand he reached for the whisky bottle and spilled some of its contents into the glass. "Drink that down."

She shook her head stubbornly.

"Drink it down, I said!" he ordered.

She flashed him a wrathful glance and reluctantly swallowed the drink. His left hand was holding her severed flesh where he had already taken two stitches. When she had emptied the glass, he poured another half ounce and downed it himself.

"If you pass out on me, I'll never think nothin' of you again," he said gravely.

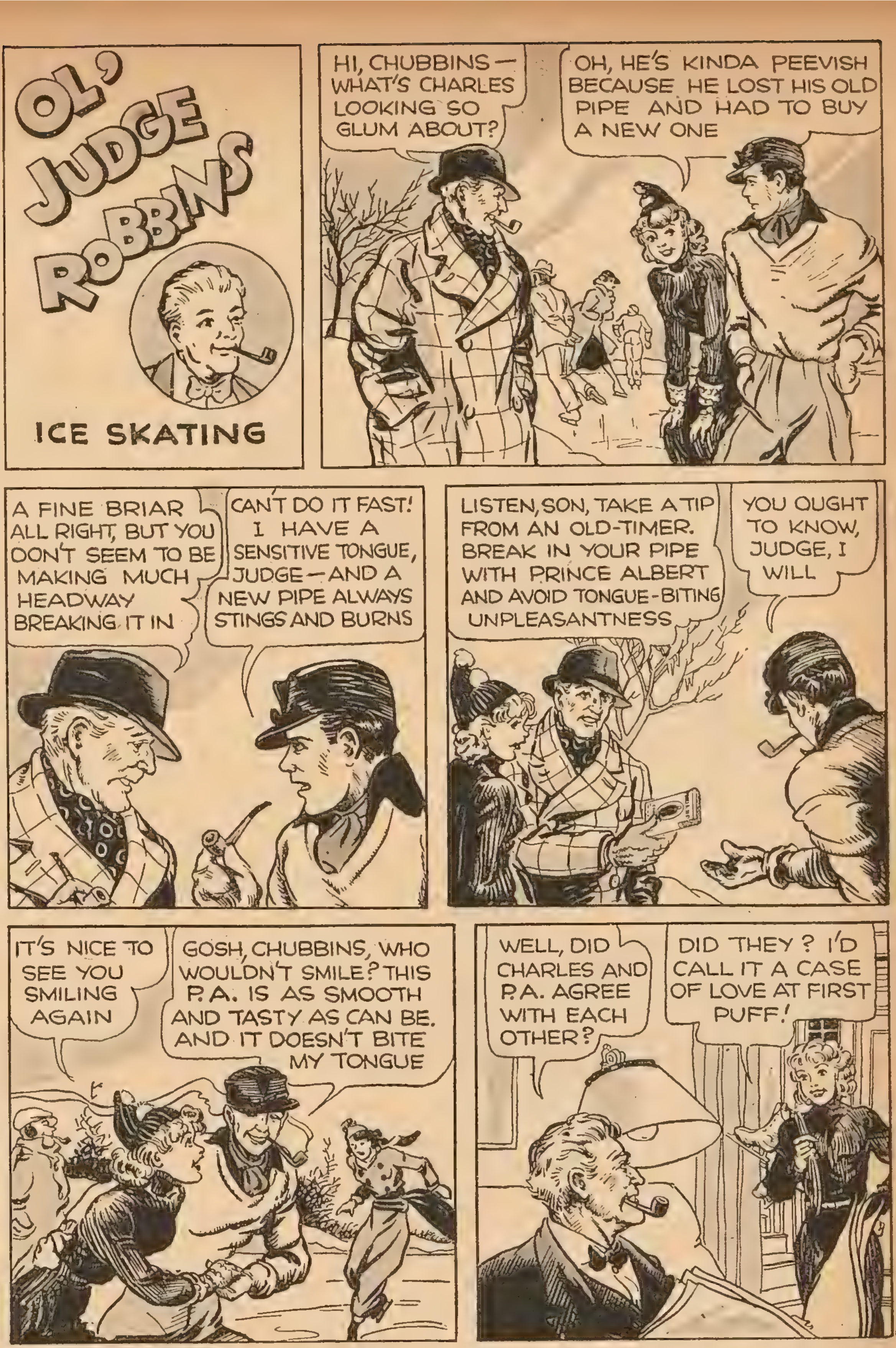
"I don't care a flea's flea what you think," she snapped. "Finish that job, and then go drink yourself into a corner. I ain't takin' another drop."

HIS smile returned in all its most one-sided complacency. "Won't have no party with me, huh?" he taunted, and, bending over her hand again, he dipped the curved horse needle into alcohol and with strong sure strokes laid in stitch after stitch from wrist up to finger joint. "Nachally not. She's used to high times now. With a guy that spends big. Don't matter that he's got hisself a wife of some kind somewhere. Patsy don't care. Patsy plays round like a man, just for the hell of it and what she can get out of it. Ain't it so?"

"What if I do? I work like a man, too. With no thank you to nobody."

"You bet there's no thank you. No please, neither. No may I. Little girl's broke fence for sure, and headin' off for the wild country. Somebody's goin' to have to round her up some day and ride herd on her until she learns her own range."

"Yeah?" The unaccustomed fever of liquor was loosening Patsy's knotted thoughts, and she felt as if


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
ICE SKATING
HI, CHUBBINS— WHAT'S CHARLES LOOKING SO GLUM ABOUT?
OH, HE'S KINDA PEEVISH BECAUSE HE LOST HIS OLD PIPE AND HAD TO BUY A NEW ONE
A FINE BRIAR ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU DON'T SEEM TO BE MAKING MUCH HEADWAY BREAKING IT IN
CAN'T DO IT FAST! I HAVE A SENSITIVE TONGUE, JUDGE—AND A NEW PIPE ALWAYS STINGS AND BURNS
LISTEN, SON, TAKE A TIP FROM AN OLD-TIMER. BREAK IN YOUR PIPE WITH PRINCE ALBERT AND AVOID TONGUE-BITING UNPLEASANTNESS
YOU OUGHT TO KNOW, JUDGE, I WILL
IT'S NICE TO SEE YOU SMILING AGAIN
GOSH, CHUBBINS, WHO WOULDN'T SMILE? THIS P.A. IS AS SMOOTH AND TASTY AS CAN BE. AND IT DOESN'T BITE MY TONGUE
WELL, DID CHARLES AND P.A. AGREE WITH EACH OTHER?
DID THEY? I'D CALL IT A CASE OF LOVE AT FIRST PUFF!

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**Based on actual letter in our files*

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, bruises, muscular aches, sprains, Athlete's Foot, sleeplessness

she were talking not with her throat but with the pressure of heartache that had been mounting all night. "I'm stakin' my own fence and livin' my own life. Accordin' to my own rules. And they's better than any I've met up with in this sportsmen's crowd, believe me. You're all a bunch of high-stake bums."

"Right again, damned if you ain't."

"You bet I'm right. I seen 'em up close now and you can't tell me. The real crowd stays home on the ranch and faces life. They takes what life hands 'em and makes somethin' out of it. They're the real sportsmen. The whole rodeo crowd is plumb crazy."

"Yup. They're nuts. And love it."

"Sure. They've been bounced around so on wild animals their brains is all scattered into their bottoms."

Chance whistled softly and snipped the horsehair close to the last stitch. "Neat," he admired his handiwork softly. "Fits like a sourdough's sock."

Gently he swabbed the finished suture with alcohol, cleaning every trace of blood. Then he took a roll of gauze and began to measure off a winding of it. Halfway he paused, poured himself a jigger and swallowed it. His face was settling into pleasant relief.

"Listen, kid," he soothed her as he returned to the bandaging. "The crowd ain't as bad as you picture, not by a bird's-eye view. You can't judge nobody by your mummy-headed brother. As for the rest of them, they was all whichways tonight. In a few days they'll begin to think, and they'll realize you didn't do nothin' to Third Rail. In the meantime, I caught on right from the start, didn't I? After all, kid, you got me."

"SURE." Patsy laughed glibly. "I got you! The best bum in the lot. Drinkin' your manhood away, and spendin' your strength like a sailor in a penny arcade."

With a nervous jerk, Chance tied the last knot in her bandage and straightened up. Under lowered lids he looked at Patsy and smiled darkly. Then, perching one hip on the table, he poured himself another drink.

"Go ahead and talk," he said indulgently. "Never heard you under way before, and it's real enlightenin'. Here, have another drink. I admire hate parties."

She pushed the glass away, and the whisky plopped, spattering Chance's shirt. For a brief second his face flushed, and then, with a shrug, he drank the remainder himself. "All right," he said flippantly. "I'm a no-good rascal. I've been tellin' you so for years, and now you found out for sure. So what does it matter?"

"What does it matter?" she repeated glibly. "Some day you'll ride your last bronc. Maybe go like Duke. And what will it matter?"

"Not a diddle. Anyhow, I ain't the kind to die young."

"I believe you," Patsy argued hotly. "You'll be ridin' drunk some night and find yourself with most of your bones broke, limpin' round for life, like Tommy Gaston. Or you'll be an old hanger-on ridin' the grub line from ranch to ranch for a handout and a bunk. All because you ain't got the guts to settle down and take a man's place in the world, with a home and family and kids and a herd of your own."

"Mud!" Chance said explosively. "Mud and garbage. All leadin' up to one thing. Why don't you propose to me like a lady and be done with it?"

"Yes, why don't I?" Patsy laughed hysterically. "I was borned for trouble. Why don't I ask you for a full share? My idea of a fancy free-for-all hell would be marriage to you. Even if I love you, I won't face life with you!"

With what was almost a lunge, Chance stood up, knocking the little table over as he did. The noise startled both of them. He shook his head as if ducking the forces of his own temper. "You've said enough!" he snapped. "This party's over."

"Sure it's over," Patsy gibed. "Now that I speak the truth. You know I love you, and you've dodged it good. Well, I thank you for it. Because you ain't worth lovin'."

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"I said you've said enough," Chance snapped. "I don't want another damn word out of you!"

"You won't hear any more after tonight," she cried brokenheartedly. "I'm tellin' you all I got to say, and I hope some day you'll savvy. Just as some day, when he comes out of the fog, Dusty will savvy. You're all a fine bunch of gristle and meat—that's all. Just males, a cut above animals. You laugh at money and you laugh at manners and you laugh at eddication. Go ahead—laugh! I ain't hearin' you laugh loud enough. Can't you laugh, you cluck?"

She leaned toward him, defying the smoldering rage in his eyes. Her well hand grasped his arm and squeezed it, half shaking him. "Muscle! Wonderful! Man power. They buy it in the market, the men in the world with brains. They buy it for four bucks a day—for fifty cents an hour. That's your worth, cowboy!"

She saw his hand go up, and she did not move. She felt its force on her face, and heard herself laugh. Yet there were tears in her eyes from the smart, and as she stood immobile, the laughter silenced on her stinging lips, the tears blurred his face.

"I guess I'm drunk," he said huskily. "I didn't think I could hit you."

"Yeah." She shrugged. "You'd treat your horse better'n that."

His eyes made her feel faint, and his arms suddenly holding her were terrifying.

Most of the years of her life she had dreamed of his kissing her. Now she feared the touch of his mouth, because she wanted him even though she knew he was not worth wanting, and she loathed the weakness in herself that she knew would make her respond to him unlimitedly. With desperate urgency she freed herself.

"I said you was to go," she told him icily. "And I meant it."

"But, Patsy—"

"When I'm through, I'm through forever, Chance."

HE stood back, his hands fumbling with his belt, absent-mindedly notching it tighter. Patsy felt suddenly dispirited. All the years she had wanted him he had shown no ghost of desire for her. Now that she had renounced him, there was unmistakable yearning and determination in his eyes. Those eyes compelled her. She urged herself to meet his steady measuring gaze with a dull apathy, and in the accumulating silence she shook her head in silent finality.

A quick rap on the door startled them both.

"Come in," Chance called, his voice a dare.

With an air of shyness, almost reluctance, the door slowly opened; and Patsy breathed freely as she saw Hugh Branders, cool and immaculate in tuxedo.

"Gee, Hugh," she murmured. "I thought you had give me the shoulder."

His brief smile and the pressure on her fingers were more reassuring than words. But his glance plainly queried the condition of the room and the presence of Chance.

"Sorry the place is a mess," she gabbled nervously. "Chance sewed up my cut for me. I jumped when it hurt and upset the table. He's just goin'—wasn't you, Chance?"

"When I get good and ready," Chance said briefly.

"Look here," Hugh protested. "If I'm intruding—"

"You're not!" Patsy cut in decisively. "Because I'm leavin' myself. And maybe you'd be nice enough to help me. The valise there. And the saddle box. That's about all."

"You're moving?"

Patsy nodded. She was watching Chance as he gathered together his veterinary outfit, tossing haphazardly all his equipment into a worn leather bag.

"Yeah," she said listlessly.

"Because of what happened tonight?"

Her eyes studied Hugh's puzzled face. At the same moment Chance stalked into his adjoining room, his vet case in hand.

And through Patsy's whole body settled a sort of cold darkness.

"They said"—Hugh's voice was far away—"that it was because you feared for your brother. Feared he'd be thrown. Killed. Like Duke Hillman tonight."

"That's right," she lied listlessly. "That was the reason."

She felt his hands on her arms, gentle and protective.

"I think it's the bravest thing I ever heard of any one doing."

She stared at him, her mind clearing slowly in an attempt to understand his tenderness.

"You knew what it would mean," he elaborated. "In your own world you'd be disgraced. You risked your whole career for your brother. That's what I call real love. Supreme devotion."

From the room beyond came a guffaw from Chance, foully expressive. Patsy stiffened. Without a word she

"Out till 3:00 P. X. . . but the boss never tumbled . . ."

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pushed past Hugh and, walking over to the door that separated the rooms, closed it. Then she faced Hugh. "You're pretty swell to feel that way," she said. "And pretty swell to come and tell me so."

"I'd have come sooner," he told her uneasily, "only I've been—Patsy, I'm a little afraid I have to break some news to you."

She took a deep slow breath. "Don't try to be kind about things, Hugh. Just out with it. It's always easier."

The door behind her swung noisily open. She turned and was confronted by Chance. His smile was insolent. One hand held a bathroom glass a quarter full of whisky; the other dragged a straight-back chair. This he set with great deliberation against the open door. Then he seated himself and tipped the chair on its back legs.

"You'll notice I'm in my own room," he remarked with an exaggerated drawl. "And within my rights. So go right ahead and don't let me bother you none."

"HE'S tight." Patsy's anger was cold and detached.

"So I gather." Hugh nodded. "Shall we go?"

"Tell me first—whatever the bad news is."

"Well, I've been with Mildred, and—"

"You mean her and Dusty is getting married?"

"Yes. Tonight."

"Not tonight, Hugh—not after all that's happened?"

"I'm afraid so. I'm afraid your brother is as good as married right now."

Whatever her own reactions might be, Patsy was conscious only of the snuffles of laughter behind her. She didn't trust herself to turn and look at Chance, and she marveled that Hugh never glanced at him. She wondered vaguely if Hugh would be afraid to punch Chance a good wallop. She wondered how it would seem to have Mildred Graham as a sister-in-law. And whether Dusty had wired home to tell the folks. He could get married without a word to his sister—on a night when he knew she was in desperate trouble and without a cent in her purse.

"I did what I could to stop it." Hugh shrugged. "But there was no talking to her. Mildred's had the license for days, evidently. And when her mind's made up, you might as well argue with a Buddha."

"Beg pardon?" Chance's voice was creamy with good manners. "Argue with a what?"

Hugh's blue eyes considered the impudent figure balanced perilously against the door, and for a moment Patsy's heart thumped a warning. But Hugh turned and, bending over, he snapped her valise shut and picked it up.

The sound of Chance's throaty laughter grilled Patsy. She shot him a glance, and his eyes unnerved her. Slowly he lifted the glass to his lips,

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(Continued on page 44)

and she turned decisively to Hugh. "I don't know what's packed or how, I was in such a rush." She sighed.

"That's all right." Hugh's tone was casual and unconcerned. "I have my car."

"All right. I'm ready."

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know, Hugh. Maybe you can tell me. Anywhere that's cheap. I'm flat broke. Thought maybe the Y."

He seemed somehow to straighten and fill out, yet he didn't move. "What about my place?" he asked clearly and deliberately.

Her eyes widened. He was definitely if quietly calling a showdown in front of Chance. She realized it was his way of defying Chance—handing him a wallop.

"Your place?" she echoed thinly.

He didn't answer. But his blue eyes never wavered. They were full of a message that dizzied her.

"You mean—to stay?" she pressed stupidly.

"That's just what I mean."

"For good?" Her words were pale and dry.

"For good if you like. For as long as you're happy to call it home."

The silence became thick, tangible. But Hugh's eyes were steady and calm, and there was no movement from the figure tilted at the door. The moment was more than Patsy could figure out. She could not understand the strange bravado of such a proposition voiced openly, nor the lack of instant and violent resentment from Chance.

"O. K., pardner," she said briefly. "Let's go."

Hugh's brief nod seemed the signature on a contract. He turned and picked up the valise and the ungainly saddle bag.

"Ready?" he said.

With a noisy bang of his chair, Chance got to his feet. Instantly Patsy caught hold of Hugh's arm. "Please," she pleaded urgently. "Just wait for me outside—only a moment."

He glanced beyond her to the figure that stood at the threshold. Then, without a word, he opened the hall door and went outside with the luggage.

Defiantly Patsy turned to face Chance.

"So that's the kind you are," he said huskily.

"No; but that's the kind I'm going to be," she told him.

"Go with him because you ain't got a cent!"

"That ain't true. I'm real fond of him."

"You're a slimy little liar."

SHE swallowed laboriously. "Oh, drop it. Who cares?" She turned wearily toward the door.

She heard him stride toward her, and his hand grasped hers before she gripped the doorknob.

"I do. I care. Like hell!"

She looked at his flushed face so close to hers and pulled away from him angrily.

"You're drunk!"

"Drunk or sober, I'm tellin' you I care!"

"Well, you're tellin' me a little too late," she blurted hysterically. "You care because I told you off, that's all. You care because you want to win. I know you, Chance Wagner. You'd care for about five weeks. You'd care until the first flashy dame said 'Hi, Handsome!'"

He dropped her hand, his jaw settling into a hard resentful line that she knew from way back.

"All right," he said. "If that's the way you feel, go ahead. Go ahead and ride to hell with him."

"Right!" she agreed—and hated herself because her voice broke.

Chance, it would seem, has given Patsy up without a struggle. But does he decide to fight? And can he find out who maltreated Third Rail? You'll learn next week.

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A simple, concise, and easily understandable explanation of what the United States Supreme Court said, and meant, in the recent famous cases.

★ ★ PEOPLE, PEOPLE EVERYWHERE by Bob Davis. Frederick A. Stokes Company.
The pleasantly innocuous ramblings of a famous editor here, there, and everywhere.

★ ½ ROOT, HOG AND DIE by George Dixon Snell. The Caxton Printers.
The title of this tale of early Mormons almost tells all. Occasional power is weakened by lack of aim in the narrative.

★ TO MY FATHER by Charles Wertenbaker. Farrar & Rinehart.
A dull and rambling account of an indecisive Virginian.

SHUDDERING CASTLE by Wilbur Fawley. Green Circle Books.
Should be read as, doubtless, the season's worst detective book. It is so bad that it is funny.

LISTEN TO THE BOSS SINGING WHILE HE SHAVES. HE'S LOTS HAPPIER NOW THAT HE USES A GILLETTE BLADE IN HIS GILLETTE RAZOR
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Tracking NEW YORK'S CRIME BARONS

Victory!— The Inside Story of How the Law Caught Up at Last with "Lucky" Luciano

by FRED ALLHOFF

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

"Boy Scout!" defense lawyers called him—as he smashed the vice racket.

PART FIVE—GUILTY! GUILTY!

McLEAN suddenly felt an arm on his and heard Detective Di Rosa say, "Hold it!" He turned from the door to the Governor's chambers. Down the Capitol corridor, still clutching the handbags they had brought with them, Detectives Kennedy and Cashman came on the double-quick. "Are we in time?" Cashman shouted. McLean nodded, grinned, said, "Just in time. We actually were on our way in."

Detective Di Rosa looked at Kennedy's white face.

"Have a nice trip, boys?"

Kennedy glared at him. "It was my first," he said. "It was likewise my last. I was scared silly."

Cashman said: "The newspaper boys almost tied us up at the airport. They asked all the men on the plane if they were the two New York detectives who had come down on the Luciano case. When they asked us, Kennedy said: 'Who's Luciano?' and they looked disgusted and started chasing some other passengers."

In splendid spirits, McLean and the three Dewey detectives entered the Governor's chamber for the extradition hearing, prepared to wrap up Luciano and take him home.

Verbally, and by written reports made on that date, the detectives placed Luciano in New York on April 26, 1935. Luciano's attorneys placed no witnesses on the stand, offered no testimony in contradiction. They contented themselves with requests for continuances. These were denied.

Governor Futrell granted New York's request for extradition. Detectives Di Rosa and Brennan were authorized officially to take Luciano into custody.

But, half an hour before the Governor granted extradition, Luciano's attorneys had obtained another writ of habeas corpus in Federal District Court from Judge John E. Martineau, former Governor.

The writ had been issued before the Governor made his decision, so there had been no possibility of snatching Luciano away. Back to a cell he went, with a hearing set for the following morning at ten o'clock.

In Federal Court the next morning, Dave Panich represented Luciano. The droopy-eyed head of the vice combination took the stand, this time, to testify that on the date in question he was in White Plains helping nurse his sick mother, who had since died.

The New York detectives followed him to the stand with their testimony and records to show that he was placing a bet on a horse on the afternoon in question.

Judge Martineau promptly denied Luciano's application for a writ.

Luciano's attorneys immediately asked leave to appeal Judge Martineau's ruling. Attorney General Bailey, fighting this new defense move, stressed the high cost of such delays to the demanding state.

"I don't care what it is costing New York," Judge Martineau said. "I am determined to see that this man gets every right he is entitled to in court. You gentlemen return and I will hear your arguments this afternoon."

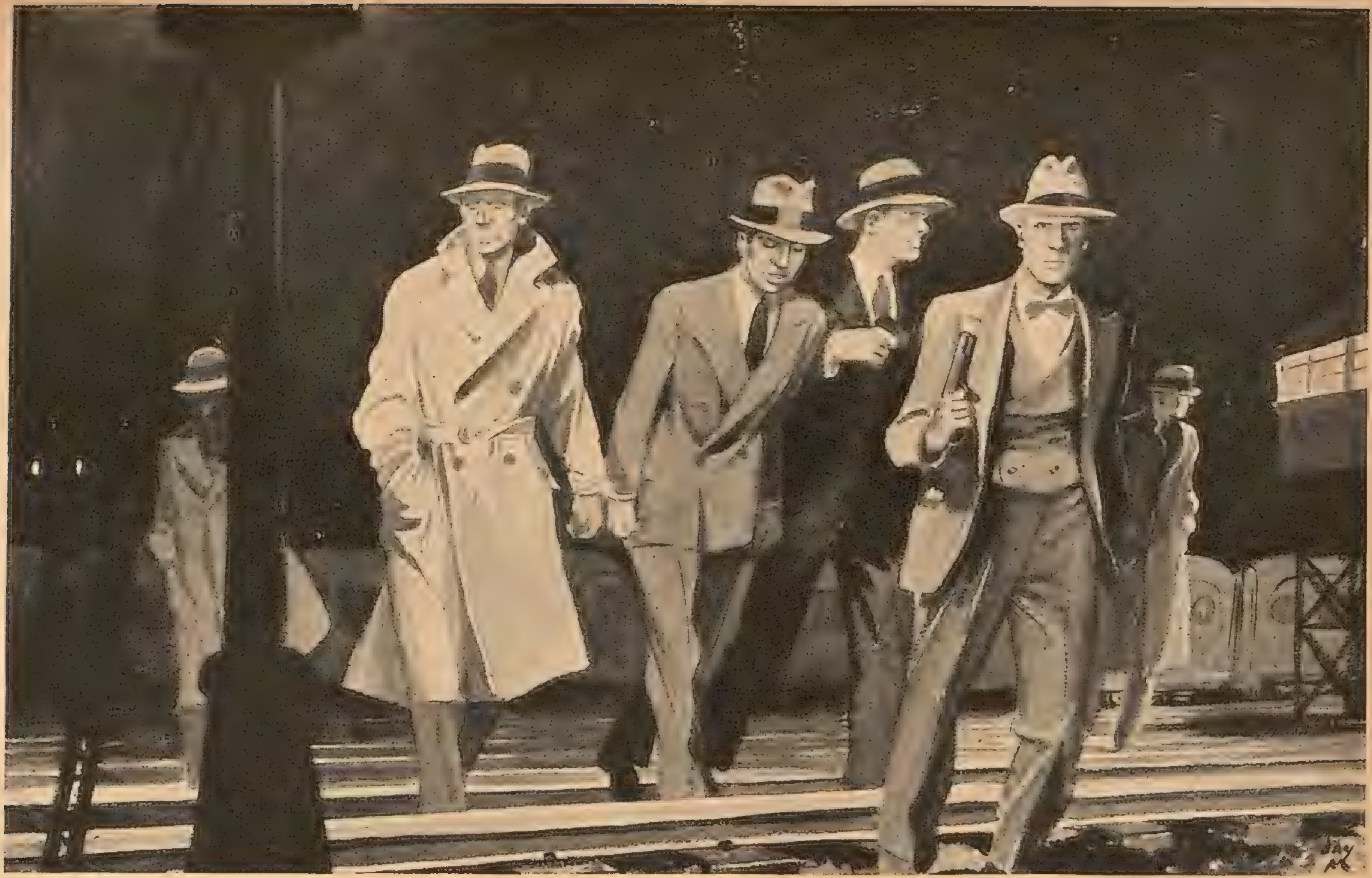
Another hearing!

The Dewey men were keenly disappointed. They had packed their bags, checked out of their hotel, and hired a car with which to rush Luciano out of the state. The car, with their bags in it, stood outside the building.

At the hearing that afternoon at two o'clock, Judge Martineau denied Luciano's motion for an appeal, but gave him ten days in which to apply to a Circuit Court of Appeals judge. McLean and Bailey fought the stay, but without success. The defense based their request for ten days largely on the contention that it would take at least that long to have the record in the case printed.

Judge Martineau, in granting Luciano a stay, imposed the condition that his attorneys must have their application in by April 17 and that twenty-four hours' prior notice must be given of the time and place of appeal and the name of the judge who would hear it.

McLean, in an effort to shorten Luciano's stay, arranged with a court stenographer to type out two complete copies of the records and testimony in the case. He had them printed overnight at a cost of about thirty-five dollars. Then, armed with the printed record needed for



They drove Luciano to the depot, walked him through the freight yards, and put him aboard the waiting train.

appeal, he went before Judge Martineau, explained that the record had been printed and a copy placed in the hands of the defense. He asked that the stay be reduced, now, to five days.

It was an unprecedented legal move. The State of New York had printed within twenty-four hours the record needed for the defendant's appeal.

But Judge Martineau refused to cut time from the ten-day stay. McLean and his fellow investigators moved back into their hotel. There was nothing left to do but wait. Detective Cashman was sent home.

On the night of April 16, McLean made his daily phone call to his chief in New York.

" How do things stand now? " Dewey asked.

" Panich sent a telegram to the Attorney General this afternoon notifying him that he would apply to Judge Martineau at two o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

" Apply for what? " asked Dewey.

" He didn't say. Just said ' apply.' Presumably for an extension of the stay. He's been to St. Louis, Kansas City, even to South Dakota, trying to find a Circuit Court judge to act. Apparently he hasn't found one and he's still out of the city."

" Good, " said Dewey. " He thinks there is going to be another hearing tomorrow. But there isn't."

" What? " asked McLean.

" Judge Martineau granted a ten-day stay on April 7. Right? Well, the tenth day will be April 17. The end of the tenth day will occur, in other words, at midnight tomorrow night."

" Yes; but— "

" Today is the ninth day of the stay. But the condition on which the stay was granted was that the Attorney General would be notified of the time and place of any hearing that was granted and the name of the judge who granted it. This notification was to be given twenty-four hours in advance. It hasn't been given."

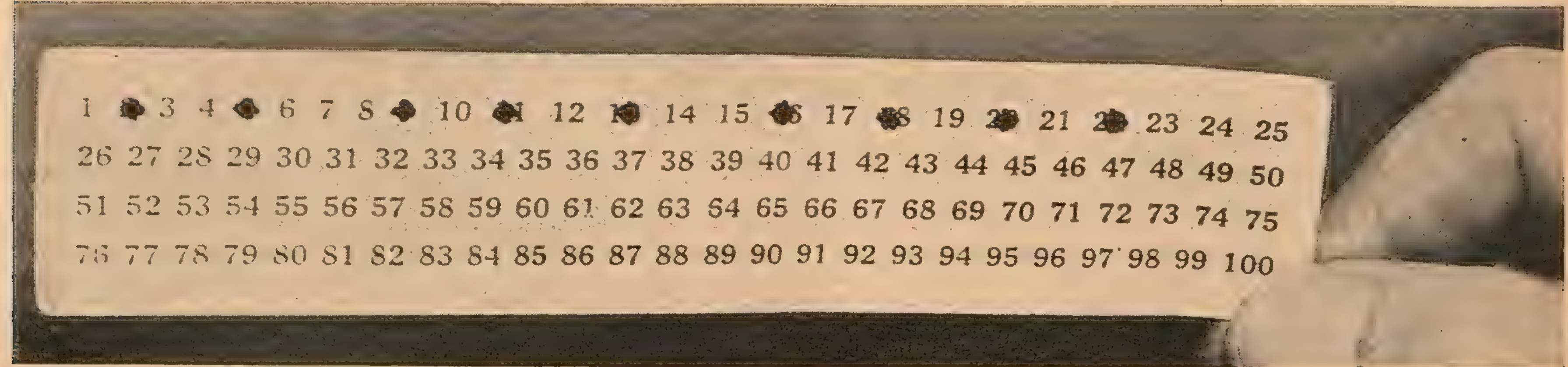
" I see, " said McLean. " At midnight tonight the last chance for them to fulfill the twenty-four-hour notice requirement will be gone."

" Exactly, " said Dewey. " At one minute after twelve tonight—if they haven't given the Attorney General proper notice—we have a legal right to move him from the state on the Governor's warrant. They have failed to give notice and the stay has expired. At one minute after twelve tonight, yank Luciano out of jail and bring him back to New York."

McLean immediately set this bit of strategy in motion. He and the man who had co-operated with him so wholeheartedly, Attorney General Bailey, called on the District Attorney and told him of the planned coup.

The District Attorney finally agreed to their request that he write a letter to the local sheriff, for whom he acted as counsel, telling the sheriff that it would be proper and legal to turn Luciano over to Dewey's men. Bailey likewise wrote a letter

To keep tabs on girls' earnings, the racket used tickets like this.



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for the sheriff. That done, the Attorney General and Dewey's men conferred in their hotel room. They obtained plane and railroad schedules. The only train leaving around the required time pulled out at five minutes *before* midnight.

Di Rosa, checking the plane schedules, said, "There's a plane out of here shortly after twelve."

Detective Kennedy shook his head.

"I took my last plane ride coming down here."

The situation seemed hopeless enough. But Attorney General Bailey phoned the stationmaster and arranged for the train to be held up for fifteen minutes.

For (they hoped) the last time, the party of men from New York checked out of the Little Rock hotel. They hurried to the jail in their hired auto.

They awoke Sheriff Branch. They showed him the letters signed by his superior, the District Attorney, and by the Attorney General. They showed him the warrant for Luciano's arrest.

He scratched his head. The entire business was pretty complicated—and he would be the one left holding the bag. Besides, he told them, he understood there was to be a hearing the next day.

They went over it again. It was now ten minutes to midnight. Finally the sheriff agreed to let Luciano go if Judge McGehee said it was all right.

Judge McGehee's connection with the case had ended more than a week before, but McLean got the judge out of bed once more and the sheriff spoke to him over the telephone.

He said: "It's all right. Let them have Luciano."

The sheriff, relieved, said they could take him.

Charles Luciano awoke at five minutes to twelve when some one in the darkened corridor outside his cell called his name. He recognized the voice of one of the New York detectives.

"Get dressed, Charlie. You're going to New York."

Luciano kept his own voice soft, even:

"Oh, no. Not me. There's a hearing tomorrow."

The other voice was firm. "Get dressed, Charlie."

"Not until I see my lawyer will I get dressed."

"Listen, Charlie," the voice said. "My orders are to take you back tonight. It doesn't make a damn bit of difference to me whether you go back dressed or undressed, but you're going back tonight. Understand?"

Luciano knew the voice meant what it said. He reached for his neatly folded pants, began pulling them on. "I think I do," he replied.

They drove him to the depot, walked him through the freight yards, and put him aboard the waiting train. Two adjoining compartments had been reserved for them. As the train pulled out, all except Luciano felt relieved. From here on they would have nothing to duck except writs.

Those who made that trip back with Luciano reacted variously to the man. On a number of things, however, they were agreed: He was quiet and gentlemanly. He was not sullen, but he was dejected to the point of illness.

BECAUSE of his morbid funk, they kept their eyes on him the more carefully. He managed several times to get to sleep, stretched out in an upper berth. No one else slept. There were two dangers. One was that he might commit suicide, the other the fact that, although he was amicable enough at all times, he would not hesitate to try to shoot his way out if he could lay hands upon a gun.

Of the case for which he was to be tried Luciano refused to talk, after expressing Sicilian disgust at the prostitution charge, which he termed "messy." "I'd rather be going back to be tried for murder," he said.

The thing in the newspapers which most disturbed him was their references to him as "Public Enemy Number One." "Why do they do that?" he demanded. "I don't like it. Dutch Schultz was Public Enemy Number One. So was Capone. And where are they today?"

The train bringing Luciano back arrived in Grand Central Station, New York, early in the morning. Thirty armed policemen under Captain Dowd were on hand to escort him. He was whisked into a freight elevator, piled into a police car, and taken to headquarters in Centre Street. He was booked, fingerprinted, and photographed. He followed a Chinese pickpocket into the glare of the line-up, and calmly gave his occupation as bookmaker.

Before Supreme Court Justice McCook, Prosecutor Dewey, fighting for high bail, gave a somewhat different account of Luciano's occupation:

"His business is far-flung, and brings in, to my certain knowledge, a colossal revenue. He is head of the gigantic Italian lottery. He is one of the largest beneficiaries of the policy racket. His henchmen operate a number of industrial rackets as well as drug importing and bookmaking. He is one of the biggest illegal importers of drugs in the country. He is head of a large syndicate with sources and amounts of income far in excess of any bail you might set."

Luciano, listening, was heard by the policeman beside him to mutter, "Oh, God, I'm in a fog!"

His bail finally was set at an almost unprecedented figure—$350,000.

Dewey wished the high bail set not because Luciano would be *unable* to raise it but because he would be *unwilling*. To raise it would brand him as the wealthy crime czar that Dewey described him to be.

The prosecutor's joinder-of-indictments bill had been passed and Luciano and twelve codefendants were reindicted under it. Total bond on the thirteen defendants was $1,175,000.

THE weeks since February 1 had been weeks of grueling work for Dewey and his assistants. Preparation, he held, was the secret of successful prosecution. He had a favorite expression: "You don't have to pound on a table. Facts will do it."

William Herlands and Murray Gurfein had already turned to a study of the industrial rackets that had occupied their time before the raids. Barent Ten Eyck and Jacob Rosenblum, assisted by Sol Gelb, Mrs. Carter, Frank S. Hogan, Harry M. Cole, Charles P. Grimes, Stanley H. Fuld, and Charles D. Breitel, of the legal staff, prepared the complex case for trial.

Life was made as pleasant as possible for the prostitute witnesses who were to testify. They were permitted to see their relatives. Often this privilege created difficulties for the Dewey staff; for friends and henchmen of Luciano would go to relatives of the girls with threats, and the relatives would carry these threats to the girls when they visited them.

One of the girls was told: "You'll get the same thing the Titterton woman got if you testify against Luciano."

(Nancy Titterton, a New York writer, had been murdered and placed in a bathtub.)

Dewey found it necessary to assure the women over and over: "We will continue to give you absolute protection until you take the stand in the courtroom. After that you will be automatically safe. Luciano's henchmen do not want revenge. They want to stop your testimony. Once it has been given, they will no longer be interested in you. The damage will have been done."

Despite these assurances, the terroristic power of Luciano continued to make prospective witnesses hysterical. Dewey's aides spent whole days trying to calm frightened prostitutes.

On May 11, in Room 149 of the Supreme Court Building in Foley Square, the trial of Luciano and his twelve codefendants began.

The defendants sat on three benches inside a well of the court, to the left of Justice Philip McCook.

Among them was one prisoner picked up after the raids of February 1. He was Ralph Liguori, stocky and tough-looking, who served as handy man for the combination. His principal handiness was with a gun and he had been head of the strong-arm trio that had held up and robbed Joan Martin, the recalcitrant Rumanian madam.

The three bookers who were to turn state's evidence—Pete Harris, David Marcus, and Dumb Al Weiner—immediately pleaded guilty.

Representing the defense were twelve of the best known lawyers in New York City: George Morton Levy, Moses Polakoff, and Samuel Mexansky, for Luciano; Caesar B. F. Barra and Harry Kopp, for Betillo and Tommy Bull Pennochio; Samuel J. Siegel, for Frederico; David P. Siegel, for Abie Wahrman; James D. C. Murray, for

Jesse Jacobs and Meyer Berkman; David Paley, for Benny Spiller; Jacob Shientag, for Al Weiner; Maurice F. Cantor, for Jack Eller; and Lorenzo C. Carlino, for Liguori.

Luciano's counsel, at the outset of the trial, denied that their client had ever seen any of the defendants before, with the exception of Little Davie Betillo.

A blue-ribbon jury was chosen from a panel that included the names of dozens of national celebrities.

Dewey realized that the defense would endeavor to make much of the fact that the state's witnesses were a motley lot, many of them with jail records, and of the fact that Dewey had threatened them with prosecution if they did not talk and that those who did become state witnesses were accorded privileges.

Cleverly the prosecutor in his opening address took the wind out of defense sails. "Frankly," he told the jury, "my witnesses are prostitutes, madams, heels, pimps, and ex-convicts. Many of them have been in jail. Others are about to go to jail. Some were told that they would be prosecuted if they did not tell the truth.

"I wish to call to your attention that these are the only witnesses we could possibly have brought here. We can't get bishops to testify in a case involving prostitution. And this combination was not run under arc lights in Madison Square Garden. We have to use the testimony of bad men to convict other bad men.

"As to our treatment of the women, I want to tell you just as frankly that we did all in our power to make those dark months of waiting for this trial as little unpleasant as possible. A few were taken to movies. When the nerves of some who were narcotic addicts were twitching, they got a drink of liquor. I might say they got more than one drink."

In a masterly speech the prosecutor described the setup of the vice combination, the process of "guaranteed acquittals" by the legal staff, the strong-arm operations to force madams into line, the whole business of bonding the prostitutes.

AND then he called to the stand witnesses who could testify to the very things he had described. His first witness was Rose Cohen. Graphically she described her arrest, her trip to the bonding office of the combination, and the coaching she had received in perjury. Her story involved almost half of the defendants.

Joan Martin told her story in detail. Dave Marcus gave his account of the violence that had been brought to bear on the bookers when the combination took over.

Dorothy Arnold explained the "green ticket" system used in her house to keep track of the girls' earnings.

The defense fought a bitter battle of vituperation. They sought to humiliate witnesses, and often succeeded only in arousing them to a fury that brought forth testimony damaging to the defendants.

Once it was plump dark-haired Thelma Jordan, arrested in the raids of February 1, who boomeranged. Timid, almost frightened when she first took the stand, she soon lost her timidity when Defense Attorney David Siegel demanded to know how she managed to identify the defendants now, when she had been unable to do so on the night of her arrest.

"I'll tell you!" she snapped back at him. "I didn't identify them when I was first arrested because I was afraid. I've seen girls who had their feet burned and their stomachs burned with cigars and their tongues cut because they talked."

Placid Dumb Al Weiner was another witness who unexpectedly exploded in the face of the defense. "What," demanded Attorney Siegel, "did Mr. Dewey promise you if you came here and told your story?"

"He promised me," Weiner said, "that he would recommend leniency for me."

"And what else did he promise you?"

"And he promised me I would be sent to a different jail than the others, *where I wouldn't be murdered.*"

The twelve defense lawyers shot up like clay pigeons, trumpeting objections.

But the jury had been given an insight into behind-scenes ruthlessness of the combination and the power of its ruler, Charles Luciano.

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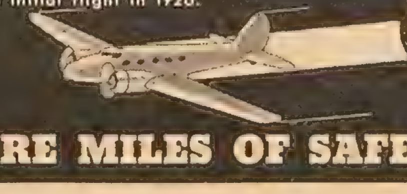

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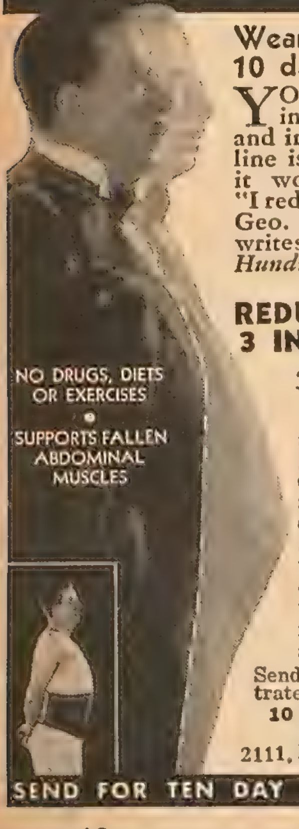

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All of this, while painting an indelible picture of the combination and its control of prostitution in New York City, did not establish Charles Luciano as the vice overlord of Manhattan.

He came in for mention, here and there, as the Boss and as Charlie. Witnesses testified that they had *heard* Frederico mention that Charles Luciano was the power behind the bonding combination.

Joseph Bendix, a convict, testified involving Luciano, but became the state's most disappointing witness when the defense later called to the stand Morris H. Panger, assistant to District Attorney William Dodge. Panger produced a letter written by Bendix to his wife and, allegedly, put by mistake into an envelope addressed to Panger. In the letter Bendix, from his prison cell, asked his wife to "think up some real clear story to tell" one of Mr. Dewey's assistants.

The jury might have regarded all this as extremely discrediting had it not been for the fact that District Attorney Dodge's office, possessed of this letter for weeks before Bendix took the stand to testify at the trial, did not forward a photostatic copy of the letter to Prosecutor Dewey until *after* the convict had testified.

Others of Dewey's witnesses proved "disappointing." One was a bellboy; one a manager of the Barbizon-Plaza, where Luciano had roomed at one time; and a third a patrolman of the New York City Police Department. He was not assigned to Dewey's staff.

OF Dewey's sixty-five witnesses, all but a handful were prostitutes, gunmen, and thieves. The only three of his witnesses to double-cross him came from the realm of legitimate business. Referring to these three, he charged bluntly that they had "changed" their testimony overnight. He said they had been tampered with and had sold him out.

The defense called a parade of witnesses to the stand. Bookmakers, race-horse trainers, gamblers, policemen from three states, respectable business men, even an assistant district attorney of New York County—all turned out in deference to Charles Luciano. Only two defendants, however, took the stand. The first of these, Ralph Liguori, was no match for Dewey, who had him hopelessly enmeshed in contradictions within his first five minutes of cross-examination.

And then the defense played its trump card; put on the stand—Charles Luciano.

The dapper czar fared little better than his fall guy, Liguori. With the deadliest of ease the Special Prosecutor tore him to pieces. Dewey's dossier of him was so complete that at one point in the examination Luciano actually leaned forward, amazement in his drooping eyes, to ask, "Where did you ever dig that up?"

Dewey made a perjurer of him.

"Are you willing," he asked him, "to perjure yourself when there's something in it for you?"

"No!" snapped Luciano.

Dewey produced a sworn statement Luciano had once made to obtain a gun permit. On it Luciano said he was a chauffeur.

"Of course," said Dewey, "you wouldn't lie about a little thing like this."

"Objection!" shouted Levy.

"All right," said Dewey. "About a *big* thing like this."

He made a ridiculous liar of Luciano as well. Forcing him to admit that in July, 1926, he had been with a character known as Joe Scalise in an auto which contained a shotgun, forty-five rounds of ammunition, and two revolvers, Dewey asked what Luciano and his friend were doing.

"We had just come from the country," Luciano explained. "We'd been hunting pheasants."

ANTHONY ABBOT

Crime Commentator for Liberty, says:

Chief of Police Thatcher Colt, like most readers of Liberty, has been waiting breathlessly for the denouement in the titanic struggle between Dewey and Decency on the one side and Luciano and Lawlessness on the other. Now that it is here in this climactic chapter of Mr. Allhoff's story, the great policeman is more than ever lost in admiration.

The way Dewey outgeneraled Luciano's attorneys in their own game of legal technicalities makes thrilling reading for any one who has at heart the fashioning of a decent clean world in which to live.

The part those steady-nerved New York policemen played in the melodramatic episodes which preceded and accompanied the spiriting away of the vice overlord from his refuge in the Southwest was especially pleasing to Mr. Colt.

"In the clinch," he says, "there is nothing like a good cop!"

His hope and belief is that, as a result of the unprecedented triumph achieved by the skillful co-operation of police and prosecutor in the Dewey investigation, there will be more good policemen and more good prosecutors.

Anthony Abbot's famous Police Commissioner Thatcher Colt is on the N. B. C. Red Network every Sunday from 2.30 to 3 P. M., E. S. T.

Dewey smiled amiably.

"Very interesting. Hunting pheasants in July. Did you use the shotgun or one of the revolvers?"

Harking back to the days of his first arrest, when he had given federal agents information leading to the seizure of a trunkful of narcotics, Dewey made Luciano squirm again.

"Then you were a stool pigeon, too?" he suggested.

"I was picked up myself," Luciano fumbled weakly, "so I told them what I knew."

With a few deft strokes bolstered by documentary proof, the adroit prosecutor smashed to bits the defense characterization of Luciano as a gambler who had recently been trying to improve himself by associating with the better race-track crowd.

Dewey brought into the trial the name of one of New York's leading racketeers, Ciro Terranova.

"You're a friend of his, aren't you?" he asked.

"I don't know him at all," Luciano said.

Dewey produced New York Telephone Company records.

"Then perhaps," he told the startled vice czar, "you can tell me why you called his house, giving his private phone number—Pelham 3061.

"And perhaps," he continued relentlessly, "you can explain these telephone calls to this restaurant on Mulberry Street, used as a downtown office by the vice combination."

Luciano could only fall back weakly on the unlikely explanation that some one had used the telephone in 39-D, his tower apartment in the Waldorf-Astoria, to make those calls, unknown to him.

Throughout the trial the defense counsel were bitter in their attacks on Prosecutor Dewey. The defense summation, too, was a bitter invective of the "old-school" type. Dewey was described as "a Boy Scout," "a David in khaki shorts," and "an immature boy." He had harassed the defense lawyers to the point of hysteria by—in the midst of most bitter exchanges with them—calmly walking over to the prosecution table and proceeding to pour and drink a glass of water.

WHEN they had sat down, red-faced and hoarse, the "immature boy" walked over toward the jury. There was a table close by and he sat himself easily on the edge of it. When he started to talk, he might have been holding a private conversation with every man in the jury box.

"There have been something like thirteen hours of summations in this case so far . . . and approximately an hour and a half of those thirteen hours was devoted to the case, while eleven and a half hours were devoted to vilification, abuse, and dirt throwing. . . . At times, during the summations that I have listened to here, I have had an impulse to look at the indictment and see whether my name, or the names of my assistants, were in it."

At one point he walked over to the jury box and leaned over the rail.

"Gentlemen, have you ever dealt with sheer stark terrorism?" He paused impressively. "When the only underworld commandment has been broken—Thou shalt not steal—what do you think started happening in this case?"

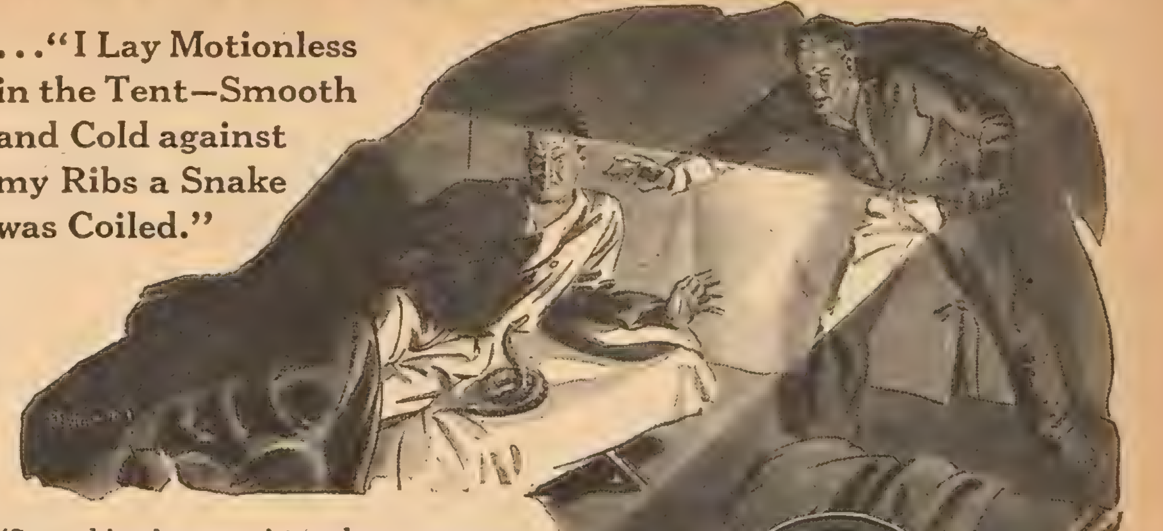
For the bitter defense attacks upon his witnesses he had a fine scorn. "When a woman comes in court," he said, "and takes the witness stand and exposes herself to the public gaze and says, 'I am a prostitute,' what else, in Heaven's name, is there for her to say?"

On Sunday, June 7, 1936, when the trial was in its fourth week, the jury that had retired to deliberate announced that it had arrived at a decision.

There occurred, then, a memorable one of those rare and moving bits of

'STARK TERROR WAS SQUEEZING AT MY HEART'

..."I Lay Motionless in the Tent—Smooth and Cold against my Ribs a Snake was Coiled."

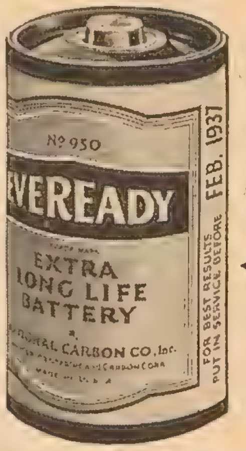


George F. Jackson, saved from death as venomous reptile is hypnotized.

"Something in my voice woke my companions from their deep sleep," writes George F. Jackson. "Fighting for self-control, I told them quietly what had happened. One turned his Eveready flashlight on my cot. The other carefully pulled my blankets down...to reveal a big, deadly copperhead, coiled to strike where no first-aid could have saved me!

"The flashlight beam moved a little, and we noticed the snake followed it with his beady unblinking eyes...My friend moved the light slowly, farther and farther. The snake continued to turn his hideous head. Gradually he began uncoiling to keep his eyes on the light. Now the snake was facing directly away from me . . . my other companion reached quickly for me, gave a mighty heave and I sailed out of my bunk and against the tent wall. Then I fainted, while they killed the deadly reptile.

"But for the *fresh* Eveready batteries that kept that light strong and steady through this horrible emergency, there could have been no happy ending. Needless to say I never take chances any more on batteries that may have grown old on a dealer's shelf."



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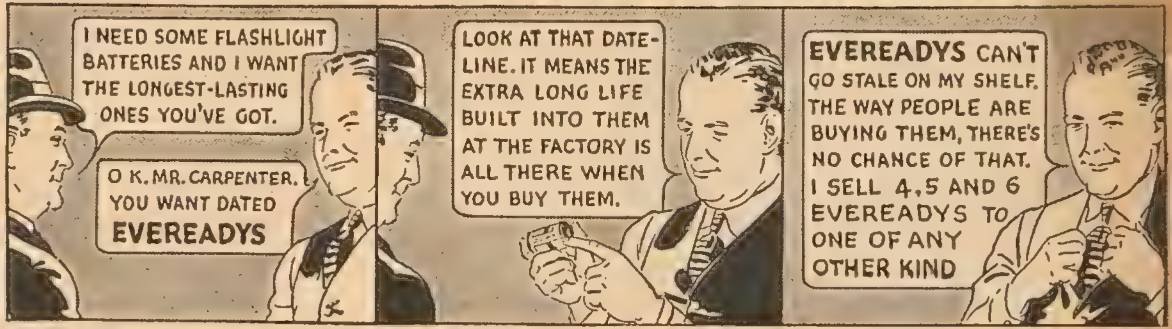

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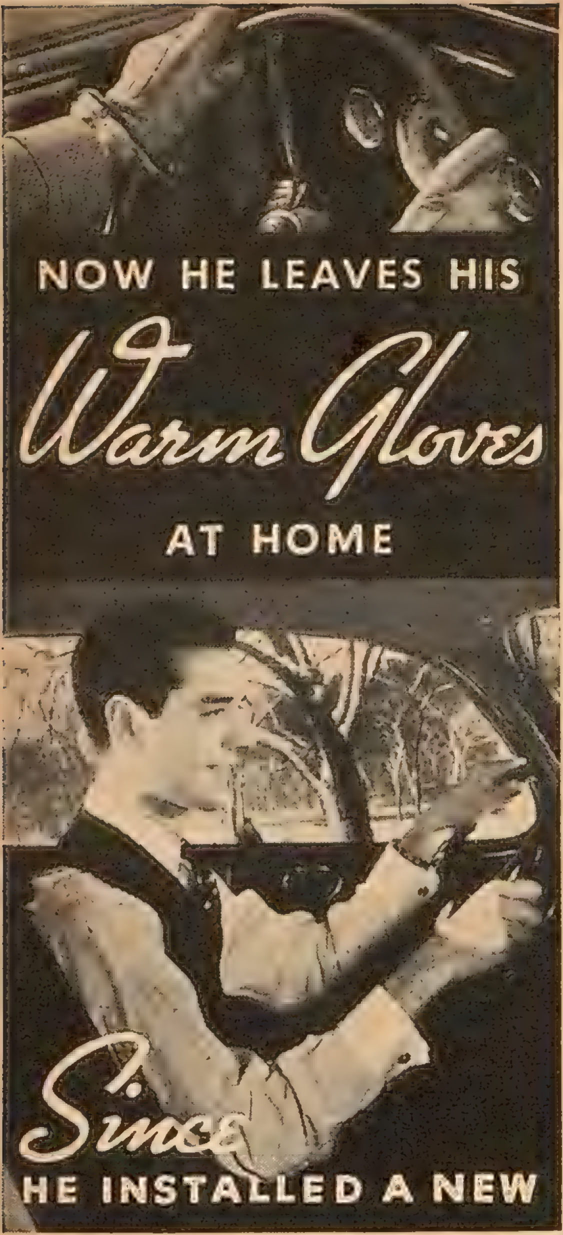

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quiet drama that can occur in real life only in a courtroom.

It was at five twenty-five o'clock of a dirty gray morning that the jury filed back into the jury box. Judge McCook had been summoned. Dewey and the lawyers for the defense were at hand. A handful of spectators opened sleepy eyes. The defendants were there, tense, expectant.

" Gentlemen of the jury, " the court clerk inquired, " how do you find the defendant, Luciano, on count number one—guilty or not guilty? "

Deep and firm and resonant came the reply, " Guilty."

" On count number two? "

" Guilty! "

Over and over it sounded: " Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! " There was nothing else to be heard except the voice of the clerk with his monotonous " Count number —? " and that reply, regular as the tolling of a bell.

Luciano's face was white. Meyer Berkman's face was contorted with fear. Even Tommy Bull Pennochio looked tense and uneasy in the murky morning light. No one moved, no one whispered. Judge and prosecutor and defense lawyers were motionless as it went on:

" Guilty! Guilty! Guilty! "

Five hundred and fifty-eight times the court clerk asked: " Guilty or not guilty? " and the jury foreman replied: " Guilty! "

Luciano and his codefendants had been found guilty on sixty-two counts of compulsory prostitution.

For the first time in the history of state courts in New York, a first-rank racketeer had been tried for a felony and convicted. And, for the first time in the history of vice prosecutions, men higher in rank than bookers had been found guilty.

LUCIANO drew a sentence of thirty to fifty years; Betillo, Pennochio, and Frederico, a minimum of twenty-five years each. The bookers who turned state's evidence received sentences of two to four years.

In passing sentence, Justice McCook warned the defendants: " If any of the People's witnesses receive injuries, I will recommend to the Parole Commission that you remain in jail for the maximum sentence. "

In smashing the vice combination, Prosecutor Dewey had two witnesses whose testimony was of tremendous value to him. Without it, he might have sent most of the combination to prison, but it is extremely unlikely that Charles Luciano would have been convicted.

Both these important witnesses were women. Both were young. Both were narcotic addicts. One was a madam; the other an ex-prostitute, madam, wife of a booker.

The state encountered discouraging days during the trial—days when witnesses proved " disappointing, " became " forgetful, " changed their stories completely.

Three of Dewey's " disappointing " witnesses were persons from average and presumably upright stations in life. Referring to them, he charged: " I was sold out. "

Strange, then, that two persons who did not sell him out, two whose stories, when they left the stand, stood unshaken, were women whose business was prostitution—women included in the defense's fleers at state's witnesses as " broken-down prostitutes."

They did not change their testimony. They did not falter; did not " forget. " Instead, they took the stand and pinned Luciano to the sordid business of living in luxury off the profits of women's bodies.

One was the red-haired girl who had once, you may recall, sat in a Times Square restaurant and pleaded with the Boss to let her husband get out of the racket. Nine hours of grueling cross-examination could not shake her story.

The other was the girl who sat in the Chinatown restaurant at the same table with Luciano the night he told Betillo and Frederico that houses could be put on a chain-store basis.

In testifying for the state this girl helped put behind bars a man she had loved. From a prison cell she volunteered her testimony. She hadn't been arrested until long after the raids of February 1, and when she wrote to Chief Assistant Ten Eyck the trial was several days old.

She wrote: " I would like to see you on a matter of great importance in the Dewey vice case. I am and was for three years James Frederico's sweetheart. "

Both girls showed a loyalty that the attack of a dozen experienced lawyers could not upset. Their lives were as amazing as their uncontradicted testimony. Yet nothing has been told about them here.

There is a reason for this. Theirs is a separate story—a human and intriguing and colorful story.

It is the story of the women known as Mildred Harris and Cokey Flo.

That story of those two girls and their heroic battle on the witness stand will be told in Liberty next week. Meanwhile, with this installment, Mr. Allhoff's series ends.

WISE VIRGIN

AN especially thrilling and important serial of a rich girl's experiences with love and work in a new kind of world.

Serena, the heroine of this enthralling new novel, is the symbol of the American girl, Model 1937—the kind of girl all girls will have to be if they want to survive.

Watch for the first installment in the December 12 issue of this fast-moving story of life today

by WALTON GREEN

Beauty on the Short-Circuit

A Word in Praise of the Tabloid Films by Mr. Pete Smith . . . . A British Picture of War Does Well by a Glamorous Lady from Hollywood

by

BEVERLY HILLS

"Mother writes she can't wait to see my face upon the screen."

4 Stars—Extraordinary 3 Stars—Excellent
2 Stars—Good 1 Star—Poor 0 Star—Very Poor

READING TIME
12 MINUTES 23 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ PETE SMITH SHORTS

THE PLAYERS: Olympic Ski Champions and Sports on Ice. Produced by Pete Smith for distribution by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

TIME out, please, from the customary film reviews to doff our editorial chapeau to Pete Smith, who makes our favorite film shorts, with one exception—the whimsical classics of Walt Disney.

Since Pete Smith moved over to screen production from film publicity, he has done some hundred and ten short subjects, ranging all the way from water sports to table tennis, from fishing to football. You never have seen Pete, which is probably just as well; but you hear his comments. In fact, he likes best to be known as "the voice behind M-G-M's shorts."

An ex-newspaperman and a grand guy, Smith has been creating better and better shorts. His latest two—showing the Olympic ski, skate, and bobsled events in snowland — are gorgeously photographed, beautifully timed, and highly interesting. They possess beauty, punch, intelligence.

VITAL STATISTICS: Pete Smith was born in the shadow of the third ash can from the left on Fifty-first and Second Avenue, New York; migrated at ten to Hell's Kitchen. His father was a cooper. Here the Hudson Dusters thrived and Pete learned to talk fast to keep himself out of black eyes. His playground was the railway yards along Death Avenue, the Hudson River his swimming pool, and Central Park was the first place he ever saw a blade of grass. Shy, shortsighted, and inferiority-ridden, Pete didn't get glasses till he was twelve—a turning point in his life. Previously his inability to see the blackboard was taken as stupidity. A teacher noted Pete's shortcoming. After high school he got a job as stenographer, then as ad seller for a theatrical paper, got fired, presented himself at the office of Billboard, the theater trade paper, was asked what he knew about movies, replied, "Nothing," and so was made movie critic. Got fired from Billboard when he asked for a five-dollar raise, swallowed his pride and became a press agent under late and gifted Harry Reichenbach, dean of ballyhooey kings. Finally arrived at M-G-M at same time as Garbo. He became head of M-G-M publicity forces. When M-G-M's Joe Farnham died, nobody was found to fill vacated shorts berth. Every one from executive to prop boy was tried, and at his own suggestion the incredibly face-stopping Smith suggested himself, got a chance, made Whippet Racing, his first sports short, and something about his cheerfully comic and informative voice got the people, wowed them. Since then he's advanced by l. and b., has gotten up into the four-figure class, makes eighteen shorts a year, methodically, carefully, and skillfully. . . . Smith will make Short Short from Liberty—the one about the bouncing check.

★★½ EVERYTHING IS THUNDER

THE PLAYERS: Constance Bennett, Douglass Montgomery, Oscar Homolka, Roy Emerton, Frederick Lloyd, George Merritt. Screen play by Marion Dix and John Orton. Adapted from a novel by Jocelyn Lee Hardy. Directed by Milton Rosner. Produced by Gaumont-British.

THIS came close to being a fine melodrama of the World War. It misses by a considerable margin—but it does provide Constance Bennett with her best film role in several years. For once, she has an opportunity to do something besides wear smart frocks.

A young British officer escapes from a German prison camp, finds his way to Berlin. There, with the military police hot on his trail, he meets up with a pretty street girl. Anna hides him, falls in love with him.

This romance of the hunted prisoner and the prostitute is haunted by fear, but it will get you, thanks to Miss Bennett's vivid, moving performance and the adequate aid of Douglass Montgomery as the Englishman. The direction is excellent, for Milton Rosner catches the feeling of a war-gutted city smudged over with horror and terror, with blood and hunger.

Oscar Homolka almost steals the film as a member of the Berlin secret police.

VITAL STATISTICS: Lucky for Mrs. Simpson, super-fate saw to it that Queen Connie Bennett failed to meet King Edward while she confected this at Gaumont's London skyscraper studio. Acknowledged Queen of Hollywood, legend is, wherever two people sit together in heated conversation they are razzing Connie. Though there's no royal blood in her family—father Bennett hailing from Bennett Switch, Indiana, hardly a Bourbon stronghold—story is that Connie was born with a silver spoon in her mouth, a Social Register in her hand, and immediately demanded a gold spoon and the Almanach de Gotha. In Hollywood Connie keeps title on her car-selling, travelogue-making Marquis Hank de la Falaise. She's terribly superstitious about hats on beds, shoes on shelves above normal head height, making a wish before blowing away fallen eyelashes, wishbones, salt spilling, stepping into a dress with fingers crossed, and spitting in her hat at the sight of cockeyed people. . . . Though it rained in Lunnon practically all the time while they made this, all the rain you see is studio synthetic! . . . Douglass Montgomery is Expatriate Actor Number One, a Pasadena Playhouse product, and a pretty good success in Hollywood. He prefers London because London prefers him and pays him more. . . . Oscar Homolka is considered one of the best mimers out of Vienna; is thirty-six. He saw tough times in the war, got the necessary touch of seriousness after the war to play leads in Juno and the Paycock, Emp Jones, and other heavy drammer. . . . Author Captain Jocelyn Lee Hardy escaped from five German prison camps during war; gets hot should you laugh at what may seem to you impossible prison escapes. After final escape to England, Hardy was received by King George at Buckingham Palace, where he proceeded to make King's hair and Queen Mary's hats stand on edge with his tale of hair-raising getaways. In Hollywood such an adventurous chap would be put on boudwar operas.

★ ★ THE BIG GAME

THE PLAYERS: Philip Huston, James Gleason, June Travis, Bruce Cabot, Andy Devine, C. Henry Gordon, Guinn Williams, John Arledge, Frank M. Thomas, Barbara Pepper, Margaret Seddon. Story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Erwin Shaw. Directed by George Nichols, Jr. Produced by RKO.

ONE of the first of a host of autumn pigskin epics—and presenting a curiously hard-boiled slant upon the great American collegiate sport.

Clark Jenkins and Cal Calhoun are rival stars on Atlantic's great team. They make no bones of the fact that they are paid, and well paid, to play good hard football. Moreover, their pals are gamblers who follow the game's vicissitudes as they follow the ponies. Then, when Atlantic faces Erie, its great rival, Jenkins is kidnaped by rival gamblers.

In the background the makers of

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(Continued from page 34)

Council Bluffs, Iowa; Peter Krieger, Bronx, N. Y.; Benjamin B. Lacy, Jr., Houston, Texas; Jill Lawrence, Palo Alto, Calif.; Elby Leighton, Eagle Pass, Texas; Yvonne Lohn, Los Angeles, Calif.; Patsy Lonergan, Berkeley, Calif.; Jacqueline Hunt Lowe, Beckley, W. Va.; Joann Marie Lubic, McKees Rocks, Pa.; Beverly Luff, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jo Anne Lutkemeier, Frankfort, Ky.; Janet Lydell, Monrovia, Calif.

MORE WINNERS in Liberty's $2,000 Crossword Puzzle Contest

(Continued from November 21 issue)

Emil Rosen, Cincinnati, Ohio; William Sallwasser, Canton, Ohio; Mrs. Herbert Schalk, Derby, Conn.; F. M. Scheurell, Manitowoc, Wis.; Henry Schiffer, St. Louis, Mo.; Edward Schultz, Red Hook, N. Y.; Doris Sewell, Indianapolis, Ind.; Emma B. Shannahan, Hopedale, Mass.; Charles T. Sharpe, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mrs. Gus Shinn, Boise, Idaho; Mrs. Frank Simono, Two Rivers, Wis.; Mary E. Lawes, Kansas City Mo.; Vincent Solomon, Springfield, Ill.; Evelyn Sommerhoff, New York, N. Y.; Eva Stanton, Marion, Ind.; Richard Stein, New York, N. Y.; Helen L. Stender, Omaha, Neb.; Virginia Stiles, Chicago, Ill.; D. W. Summerfield, Newark, N. J.; R. V. Swanson, Springfield, Mo.; Elizabeth R. Tackney, Brooklyn, N. Y.; H. H. Taylor, St. Joseph, Mo.; Mrs. J. A. Terhaar, Grand Forks, N. D.; George Tisdale, Chester, Pa.; Mrs. Marguerite Thomas, Woodside, N. Y.; Wilmer Thompson, Springfield, Mo.; H. F. Truemper, Aurora, Ill.; Mrs. Evelyn Valaske, Kenosha, Wis.; Mrs. H. L. Walter, Twin Falls, Ida.; Peter G. Weber, Bronx, N. Y.; R. J. Weisbach, Louisville, Ky.; Celia Welch, Chicago, Ill.; Gertrude Westenberg, Seattle, Wash.; Elsie Whitman, Washington, D. C.; Susan M. Williams, Dayton, Ohio; Minnie Witte, Richmond, Va.; Henri Wolbrette, Shreveport, La.; W. N. Wright, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Big Game offer you eight celebrated gridiron stars, ranging all the way to Bill Shakespeare, late a stalwart back of Notre Dame. Here you have intimate glimpses of fearless football figures pretty badly scared by camera and mike.

VITAL STATISTICS: Ambition of every pigskin star: To become a Clark Gable. Chances: Good. Ability: Usually good, thanks to lack of phoniness in football playing. . . . Frank Alustiza of Stanford was easiest going of all the ★★★★ gridders. . . . William Shakespeare is of New York and not of Stratford-on-Avon and actually flunked his English while starring for Notre Dame. Will even misquotes the Bard in this. Known as the longest punter of last year's grid battles, Will booted the pigskin eighty yards in the Pitt game. . . . Bobby Wilson was known as the romantic ¼back at S. M. U. because he was in love with the blonde hussy who led the band. . . . Jay Berwanger's become a sports writer in Chi. . . . King Kong Klein is now playing pro football. . . . Monk (Stanford) Moscrip's the handsomest dog of the lot. Made it a tough afternoon for Bobby Wilson in last year's S. M. U.-Stanford Rose Bowl game, on account he was the best man in the S. M. U. backfield. . . . Bones Hamilton is called by such terrifying nomenclature (nickname) because originally it was Ham Hamilton, then Hambone, then by natural progression Bones. . . . Philip Huston played very un-All-American football for Blair Academy of New Jersey. Has made an eight months' windjammer trip around a good part of the world; has reported, Wall Street clerked, lifeguarded, vodvilled, stocked. He's of Goshen, Virginia. . . . Andy Devine has footballed for Santa Clara, Cal, Broncos, as a lineman. Has played with or against more All-Americans than any other Hollywooder, having been in that many football pictures. Has tackled the Four Horsemen, Red Grange, and George Wilson. Is soft and fat now and got quite a beating in the riot scene, necessitating crutches, but winning his check for dear old RKO. Andy's married and has a kiddie ¼back. . . . Bruce Cabot played a little New Mex Military Academy football; took his part in this seriously, refusing a double in the scrimmage scenes, going into training with Huston to perfect that lateral pass they pull. . . . Screen play was by youngling Erwin Shaw, twenty-three-year-old author of the bitter antiwar play Bury the Dead. Hollywood thought it a good joke that he was brought out and put on a football picture. What a sense of humor the big town has!

★ ½ LEGION OF TERROR

THE PLAYERS: Bruce Cabot, Marguerite Churchill, Crawford Weaver, Ward Bond, Charles Wilson. From an original story by Bert Granet. Directed by C. C. Coleman, Jr. Produced by Columbia.

TWO companies have been racing rival stories to the screen based upon the recent Black Legion revelations of hooded terrorism and masked crime.

Columbia gets across the line first with this, a so-so melodrama of small-town clandeviltry.

Two post-office inspectors are sent inland to trace an infernal machine mailed to a senator. They never do find the sender, but they land in a hotbed of organized hoodlumism.

The result is a passingly fair melodrama. The story does not get far under the skin in picturing the curiously American weakness for wearing robes and riding anonymously at night, dispensing home-grown justice and injustice. There's a very real drama there—and it has been there since the clan rode for D. W. Griffith in The Birth of a Nation.

VITAL STATISTICS: The Black Legion, now pretty well defunct, was a road company of the Ku Klux Klan, or, if you wish, the KKK in dirty white robes! Formed in Michigan auto-factory country—Pontiac, Detroit, Flint—it was outwardly a furtive, sneaking, night-riding Americanization group. Legion was unmasked when murder of Charles Poole was discovered, Poole having died for giving away Legion information, although Legion spread story he had beaten his pregnant wife. . . . Black Legion not first organization to wear black robes and spread moral terror; Columbia University had group called Black Avengers, who beat up at night, thirteen to one, the victim. . . . Director Buddy Cole-

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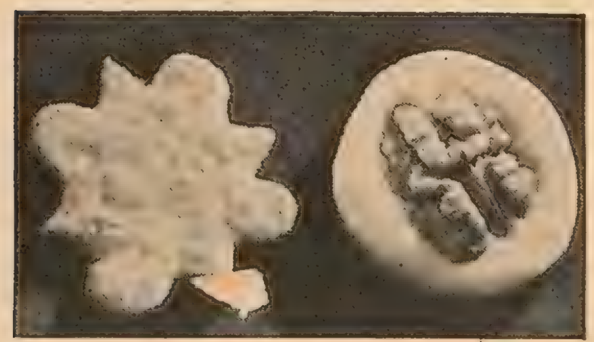

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man is ex-assistant to Frank Capra. . . . Crawford Weaver's a newie, Philly born, of parents who hated the theater. He did a year at Harvard, was a math whiz, escaped, took refuge in theater and stock, finally crashed Hollywood via the flunking screen test. He is unmarried. . . . Marguerite Churchill is Mrs. George O'Brien. She likes to ride and attend pictures in which she doesn't appear. She's been Dracula's dotter. Otto Kahn gave her a pro drama scholarship years ago. She was born on Christmas Day. . . . Bruce Cabot hates gossip about his personal life; has manufactured a certain amount of it; has been an interior decorator and a cowboy (Yippee swish!); is really Etienne Jacques de Bujac.

★ ROSE BOWL

THE PLAYERS: Tom Brown, Larry (Buster) Crabbe, Eleanore Whitney, Priscilla Lawson, Benny Baker, William Frawley, Nydia Westman, Adrian Morris, James Conlin. Story by Francis Wallace. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts. Directed by Charles Banton. Produced by Paramount.

ON they come, the ingenuous melodramas of the gridiron. This one has an unusually adolescent plot. A small Western town produces two football stars for rival universities. One, a highly publicized star, steals the sweetheart of the other. But they meet—as indicated—before gathered thousands in the Rose Bowl, where the triple threat of the headlines gets deflated. Retribution comes in a maze of radio broadcasters' descriptions and newsreel shots of the football game.

VITAL STATISTICS: Contrary to all talk of Western football superiority, winning honors in what they always call the Rose Bowl Grid Classic are evenly divided, both East and West taking nine of the twenty-one games played since thing was instituted in 1916, when Washington State took Brown 14-0. There have been three ties; Alabama has been the most constant Eastern visitor, winning three of its four appearances, while Stanford has been chief West choice, winning but two of its six starts, tying one; Pittsburgh's been East's second choice, U. S. C. the West's. U. S. C. is yet to be defeated when chosen. Of Big Three, Harvard (which used to play football) is only one to play, winning 7-6 from Oregon in 1920; Notre Dame's been but once; S. M. U. of Dallas is only team west of the Mississippi ever to represent the East. Usual idea of the East around Los Angeles: any place outside of California boundaries. Biggest score in the classic: U. S. C. 47, Pitt 14; smallest, W. & J. 0, California 0. Biggest upset, Columbia 7, Stanford 0, game played after "unusual" eight-inch fall of dew. . . . Having developed an inferiority complex while stooging for Lou Holtz, Benny Baker got himself a stooge: flat-nosed blond Polish Count Joseph Frankenstein Ploski, ex-baker of Bayonne, New Jersey. A dead-pan artist, Ploski suffers untold tortures while Baker heckles him, but he struggles on to express himself in his broken Polack. . . . Twenty-three-year-old Tom Brown has his heart broken regularly by Hollywood's youngest and loveliest; got his awfulest heart wrench when Anita Louise decided not to. Lives with maw and paw Brown and two bulldogs; is very younger-generation. . . . Prissy Lawson's a photographer's model and you've seen her pretty face on the back of many a magazine cover.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Texas Rangers, Romeo and Juliet, Nine Days a Queen, The Green Pastures, Show Boat.

★★★½—The Charge of the Light Brigade, Libeled Lady, The Big Broadcast of 1937, La Kermesse Héroïque, Dodsworth, Valiant Is the Word for Carrie, Swing Time, Girls' Dormitory, Sing, Baby, Sing, San Francisco, The Road to Glory, Anthony Adverse, Under Two Flags, The Great Ziegfeld.

★★★—The President's Mystery, The Gay Desperado, Ramona, The Devil Is a Sissy, How to Vote, Court of Human Relations, Draegerman Courage, Lady Be Careful, Stage Struck, To Mary—With Love, My Man Godfrey, The Bride Walks Out, The White Angel, The Poor Little Rich Girl, The King Steps Out, Fury, The Princess Comes Across, The Dancing Pirate, The Ex-Mrs. Bradford, Let's Sing Again.

You'll never go through a winter the old way once you've tried the modern way *of building general resistance ahead!*

Recent studies on common winter discomforts give us a clue toward controlling them. They begin in the early fall, increase in number and severity each month, and reach a peak in mid-winter.

This is the very time when your general *resistance* is likely to be low. You probably haven't been getting much fresh air, exercise, or sunshine. Perhaps *lowered general resistance* is the reason you're more susceptible.

Begin to build up your general resistance *right now,* with the help of *Adex.*

Adex will supply you with Vitamin A, the factor which has an effect upon your general resistance and helps to build it up!

With every Adex tablet or capsule, you also obtain extra "sunshine" Vitamin D, of great benefit to *most* people at this dreary winter season.

To prepare Adex, Squibb draws upon such known, natural sources as good cod liver oil and halibut liver oil.

Get Adex today in either the easy-to-take tablets, or small gelatine capsules. Take it *every day* for best results. Put a bottle on the breakfast table as a daily reminder.

Now at any reliable drug store. Remember Adex is prepared exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.

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Vox Pop

Erskine's Opera Suggestion Wins Governor Leche

© C. Bennette Moore

GOV. R. W. LECHE

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, BATON ROUGE, LA.—Mr. John Erskine's Letter to New Orleans in November 21 Liberty concerning the rebuilding of the French Opera House on its old site in that city is a timely suggestion, and I hope it will have the effect of spurring the citizens there into action.

Recently there has been some discussion along this line in that city by a few leading men and women, and I hope to see it develop to the point where active work may begin.

Sometimes the home people associated daily with such things lose sight of their interest and importance. It takes the outsider like Mr. Erskine to impress upon them the community value, aesthetically and financially.

Mr. Erskine's suggestions for the full utilization of the French Opera House and the Vieux Carré in New Orleans as a center of activities for Central America and Southern United States is gratifying to me, and I hope he has supplied the incentive to make these activities possible.—(Signed) *R. W. Leche, Governor of Louisiana.*

Mrs. Simpson's Secret of Success With the King

RICHMOND, VA.—Of events and people rating front-page distinction today none appear to be so ever-present as Mrs. Ernest Simpson, variously referred to as " the King's good friend " or " King Edward's dancing partner." Neither of these definitions of her companionship with royalty bestow upon her the title which is the true one—that of the King's jester; for she is continually and unfailingly one of the most amusing women to be found on either side of the Atlantic.

Few wits have humor. Mrs. Simpson is blessed with both; that is her secret. Dry, caustic, often cruel, but, my word, she is entertaining! When she was a schoolgirl at sedate Victorian Oldfields, she used to keep us in a perfect circus. She continues to possess that same flair for making one forget cares and tribulations. Small wonder that a monarch with the responsibilities of an unsettled kingdom pressing upon him takes solace from this never-failing source of amusement.

Surprising it is how meager are the accounts of Mrs. Simpson. Of her distinguished ancestry through her mother, no account is ever given, or that through her mother Mrs. Simpson is closely related to the six Montague beauties who reigned in Maryland and Virginia in the late '90s. This rich heritage of pulchritude, wit, and charm seems never to have been discovered in the many accounts of this woman who walks with kings. If there is an aristocracy in America, Mrs. Simpson belongs to it.

On her mother's side she is descended from Peter Montague, who landed at Jamestown in the early days of the Cavaliers. This gentleman became a member of the House of Burgesses, and from him descended a long line of statesmen, governors, officers in every branch of the service, each distinguished in his own time and period.

Mrs. Simpson's mother was Alice Montague. Petite, vivid, with golden hair and amazingly blue eyes, and with a wit so daring, so blasting that many feared her clever tongue, the admonition " Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever," held no meaning for Alice Montague. However good she was—and in today's idiom she must have been very good indeed—she was clever enough to have had three husbands, in spite of the popular theory that men prefer fools. Her first marriage was to Teakle Wallis Warfield, father of Mrs. Simpson; her second to a rich yet obscure gentleman by the name of Freeman Raisin, called by his familiars " Free " Raisin.

" Sounds like an orphan asylum, doesn't it? " remarked Alice when she announced her engagement.

At the age of fifty-seven she married a prominent attorney of Washington, one Charles Allen. From none of these husbands was the mother of Mrs. Simpson divorced. They all died in their beds, exhausted with laughing.

War to the knife waged unceasingly between Mrs. Simpson's mother and her Uncle Sol. He was indignant that any one so dependent on his good graces should apparently be so independent of his wrath. Alice had no right to be so gay, so pretty, to have so many friends, to present so brave a front.

It is said he educated Wallis; but here his beneficence ended. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that as she grew older Mrs. Simpson failed to view Uncle Sol's demise with very poignant anguish, seeing that she was his legal heir. It is a genuine loss that when his will was probated Mrs. Simpson's remarks are lost to history; for Uncle Sol had left his entire fortune to the founding of a Home for Indigent Gentlewomen! His niece Wallis was remembered only to the effect that, if in the future she comported herself as a gentlewoman, a sum of money was to be put aside to endow a room in his Home for Indigent Gentlewomen against such time as she would need it.

From wherever lie the mortal remains of Uncle Sol must proceed uncanny sounds. It will be that worthy gentleman turning in his grave, as with vision from the Beyond in which he so implicitly believed, he sees his niece, Wallis Warfield Spencer Simpson, week-ending at Fort Belvedere with England's king—at Ascot, Cowes, on the royal yacht, basking in the fine effulgence of royalty!

No Covent Garden orange vendor, no little milliner, as certain English publications would have you believe, is this friend of England's King. In her veins is the best blood of Maryland and Virginia Cavaliers, and from all who have been in contact with her, in her companionship with England's monarch, comes the affirmation that she holds her own with cleverness, dignity, and wisdom.—*Helena Lefroy Caperton.*

HERO WEARS SPECS!

KANAWHA, IA.—I had never once found a hero or heroine portrayed as wearing spectacles. But I feel much better now that I have found a true friend and sympathizer at last. He came through a startling discovery in Liberty a few weeks ago.

When I finished reading Wife Trouble, by Wallace Irwin, the good news came.

For Stan Freeman, the hero, finally came through with bells on and still wearing his specs.

My! It was close, though, for he lost her once.

My hope is that I too may still have a chance at romance in spite of my silver-rimmed lifelong companions.—*Bert Davids.*

AIRPLANE STUDENT AGREES WITH SIKORSKY

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I am a student of airplane mechanics in the Apprentice Training School of Syracuse, and being associated with the industry, was very much interested in Igor Sikorsky's article in October 17 Liberty.

I was not only interested but agreed fully with Mr. Sikorsky in his statements. To my mind, this was one of the most enlightening articles concerning the future of aviation ever written.

However, as a legitimate Vox Popper

I must make at least one criticism, and this is it:

Why, if Mr. Sikorsky authored the article for your magazine, didn't you use a photograph of *his* flying boat, the S-42, instead of a photo of the China Clipper, which was built by the Glenn L. Martin Co., his closest competitor?

Anyway, it was a swell article.—*Jack Stilbert.*

CURB SITTERS TO SAVE LIFE

VAN WERT, OHIO—It's about time somebody did something to put a stop to the bloody slaughter on our public highways. I refer especially to the whisky-sodden, befuddled driver.

I move we start a sit-on-the-curb-till-you-sober-up movement. To some this may sound balmy, but I'm sure it would save many lives and many more limbs. Let's give it a try!—*H. V. Stevenson.*

CLEARING UP THAT POKER AND CIGARETTES PROBLEM

YONKERS, N. Y.—Mr. Hartswick's Poker and Cigarettes problem in October 24 Liberty was based on a false assumption in Question 3—or fact 3, as he called it. The number 20 is divisible in the same way as 15, which he divides 5-5-2½-2½=15. The number 20 is divisible 7-7-3½-2½. This throws out his facts 3 and 5, which makes the puzzle impossible to work, of course.—*Morris Sternthal.*

[Regarding that problem, this letter must take the form of a blanket reply, a card of thanks, and an apology for an unintentional bit of obscurity.

The blanket reply is to all the friendly letters I have received pointing out that as the answer was stated there were two possible replies to fact 3, with regret that I can't answer them personally.

The card of thanks is for the interest taken by so many solvers—balm to any puzzle editor's heart.

The apology is for having phrased my published answer in such a way as to cause confusion. The intention was to show that the only number of cigarettes as far as fact 3 was concerned *that would satisfy the puzzle as a whole* was 15; in an effort to be overconcise I left the statement in such form that 15 applied as the only possible solution to fact 3 alone.—*F. Gregory Hartswick.*]

TEACHER SLAPS FATHER

PLAINVILLE, CONN.—A more appropriate title for Roscoe Peacock's article (October 10 Liberty), A Father Looks at Radicalism in Public Schools, would be A Radical Father Looks Cock-eyed at Public Schools. And in the article Mr. Peacock says he is the father of two "bright" youngsters. I wonder!—*A Conservative Teacher.*

SALUTES MR. MACFADDEN

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—I unsheathe the blade of heartfelt homage and stand at salute to Mr. Macfadden. His ringing, patriotic editorials in Liberty strengthen my faith that the spirit of America has not been entirely submerged and suffocated by parlor pinks and imported yellows. My grateful thanks to Mr. Macfadden.—*Andrew R. Marker.*

CHOOSES DUNKLE TO PERRY

SHREVEPORT, LA.—All I have to say about Hugh A. Perry's remarks (October 17 Vox Pop) about Mr. Dunkle's Diary is that if all the readers of Liberty had as poor a sense of humor as Mr. Perry you would be forced to discontinue Vox Pop. I vote we discontinue Mr. Perry.

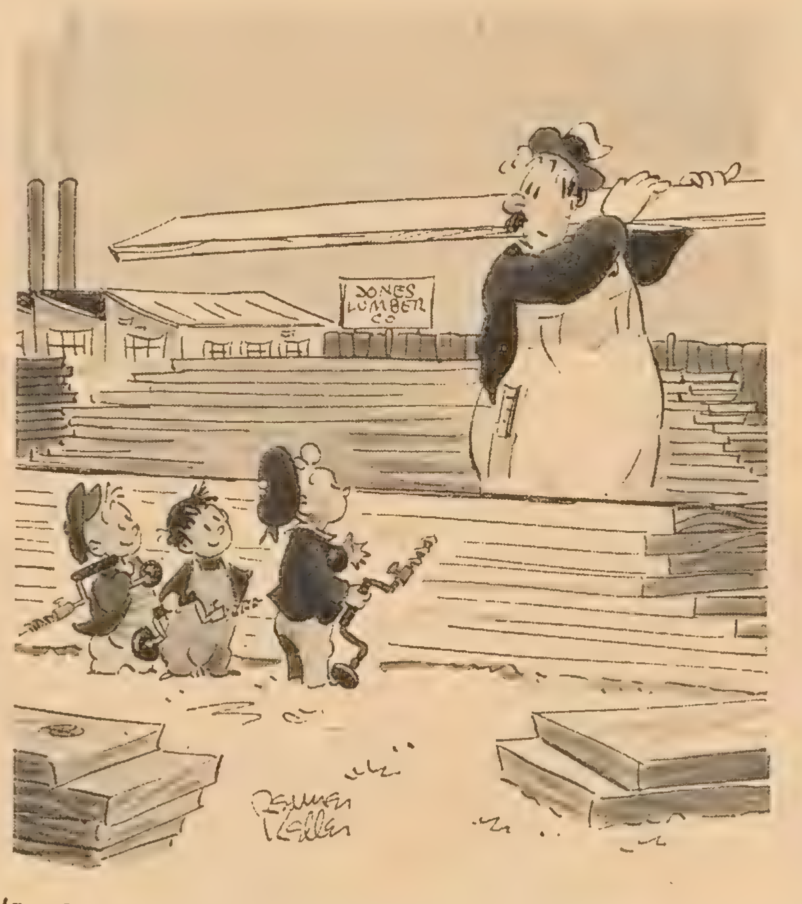
I think Vox Pop is one part of Liberty that we can't do without.—*John S. Brooks.*

WE DO NOT HAVE ENOUGH OF ABBOT AND ABDULLAH

GREEN SPRING VALLEY, MD.—Time being at a premium, I naturally have to choose my reading matter with care. I reach usually for a Liberty. Its low price has not prejudiced me against its interesting contents.

I shall be a subscriber as long as you print the clever and sophisticated stories of the scholarly Achmed Abdullah, the thumbnail sketches of persons, places, and things by Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, and, last but not least, the articles by that ever-resourceful fellow Anthony Abbot. I have but one complaint. We do not have enough Abbot and Abdullah stories. Let's hear more from them.—*L. A. Lally, M. D.*

"HARDTACK"



"Is this some of the lumber they're going to use on that new fence they're building around the ball field?"

LYNCHING IS OF NO AVAIL

FORT MYERS, FLA.—I highly commend the letter of Southern Woman (October 17 Vox Pop) anent lynching. Sentimental pity for the criminal should be turned into abhorrence of the crime.—*Mrs. C. W. Carlton.*

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Southern Woman defends lynching, yet she admits that "the number of such crimes [assault and ravishment] has increased appallingly." Then it must be assumed that lynching is of no avail in curbing crimes of the nature already mentioned; hence, why not let the law take its course?

Furthermore, where—and why—is the line of demarcation which lynches the colored man and not his white brother for the same sex crime? This prompts me to repeat the opinion expressed by a certain prominent motion-picture executive who was being interviewed on the subject of censorship of the movies.

"What do you of the films classify as rape?" was the leading question. This brought the following laconic reply:

"The wrong man!"—*Ima White.*

NEW WRITING TALENT

EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Why don't you run a Short Short contest for amateurs? Young aspiring fellows like yours truly who have never had a story published in the magazines. What chance does the amateur have against your professional writer? One in a million.

Don't you think it would prove interesting and inspiring, and don't you think you would discover some *new material?* My advice as a disinterested reader and admirer of Liberty is, make it exclusive. Try it and see.—*Albert Macauley Allan.*

[Doesn't our good friend remember that we held two story contests for amateurs a few years ago—one for beginner writers in short stories and one for those who wanted to try their hands at novels?—VOX POP EDITOR.]

VITAL STATISTICS ON BEV

SPOKANE, WASH.—Born sometime heretofore—no reason known. Whether boy or girl, we have no info. Pa and ma hoped Bev would be a preacher; turned out wrong instead—mixed up with magazine editors, scenario writers, and such. Sees all the movies and still keeps out of asylum. Sometimes praises the flops and flings brickbatties at the real humdingers. Thought Chaplin in Modern Times was colossal, gargantuan, prodigious, and ripsnortiferous, but that Mary of Scotland wasn't much at all!

Maybe gets real money for this, or maybe only board and room. We dunno.—*Oracle.*

LEGION OF LOST SOULS

A SECOND blighty wound returned Digger to the hospital in Alexandria. There he found a large-hearted nurse, Scotty Gale, who was on the best of terms with his pal Red, and who could tell him of "the Madonna"; Grace was still in London but had recovered from her air-raid injuries. In Digger's behalf Scotty cabled to her. She came, and the reunion was a moment of bliss, but before the lovers could meet again she had a relapse. Digger found her in her room, "a pale little ghost in a mound of bed," though valiantly confident that she would be fit again before he had to go back to Gallipoli, where both knew a big offensive was impending.

She was by no means fit, however, when he spent his last night in Alexandria at her side, voyaging with her in fond dreams from which the dawn recalled them.

PART SEVEN—"SOME ONE HAD BLUNDERED"

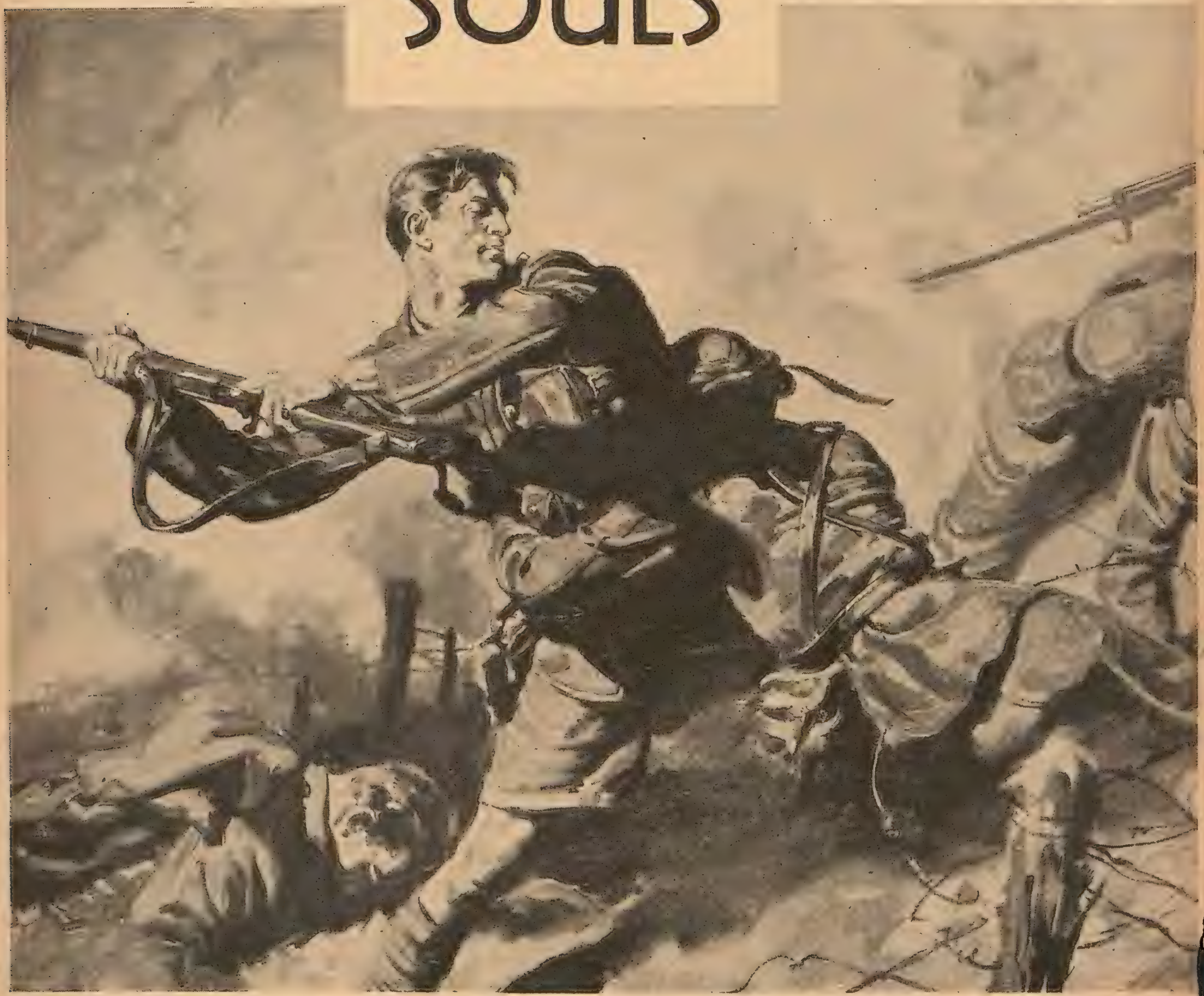
RETURNING, I found Anzac Cove worse than before, for there were forty thousand troops instead of twenty thousand packed in its holes and crannies and catacombs, shelf on shelf, up the cliff face.

Gigantic preparations were going full steam ahead for that decisive offensive in August. We all knew about it weeks before it actually took place. We had no doubt but that Johnny did, too.

There was to be a new landing—at Suvla Bay, north of Anzac. This time the attack was to be on our front. After nearly four months we were at last to go forward. The routes to be traversed followed precipitous ravines up the valley of the Aghyl Dere, which spread fanwise into five branches. After the first mile the troops would be facing totally unknown country.

The landing at Suvla Bay was to cover the turning movement which was to be made by the Anzac left in the projected advance on Sari Bair, and on across the peninsula.

Altogether, in theory it was a beautiful plan. This was to be the climax of the campaign. It was. But not as the powers that be had expected. As we were to discover, everything requisite



for the guaranteeing of the defeat of the Allies in that fateful first week of August, 1915, was then present on Gallipoli.

We turned out on the night of August 6 at about nine o'clock, answered our names, took up our positions. It was a pitch-black night. In that mighty effort there were banded together Australians, New Zealanders, English, Indians, and Maoris. We left the holes and gullies of Anzac, and within half an hour we had come upon a Turkish outpost and the battle was on. It was a strong post, protected by masses of barbed wire. We ripped a way through and slaughtered those Johnnies. That gave us entrance to one of the important ravines in our route. The Turks were now thoroughly roused and putting up the stiffest resistance.

Our column started up what was known as Aghyl Dere. Our objective was Hill Q, one of the lower slopes of Sari Bair. When we topped any little rise we saw that the whole place was ablaze with battle. Our advance was constantly checked by hidden bunches of sharpshooters. We fought for our lives scores of times. Only four miles between us and the Narrows—between us and complete victory. But we must do a first mile or so of climbing and fighting to wrest those damnable hills from the enemy.

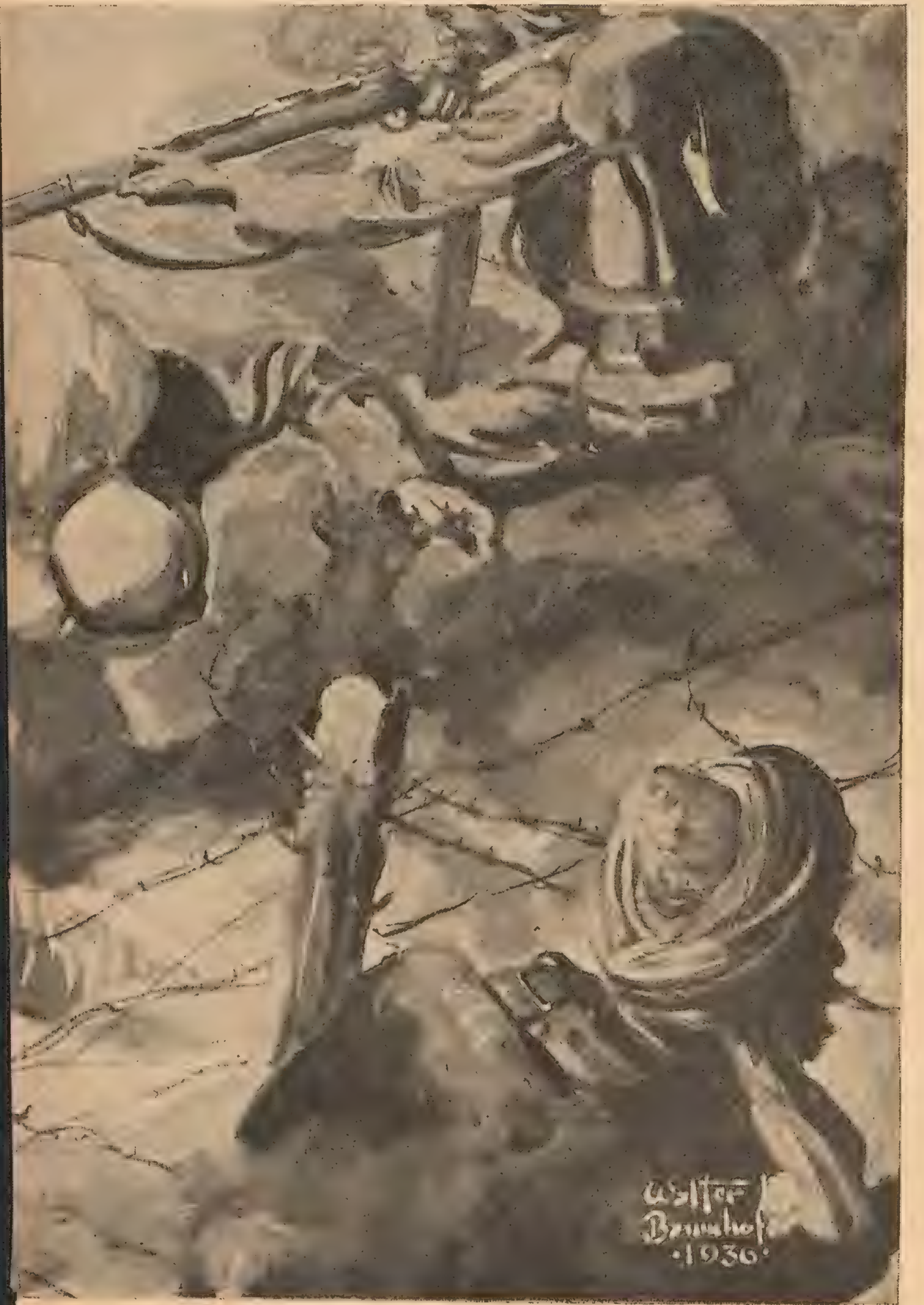
At last we linked up with our assaulting column from the right flank. Daybreak found us somewhat exhausted. But we had to go on. Renewed confidence came when we saw Suvla Bay filled with ships, the boats moving into the shallows, troopers crawling over the sand dunes, flame spouting from the battleships standing off the bay, and the crackle of musketry told us that the landing had been made good.

There were two summits facing us, one for the Aussies to take, the other for the New Zealanders. The guns behind us shelled the enemy position. We followed up and up, over scrub, rock-strewn ledges and spurs, with Johnny peering down at targets he could hardly miss.

The Sikhs were with the Aussies in that bloodthirsty scramble. The sun rose over the rim of the peak and blazed down into our eyes. From up there came an unceasing hail of musketry and machine-gun fire.

By noon of August 7, exhausted men scattered all over the slopes and the gullies were desperately digging themselves in. Our chief thoughts were of those reinforcements who had landed at Suvla Bay. When would they reach us? They had not come by nightfall. They had tried to, had fought desperately; but while they had been landing, the enemy had rolled up in great force.

That night we moved off in single file—and deployed into the storm of lead. One has vague memories of stumbling rushes along cavernous black gullies from the rims of which death was spouting. We fought throughout the night, fought on in the rising heat of the morning sun. By noon we of the left flank were compelled to fall back into the Asma Valley. The center had held. The right had won its objective on Chunuk Bair. But the left did not fall back until it had lost half its men. It was shot to pieces as it dropped back. One's pals who had grown haggard in the weary months on Gallipoli were scattered, lost, never to be seen again. We retreated, but with help from Suvla we could still have attained our objectives. As it was, we dug in and held firm. The flank was badly bent but by no means broken. And the enemy had sustained appallingly heavy losses. It was touch and go for him. That afternoon the fate of nations hung in the balance. Victory or defeat—which? Would the raw troops of Suvla break through? They were scattered in the wilderness, running around in circles, crazed with thirst. It was not until four o'clock in the morning of the



Red Sky in Hell—Battle at Sari Bair . . . A Firsthand Story of Tragic Gallipoli Mounts to a Vivid Climax

by

Captain W. J.
BLACKLEDGE

ILLUSTRATION BY
WALTER M. BAUMHOFER

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

We stopped the second line in their tracks. But the third line broke us. Our remnants fell back, rallied, but could not hold them.

9th that they began to advance. And then they were too late; Johnny had had time to crown the hills before them.

Thereupon the battle resolved itself into a fight for the ridge known as Chunuk Bair. Three columns were formed in the sullen darkness of the early hours of August 9. The attack was planned for dawn. The guns of our ships began the bombardment at 4 A. M. The first and second columns started up the hill. They drove the Turks back and back into that downpour of shellfire.

The Warwicks and Lancashires were among the first to reach the crest of Chunuk. The Ghurkas were never far behind. Our advance column passed over the crest—and then, having driven the Turks down the other side, stood fast, waiting for the other columns to come up with them. Thus would they make good the victory won. In that moment there was a tragic miscalculation. From the sea, the great guns raked the hilltop a few minutes too long. So those lads won the victory only to be slaughtered, many of them, by the fire of our own guns!

Even as we staggered over the ruined fields, we became aware of the intensified struggle up beyond us. We were to learn that after our own cannon had blasted the advance column the Turks turned on the remnants, cut them up unmercifully, beat them back over the top and down again. In that early-morning light we were witnesses of the most ghastly struggle. Massed hordes of Turks broke through them. Away on the southwestern section of the ridge the line held, but in front of us there began the bloodiest battle of the whole campaign. It went on all day. Attack after attack was repulsed. But the enemy came on again and again.

We too fought throughout that accursed 9th of August. In all, we were some five thousand men on Chunuk Bair and within a quarter of a mile of its summit. The Turks' reinforcements descended upon us shoulder to shoulder. From our miserable holes and bits of breastworks we annihilated their advance line. Then we rose to meet the second line with bayonets, knives, intrenching tools, and stopped them in their tracks, despite their overwhelming numbers. But the third line broke us. Our remnants fell back, rallied, stiffened, but could not hold them. Nothing could. We were dislodged again—though not beaten.

Thereafter bloody massacre around The Farm, as it was called. When the British force rallied on that grim plateau all organized formations had disappeared. Men fought in groups, dropping their modern weapons and flying at each other's throats. We rolled about the dirt locked in death grips, using knives, bayonets, clubs, stones, even fists.

In spite of the appalling odds, Johnny was beaten to a standstill. He went back to his vantage on the ridge. He left thousands of dead and dying—but the hilltop was still his. Four days and three nights of wholesale slaughter had availed us nothing.

WE did not drive Johnny from The Farm. He forsook it. So did we! We had fought from Friday night to Tuesday evening in a wilderness, without rest, with little food and an appalling lack of water. We knew that the Turks were shaken, that another battle would break them; but we were too spent to care. We had lost sixteen thousand killed, wounded, and missing.

For days afterward we lived in trenches with regiments of dead. The nights were nights of horror, what with burial fatigues. After that there were a few days of respite. I thought then a great deal about the Madonna. She had written twice and the letters had come from Alexandria. She was fit and well and back at her post. I wondered if I should ever see her again.

Then we had the trifling task of capturing the Turkish stronghold on Hill 60, a low flat-topped mound girdled by trenches at the summit. After a preliminary bombardment, our combined force went forward in three waves, advancing across an open valley under a terrific heat haze as well as under murderous enemy fire. Critics may say what they like about this attack upon Hill 60, but the fact was there was no heart in the troops any more. They were through.

"If ever I get out of this, I'll be court-martialed before I'll stand to for another!"

Red's face looked awful as he muttered those words. It was gray and haggard, patched with dried blood. His eyes were dull. This giant of a man was now just a framework of bones. Even so, I didn't believe him when he growled about desertion.

We were crouching under a little ridge topped with bush. In half an hour there was nothing left of our first wave. The shells had set the scrub afire, and the fire was spreading. The men in front were caught in it. We saw wounded men crawling and scrambling from the flames; as they got clear they were shot dead by jeering Turks. Those who were too badly wounded to make the attempt were burned alive. At least we were able to put some few of them out of their misery.

In all, there were about fifteen of us under that ridge—a little band that had got adrift in the general scrimmage. When the fire died down we saw that we were isolated. Some of our men had reached the southwestern slopes of the hill and had there taken possession of some Turkish advance lines. We knew we had to make for that spot, but for my part I thought it might just as well be done under cover of night. Already dusk was approaching. There were others, however, who decided they'd risk a dash across the open. We tried to dissuade them, but two did start out, running at the crouch. Both were killed before they had covered twenty yards.

AS darkness fell, the rest of us went over that ridge in extended formation. The bullets came whistling, all right enough. We zigzagged, then scrambled, then crawled. At last we stumbled into a trench—to find that it was only a dummy, hardly a couple of feet deep. There were ten of us then. Where the other three had got to, God knew.

We set off again. More scrambling, more crawling. At last we came within sight of some barbed-wire entanglements and knew there must be front-line trenches immediately beyond. We lay and listened to the voices in those trenches. I went cold. The lingo was unmistakably Johnny Turk's!

"Hell!" I gasped. "They're full of Johnnies!"

"They are that," Red whispered. "And they can't be prisoners. Suppose we go out and search for a break in that wire? There must be one somewhere that they use themselves."

There was nothing else to do. We had to get out of this predicament while it was dark. Four of the little party crept off, two to right and two to left. Six of us remained waiting, wondering.

The firing went on through the night in intermittent spurts and splutters. We took advantage of these bursts of sound to dig ourselves in. In a short while we had something like a trench in which we could squat in comparative safety. But it would be suicide to remain here until morning. An hour went by. Those four men did not return. What had happened to them? Another hour. Still no sign. In a couple of hours more it would be dawn.

Every now and then, in a lull in the firing, we could hear the enemy talking. An occasional flare spread itself over us. All of a sudden one of the boys jumped up and hoisted himself half out of the trench. He was peering round in the darkness when a flare went up. He sagged at the knees and dropped like a sack of potatoes. When we turned him over he was dead. He had stopped one between the eyes, and had never known what hit him. We removed his private effects and his identity disk, then buried him.

None the less, after a while another fellow bobbed up.

"Keep down, you fool!"

"Look to your own blasted skin! I'm getting out!"

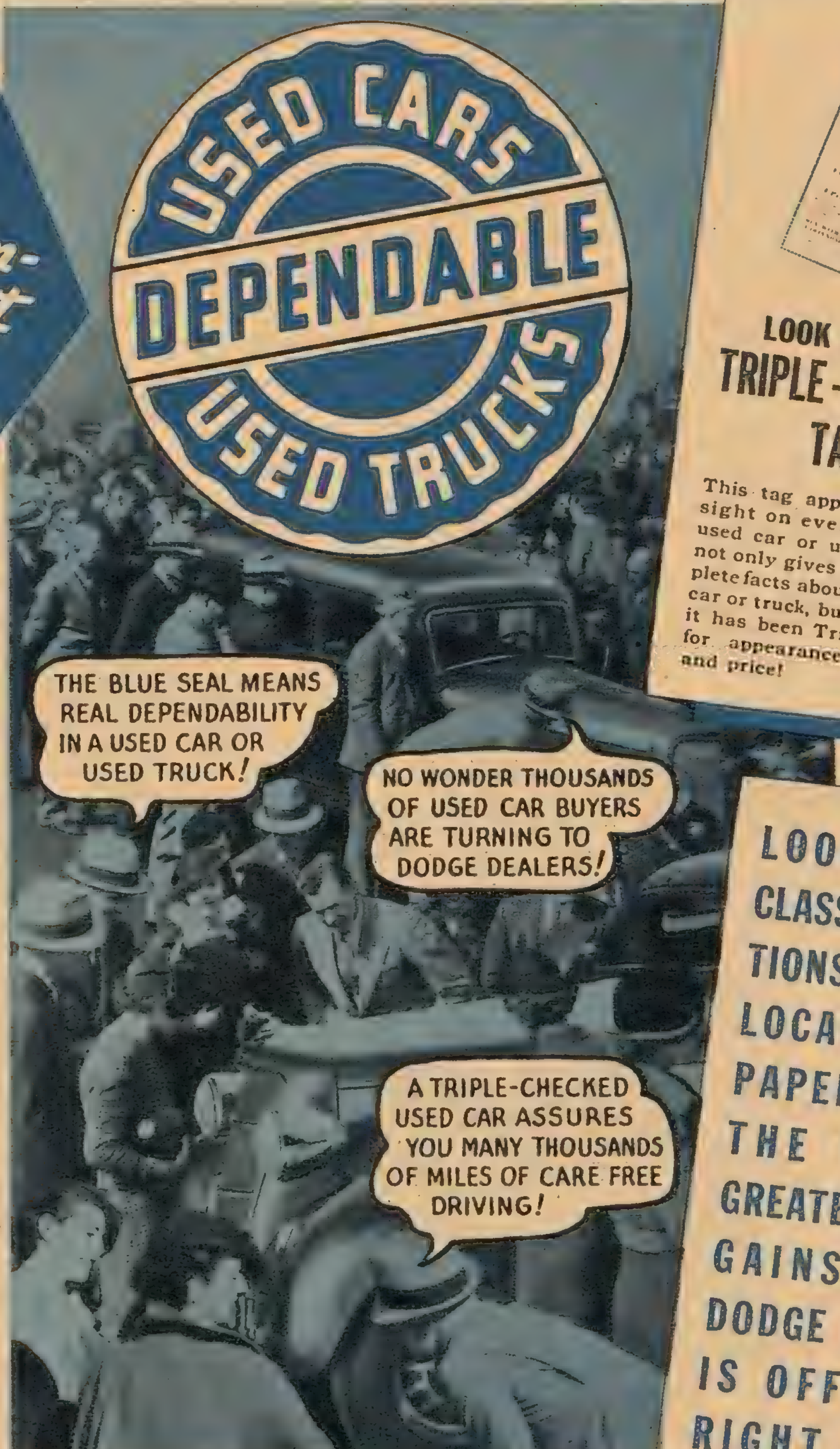
He, too, dropped back. But he hadn't been hit. He had seen a mound about sixty yards to our left. We decided to make for it and investigate. He led the way and we followed, crawling along on our bellies and praying that no flare might pick on us.

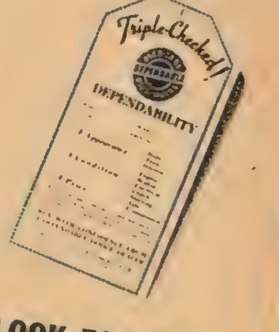
Once we were out in the open the fun began. The ground around us spawned bullets and the air screeched with them. I remember running the last two or three yards, and then tumbling into a trench. When I got up I found Red and a fellow named Sherwood. We never saw anything of the others again.

Anyway, the trench was . . . *(Continued on page 52)*

Now! A New Safe Way TO GET A USED CAR OR USED TRUCK BARGAIN!

To get an Amazing Bargain- To get real honest Value-Look for this Blue Seal!


USED CARS
DEPENDABLE
USED TRUCKS
THE BLUE SEAL MEANS REAL DEPENDABILITY IN A USED CAR OR USED TRUCK!
NO WONDER THOUSANDS OF USED CAR BUYERS ARE TURNING TO DODGE DEALERS!
A TRIPLE-CHECKED USED CAR ASSURES YOU MANY THOUSANDS OF MILES OF CARE FREE DRIVING!


Triple-Checked!
DEPENDABILITY

LOOK FOR THIS TRIPLE-CHECKED TAG!

This tag appears in plain sight on every Blue Seal used car or used truck. It not only gives you the complete facts about the specific car or truck, but shows you it has been Triple-Checked for appearance, condition and price!

LOOK IN THE CLASSIFIED SECTIONS OF YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPERS—SEE THE YEAR'S GREATEST BARGAINS YOUR DODGE DEALER IS OFFERING RIGHT NOW!

Dodge Dealers Everywhere Offer Year's Greatest Bargains in Blue Seal Used Cars and Used Trucks! But You Must Act Now!

Many Different Makes and Models to Choose From!

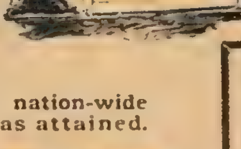
DODGE dealers have now worked out an amazing new, safe way for you to buy a used car or used truck with complete confidence. With this plan you can get the facts—all the facts—about any vehicle before buying!

All you do is look for the Dodge Dealers' Blue Seal of Dependability and the Triple-Checked Tag. The tag gives you all the facts on the car you're considering. The tag and the seal constitute your guarantee of honest, dependable value!

Year's Greatest Bargains!

And right now Dodge dealers are offering the year's greatest bargains on Blue Seal used cars and used trucks! Here's the reason: the new 1937 Dodge and Plymouth cars have just been announced. Sales are booming! And Dodge dealers are taking in more trade-ins than ever! But they must clear their stocks of used cars and used trucks—keep them moving out fast! They know the best way to do this is to put bargain prices on them—and that's just what they've done!

That's why right now is the best time of the year to buy a used car or used truck from a Dodge dealer! But you must act fast! These bargains are being snapped up right and left! See your Dodge dealer today! He has many makes and models to choose from! Your present car in trade—with plenty of time to pay!


DEPENDABILITY

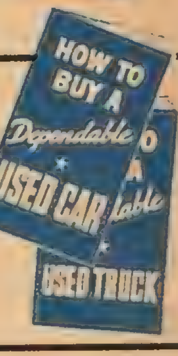
The word "dependability" first appeared in Dodge advertising—has come into such accepted usage that it now appears in standard dictionaries. Today it expresses not only the reputation of Dodge products themselves, but also the reputation for dependable dealing which the nation-wide Dodge dealer organization has attained.

DODGE

Division of Chrysler Corporation

Free! BIG, NEW BOOKLETS!

For the real facts on how to get your money's worth when buying a used car or used truck, read these free booklets. Get a copy of one or both of them at your Dodge dealer, or write to Dodge Division of Chrysler Corporation, Detroit.


HOW TO BUY A Dependable USED CAR
USED TRUCK

(Continued from page 50)

deserted, and there was a great mound of earth in front of us. Daylight or dark, it seemed a spot where we could stay indefinitely. We fell asleep—no great feat in those days when men often slept to the sound of gunfire.

We were roused suddenly by the shock of earth tremors. Immediately behind that mound was a machine-gun crew, blazing away; it shook the earth as it rat-tat-tatted high above us.

It was still dark. We could not have slept more than an hour. Instinctively we started to creep along the trench, away from that stuttering gun. We went farther and farther—then pulled up with a jerk. Shooting off at right angles was another trench. We were in a T trench that stuck out from the enemy's front line! The part we had been in was one arm of the crosshead running under and in front of that mound—which was a machine-gun post!

In short, we had but to turn sharp right into this communication trench and we should walk straight into Johnny's arms. The miracle was that nobody had so far come along the trench. Now the machine gun had started, they might be along at any moment.

Before we could decide what to do, there came voices and the sound of feet crunching the gravel along that ditch. We stayed where we were, just around the angle, and waited to see what fate would send us.

There were two voices at least. Presently a figure emerged, a Turkish officer. As he saw us we leaped at him and his companion. When we got them down we clouted them senseless, then tied them up and slung them over the parapet.

We went down the communication trench a little way, but there was no sign of any one else coming, so we cut back and turned into the right half of the crosshead, which, naturally, came to a dead end. We got out of that trench while it was still dark and began crawling about the earth again. We hadn't the foggiest notion as to where we were or where to go. Finally we tumbled into a shell pit, and agreed that this hole was as good as any other. We certainly fell sound asleep that time. It was broad daylight when I opened my eyes. It was more—well past noon! We made a meal and drank sparingly from the water bottles.

When we chanced an eye over the rim, it appeared that the war had deserted these parts for the time being. Sherwood was positive we were somewhere on the new ground between Suvla and Anzac. Red wanted to know how that could be, since we were in a shell pit. At any rate, there was nothing we could do until nightfall, for the firing was still fairly close.

We started out at dusk, trekking up a valley and getting more and more lost. Darkness dropped, and then the firing became fiercer. Clearly we had stumbled into no man's land again. The ground was beginning to look familiar, too darned familiar. We were wandering in a gully on the lower slopes of Hill 60. It was thick with the dead. Suddenly a figure rose up in the gloom.

" Down! " I gulped. We flattened just as rifles began popping at us. This could only mean one thing—a Turkish outpost. We started to crawl away, but Johnny could see the movements. Bullets spurted all around us. We clung to the earth, waiting. Then Red groaned. He'd stopped one.

PRESENTLY he was trying to follow us with one arm dragging. He couldn't make it. Sherwood and I swiveled round, one on each side of him, and clutched at his equipment braces. When we started off again, we seemed to make about an inch a minute. If only we could find a hole! Red wasn't able to help himself much, since he could crawl with only one arm.

We tugged along by sheer desperation. " Why don't they come out and grab us? " gasped Sherwood, who was nearly all in.

" They're afraid to, I expect. They think we're bait."

" All serene, Red? "

" You bet! Wish you fellows would go on. I'd follow. They'll get us in a bunch, like this."

" Shut up! Save your breath. You'll need it."

BUT GRACE – I
BOTH BE THERE–
GRACE WAS "TOO TIRED" TO ENJOY THE CROWD
I KNOW– IT'S JUST BEASTLY TO LOSE YOUR PEP. MY DOCTOR SAYS WHEN YOU FEEL RUN-DOWN LIKE THAT YOUR BLOOD IS GENERALLY UNDERFED. HE HAD ME EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST, SAID IT FEEDS THE BLOOD
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT I NEED– I THINK I'LL TRY IT
VITAMINS A. B. G and D

"It's only a flesh wound. Upper arm. Sort of burns."

"We've *got* to rest," gasped Sherwood. "Let's shove some dirt up!"

We stopped and clawed at the rubble until we had a little pile of a foot or so between us and those Johnnies. Then we used the entrenching tools, piling the dirt higher and higher and digging ourselves in. Even Red worked, lying on his side and chopping away with his short-handled tool.

Still Johnny would not come out after us. He doesn't come out into the open until he is pushed out in massed ranks. Just the same, this was far from being a satisfactory hide-out. We must needs get away before morning. We used a jackknife on Red's arm and got out the slug, then bound it up with his field dressing. After that we started to look around for a way out of the wilderness.

"If we had a machine gun and a few belts, we could take that post," said Sherwood. "There'll be good rations in there, and good cover."

He was a dark little fellow—about the shortest Anzac I ever saw—tough as leather, and the craziest loon imaginable. He had a big head and he looked more or less like a gorilla.

"We got three rifles—"

"Madness! There's probably a score of 'em in that post. We'd be shot to pieces."

He brushed my objections aside. "What else are we to do—go wandering again for another day, or two or three, till we've neither grub nor water? Score, my foot! I don't suppose there's more'n six of 'em! And who the hell wants to die out here by inches?"

After all, there was nowhere else we could go.

"What about you, Red?"

"Count me in. I can still shoot straight."

"All right," I agreed. "Let's go."

We waited for a lull in the shooting, then crawled out. We could barely see the smudge of earthworks in the darkness, but had our bearings sufficiently. Once Red stumbled against a boulder and his rifle went clattering. We lay prone while the night rained bullets. But Johnny was firing blindly. He didn't see us; the clatter had simply made him nervous. That could only mean there were not many Johnnies in the post!

We climbed boldly out and half-circled it. It appeared to be heavily protected with barbed wire, and we were in a sweat by the time we had worked our way around to what looked like a gap.

Immediately beyond the wire was a breastwork. Our crazy scheme was to charge through that opening in the wire and jump the wall, kicking up a hullaballoo to give the impression that we were thirty-odd men instead of three!

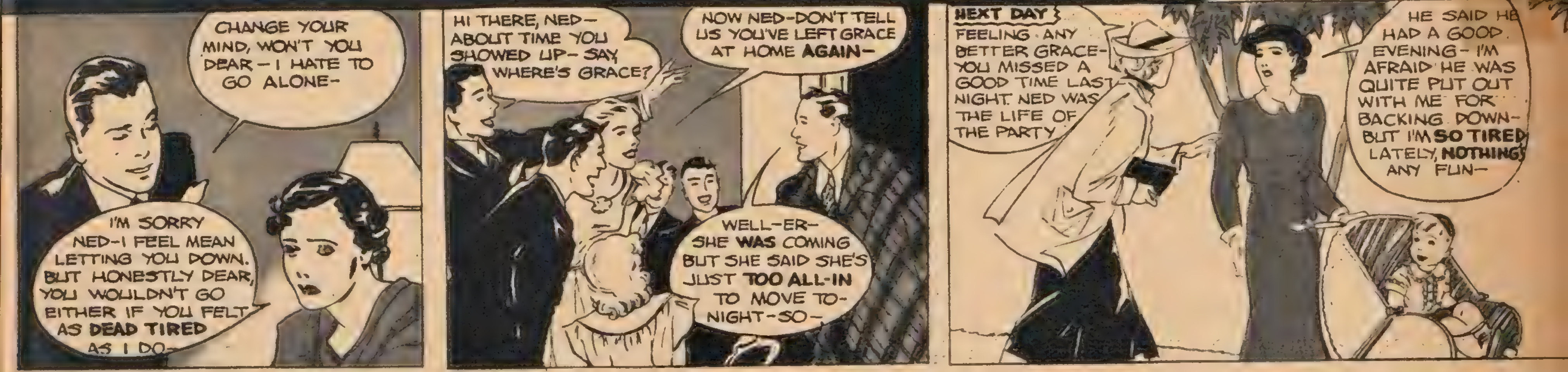
Sherwood seemed to have taken command. He gave a bloodcurdling yell, then charged hell for leather. Red and I stumbled alongside, bawling and screeching. In the first breathless seconds there was no response from the Turks. Before they could recover from their surprise we were among them and going to it with a will. It was too late then to start any firing. This was close-quarter stuff. We swung rifle butts, used feet as occasion arose, and kept up our howling and shrieking the whole time.

I imagine it was a great relief to us. We could have tackled a score of men then. Not that Johnny didn't put up a stubborn resistance! He yelled, too, and flew at us with his haggle-tooth bayonets.

It was one whale of a scrap. Sherwood was in the heart and center of it all, whirling around like a man possessed. Again and again he saved Red from a nasty knockout, for Red, of course, was scrapping under difficulties. How he got through that mix-up was a mystery. Yet he did. The three of us did. We were torn, bruised, bleeding, long before the last Turk was knocked senseless. When it was all over we too dropped from sheer exhaustion. There were nine of them crumpled within the walls of that post! We tied them up with their own equipment.

We did not know how long we should be able to hold this place. Sooner or later another patrol would be along to

TOLD THEM WE'D


CHANGE YOUR MIND, WON'T YOU DEAR – I HATE TO GO ALONE–
I'M SORRY NED–I FEEL MEAN LETTING YOU DOWN. BUT HONESTLY DEAR, YOU WOULDN'T GO EITHER IF YOU FELT AS DEAD TIRED AS I DO–
HI THERE, NED– ABOUT TIME YOU SHOWED UP– SAY, WHERE'S GRACE?
NOW NED–DON'T TELL US YOU'VE LEFT GRACE AT HOME AGAIN–
WELL–ER– SHE WAS COMING BUT SHE SAID SHE'S JUST TOO ALL-IN TO MOVE TO-NIGHT–SO–
NEXT DAY
FEELING ANY BETTER GRACE– YOU MISSED A GOOD TIME LAST NIGHT. NED WAS THE LIFE OF THE PARTY
HE SAID HE HAD A GOOD EVENING– I'M AFRAID HE WAS QUITE PUT OUT WITH ME FOR BACKING DOWN– BUT I'M SO TIRED LATELY, NOTHING'S ANY FUN–

A FEW WEEKS LATER
THAT'S THE STUFF GRACE– SWELL SHOT!
YOUR GAME GRACE
MY, IT'S GOOD TO SEE GRACE ACTING LIKE HER OLD PEPPY SELF AGAIN
I'M GLAD SHE TOOK MY TIP ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES

DON'T LET UNDERFED BLOOD MAKE YOU FEEL "DONE UP"

That "all-in" feeling so many people have at this time of year is often a sign of run-down condition.

Usually this tired feeling comes when your blood is *underfed* and does not carry enough of the right kind of nourishment to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with vitamins and other needed food elements. Your blood then carries more and better food to your nerves and muscles.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily, a cake about ½ hour before meals, plain or in water. Start now.

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to the muscle and nerve tissues of your entire body.

When you find you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not supplied with enough food. What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

FLEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

Copyright, 1936, Standard Brands Incorporated

relieve this one. We began to scout around. Behind the parapet was a large dugout. We found candles and lit them, came upon a sack of rations—black bread, figs, dates, olives, pomegranates. What a banquet! And there was a plentiful supply of water.

Sitting there and feasting in that dimly lighted cavern, we suddenly became aware of an aperture in the farther wall. There was an opening leading downward. We held the candles at the entrance and stared into it. There were steps down it, roughly faced with stones.

We went down the steps with the candles and came upon the black hole of a tunnel.

"Well," quoth Red, "you're the engineer, Sherwood. Where do we go from here?"

"You know," quoth Sherwood, "I'm inclined to take a walk, do a little exploring. What say?"

There was nothing to be said. We set off down the tunnel, Sherwood leading. "I expect we'll get some place by morning," he observed.

"If the candles don't give out," I said.

"If they do, there's my torch! What's the matter with you chaps? This is Gallipoli, isn't it?"

The candlelight showed a fairly broad and well trodden path. Whatever it was, portions of the tunnel were very old and full of fungus. Johnny Turk had discovered old excavations and made good use of them.

In some places the clammy passage wound and twisted. Before long it became evident that we had taken a wrong turning. It was all very quiet, shockingly so to our ears so long accustomed to the roar of guns.

"Ain't we prize barmheads! Above ground, under ground, it's all the same to us—we just get lost!"

"Well, Sherwood, this was your idea," grunted Red.

We plodded along silently for a while, not knowing night from day—though daylight long since had dawned. At length the path opened out into a chamber at least a hundred yards across. We could make out broken walls, arches, columns—but what astonished us was that the place was far less gloomy than the tunnel. Light was percolating through the roof! As we stood immediately under it we could see a vague spot of daylight.

"And how do we get up there? It must be twenty feet."

"We get up there or we go back," Sherwood opined.

"Going back would be cheerful, by God!" quoth Red.

I suggested piling up the loose stones. We did. It was donkey work for the next three hours. We sweat and swore, wondering if we were laboring in vain. Finally the pile was high enough. I climbed up, reached through the aperture. When at last I was able to hoist myself through it I found not the bright sunlight I had expected but the gloomy light of a wood. I seemed to be in the center of a thickly wooded plateau—pine, cypress, and other timber. It was delightfully sweet and cool. With food and water, one could stay here indefinitely.

I CALLED to the two below to pass up the equipment and arms, then helped Red through the roof. Sherwood followed. We could see that there must once have been some other way out of that underground chamber, for the hole in the roof had been broken by spreading roots of a giant tree.

We carefully covered the hole with logs and stones, then stretched ourselves and fell asleep. The rising sun showed through the trees when we awoke. After a meal we began to reconnoiter. Clearly we were on some wide ridge—and on the Asiatic or enemy side of the hill!

A ridiculous as well as a hazardous situation. But for the moment there didn't seem a lot to worry about. We explored the wood and worked our way toward the eastern fringe. There we lay flat, looking down into a wide valley, and to a road which was alive with moving troops and guns and transport. The familiar booming of artillery came to us. The columns were moving northward toward our left. Straight ahead, beyond the valley, was a low rise of ground, and in the farther distance we could clearly see the blue misty Narrows beneath the lofty Asiatic shore—the coveted objective of a campaign ill-starred from its inception!

We were in no hurry to get away from that view. We had nowhere to go. How could we go forward, with those columns of Turkish troops down there?

"As long as we can find grub, we can hold out." Thus the cheerful Sherwood. We were probably not more than a mile from our own lines. It might as well have been twenty miles. We trod the entire semicircle of the belt of trees and viewed the country from every possible angle. The more we saw of it, the less we liked it as the area of a possible escape.

When dusk came, we stuffed our haversacks with wild fruit, filled our bottles at a spring, and left the trees. The climb down that scrub-and-boulder-strewn slope was an adventure in itself. Our progress was damnably slow. I fancy we had been going for a couple of hours when we pulled up suddenly and dropped behind some rocks. By the light of a fitful moon I had detected movement ahead—a creeping figure.

His behavior was strange. He was alone. He would creep along for a few yards, then turn and glance back down the hill in the direction whence he came. He had all the appearance of a fugitive; but it was impossible to tell what he was. We crept nearer.

We were within a few yards of him when Sherwood stood up and called, "Hello, Tommy!"

THE figure spun round, stopped dead. We ran forward. It was a Tommy, a Lancashire lad. He had been a prisoner in the hands of the enemy and had escaped. How he expected to get away he had not the faintest notion, but he was tough enough to make the attempt. When we told him we had been wandering for a week, he gasped.

"Nay! A whole week! An' how did that come about?"

We told him the tale, fed him, gave him a Turkish service automatic (actually a German Mauser) and some ammunition pouches. He said we were his mates from then onward.

"I'll tell yo' what, mates," he cried. "Let's get gooin'! Eh, but I'm glad to see yo'! There'll be fun!"

We set off and we kept on the move all night, skirting the lower slopes of the hill at a dogtrot. Tommy told us he had been in a charge that had run several score of the Manchesters right into the enemy's hands. As they had been marched down the hill to the Turkish rear, he had made his getaway under cover of darkness.

Far into the night we stumbled up hill and down dale. It was dawn when, moving cautiously along a gully, we heard the crunch of feet—many feet. A patrol of Turks hove into view. The daybreak light shot up. The cover we had scrambled for was not good enough.

The officer leading the patrol shouted and pointed toward us. As they came up in a bunch we started firing. They flattened, but they crawled nearer. We were slowly surrounded. I imagine there were some thirty or forty of them.

We dropped a few. The officer kept yelling at them, though he made no attempt to rush us himself. Then we saw they were Arab irregulars—past masters in this kind of stealthy snakelike warfare.

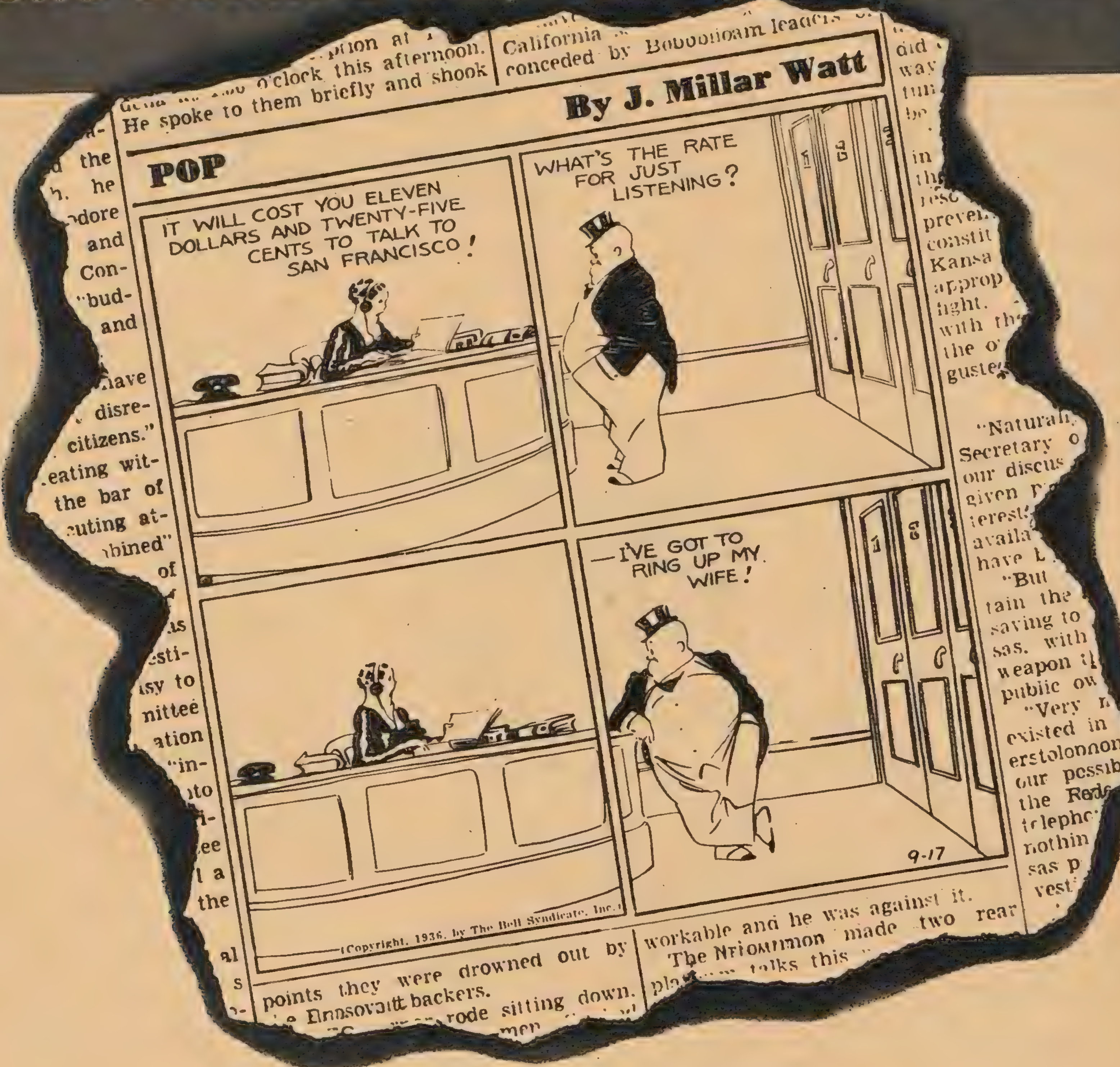
It was broad daylight soon, but even then it was impossible for four of us to watch every angle. Suddenly the officer yelled. They rose up like one man and came forward in a black rush, yapping and snarling like mad dogs. We rose to meet them. We were hopelessly outnumbered. It was all over in a few minutes, and we were being tied up.

The Turkish officer was satisfied to have us as prisoners, but he had the greatest difficulty in keeping his cutthroat Arabs in order.

At least we had the satisfaction of knowing we had put up a strenuous fight. Three of us had, in fact, been fighting and striving for more than a week! And after all our efforts we were prisoners of war. It seemed a preposterous state of affairs to us who had had so many escapes!

They were to have more, all hair's-breadth and blood-curdling, in escaping from captivity; whereafter Digger and his "Madonna" were to— But let Captain Blackledge tell you as he concludes this series next week.

Pardon us, Pop, but have you heard?... LONG DISTANCE RATES have been REDUCED!


He spoke to them briefly and shook
California
conceded by
By J. Millar Watt
POP
IT WILL COST YOU ELEVEN DOLLARS AND TWENTY-FIVE CENTS TO TALK TO SAN FRANCISCO!
WHAT'S THE RATE FOR JUST LISTENING?
—I'VE GOT TO RING UP MY WIFE!
9-17
(Copyright, 1936, by The Bell Syndicate, Inc.)
points they were drowned out by
workable and he was against it.
"Natural
Secretary
"Very

"Yes, Pop, if you would like to make your 3-minute person-to-person call from New York to San Francisco any week-day now, it will cost you only $9.75. After 7 P.M., or all day Sunday, you will be charged just $6.75.

"These new low rates have been in effect since September 1, Pop. They extend to station-to-station conversations too. For example, the 3-minute station-to-station week-day rate between New York and San Francisco is now $7.50. At night and on Sundays the same call can be made for $4.50. Just think of it, Pop—you can talk from coast to coast for less than five dollars."

Seven times in the last ten years, reductions in Long Distance rates have brought this important service within the reach of millions more people. Friends in opposite corners of the country now are only a few dollars apart. Intimate voice-visits and family reunions can be more frequent. Business prospects, customers, and field representatives can be reached —personally—more often than ever before.

For pleasure . . . for business . . . find out for yourself the genuine satisfaction and economy of Long Distance Telephone Service.

To the Ladies

by

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 29 SECONDS

ON a model farm in Pennsylvania I met a man who really understands cows. He convinced me that cows are as *ladylike* as can be—which makes them a suitable topic for this page.

" Cows give more milk if you treat them with polite affection," said Robert Kinross, nationally known dairy expert. " When I milk a cow," he added, " I always talk baby talk to her."

He's a champion milker. He told me more about cows.

Cows are fond of cats, but they dislike dogs. . . . Cows become well acquainted with familiar places and friendly people, but a cow seldom learns her own name. . . . Cows detest too much noise or too much heat. . . . Cows love the taste of wet paint, which they lick off and get sick on whenever possible. . . . Cows remember old grudges and nurse them for years. . . . The faces of high-class cows resemble definite types of feminine beauty; among the prize herd of Guernsey cows bred by Mr. Kinross, I saw one with a Venus de Milo profile of classic perfection, and another with the piquant insouciance of Claudette Colbert.

Mr. Kinross thinks women ought to know more about cows. Seriously, we should know more, for example, about the effort now being made to eliminate Bang's disease (infectious abortion) —a malady of childbirth communicable to us through cows' milk. The government is urging dairy farmers to test their cows for this infection, so dangerous to womankind. Such tests are not yet compulsory. Mr. Kinross believes they should be. Our American rate of childbirth mortality is disgracefully high.

● Now I'm going to write a few lines about the little town where I met Mr. Kinross and his cows. The name of the town is Bethany. I know we have towns named Bethany in almost every county of every state in the Union, yet I feel invariably a unique pleasure of the soul whenever I hear that not at all extraordinary place name pronounced. *Bethany*. It always sounds so satisfying, so promising of contentment.

ROBERT KINROSS

Here in this Bethany I found a hermit, a withdrawn old gentleman who never leaves his house, yet he can tell you the exact day and hour when any woman, child, or man of the town was born.

They showed me a church, here in Bethany, that was designed by the great English architect, Sir Christopher Wren.

But the people of the town were prouder when they told me that they had experienced only one divorce in two hundred years.

And only one hanging. They pointed out the place where for many years the skeleton of their solitary murderer was publicly displayed to warn the wayward and affright the rogue.

● A London friend has informed me that the most talked-of American lady over there believes in finding out what color a man likes best, and then giving it to him right in the eye. As soon as she knew she was going to meet a certain gentleman for the first time, at a house party, she took special pains, I am told, to learn that his favorite color is red. So she packed an all-red wardrobe for the next week end—red sports clothes, red cocktail dresses, red evening gowns, red *everything*.

P. S. She got her man.

● One afternoon last week I ran across the street to join the largest crowd of window-shoppers I ever have seen. And *what* do you think we all were looking at? Beefsteaks. Plain beefsteaks. Raw beefsteaks. Naked beefsteaks unadorned by even a sprig of parsley. They were displayed, about ten dozen of them, in the refrigerated show window of a famous restaurant. Nothing but raw beefsteaks, yet the window was mobbed so violently that the police had to come and push the people away. The people weren't hungry; they didn't want to grab those beefsteaks. They just wanted to look at them. It was the oddest riot I ever have been in, and I have been in quite a few.

Civilized people forget their manners when they see a hundred beefsteaks. They behave themselves while the meat is scarce, but as soon as meat is plentiful they want it all.

● The artistic ambition of seductive actresses can be more complicated than you think.

Pola Negri used to say, " I want to be so exciting on the screen that every man in the audience will hurry home with his wife."

Was that *moral* or wasn't it?

● I like new books that try to keep our faith alive and questioning. I like Fulton Oursler's new book, A Skeptic in the Holy Land. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.) Mr. Oursler has been a thoughtful and observant pilgrim to the historic shrines of our belief.

● Temperate as I am (and that's the truth, so it is), I recommend your attention to these Kilkenny pancakes from Ireland. Make them like this:

To 6 tablespoons sifted flour add 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, a pinch of salt. Mix in 2 well beaten eggs, a cup and a half of milk, and ¼ cup good whisky. Beat the batter thoroughly. Let stand 40 minutes in a cool place, then add ¼ teaspoon baking powder. Fry thin like French pancakes. Serve with sugar and lemon.

RESTAURANT

CONFIDENCE... *that the best will always find favor*

TRUE, there are many worthy whiskies today—but there's only *one* Paul Jones!

Today, did we say? That has been true for over 70 years!

Our family, from the beginning, has steadfastly refused to depart from the slow, old-fashioned American method of distilling this noble whiskey—confident that men who *know* whiskey will always cherish the forthright qualities for which Paul Jones has been famed for more than three generations.

Paul Jones is *all* whiskey—*every drop.* And we believe its richer, full-flavored mellowness will tell you that you've found one of America's truly *great* whiskies.

★ ★

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY
SINCE 1865

★ ★

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof) —all blends of straight whiskies.

Paul Jones
★ ★ ★ ★
A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
FRANKFORT DISTILLERIES, INC.

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES
– 92 PROOF

"MOTHER —I DON'T FEEL WELL TONIGHT"

● Often when children are upset the trouble is simply due to constipation. But don't use harsh, bad-tasting medicine to correct this condition. There's a newer, better way—the FEEN-A-MINT way. FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative in delicious chewing gum. It tastes so good you don't have to coax children to take it.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● Just let your child chew a piece of delicious mint-flavored FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes or more. Science has proved that this chewing actually helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough and reliable. Take at night. Next morning—your worries relieved and your youngster herself again—happy—once more romping and full of fun.

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ANOTHER LIBERTY COVER LIMERICK

$200 IN CASH PRIZES FOR ONE LINE

BEGIN YOUR ENTRY NOW!

HERE'S another Cover Limerick Contest. A quick-action contest with only one last line to write. Get in on this easy-money offer and win one of the cash awards. Just one last line to write and a First Prize of $100 to win, as well as several other lesser but well worth while awards. Get busy before you turn this page and start an entry that may bring you a handsome cash award. You can't win unless you enter. And entering this short Limerick Contest is as easy as any game you are likely to find. You'll find it fun to get the other members of your family interested. Take the best last line from the family conference, or let each send in his or her own entry. Be sure that each entry is on an official coupon. That's the one necessary requirement. Get your entry into the mail forthwith and make sure that it is properly stamped and addressed.

THE RULES

1. Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Liberty's publishers and members of their families.

2. To compete, study the cover of this issue carefully, read the uncompleted Limerick on the coupon below, and write your own last line.

3. When you have written your last line for the Limerick, write a statement of not more than sixty words on what Thanksgiving means to you.

4. Last lines will be judged on the basis of originality and story value. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and interest.

5. For the best last line accompanied by the best statement Liberty will award a First Prize of $100. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive: Second Prize, $50; Third Prize, $25; and five prizes, each $5. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. Send all entries by first-class mail to LIMERICK CONTEST EDITOR, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, December 16, the closing date of this contest.

7. The judges will be the editors of Liberty Magazine and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

NOVEMBER 28 COVER LIMERICK ENTRY COUPON

Here is the Limerick

In earlier years "way down East,"
Thanksgiving Day's annual feast
Made every man brother.
But this year's another—

(Write your own last line here)

Name..

Street..

City............................State.........

ANOTHER CASH PRIZE CONTEST NEXT WEEK!

THE Money GAME

Is College Football Becoming Obsolete? — A Veteran Player Diagnoses Its Ailments from the "Pro" Point of View

by BERT BELL

Former Penn Quarterback and Coach; President of the Philadelphia Eagles, National Professional Football League

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

The author, President of the Philadelphia Eagles.

THE difference between professional football and the college game is largely that of individual initiative and greater experience that is not always distinguishable from the stands. Let me illustrate.

The Chicago Bears were playing the Detroit Lions in the first two important games last fall. If Detroit won they would have a chance to win the Western professional championship the following Sunday in Chicago. If the Bears won it would clinch the Western title for them. In the closing minutes of play the Bears were leading 19 to 16, with the Detroit team staging a furious rally that was carrying the ball steadily toward the goal line and a winning score. A touchdown meant victory for Detroit. A goal from the field would mean a tie score—and in the Detroit backfield was "Dutch" Clark, former Colorado College luminary, who was an exceptional field-goal kicker.

Detroit advanced the ball to the Bears' ten-yard line, with six yards to go on a third down. The ball was directly in front of the goal posts. Even if the next play fell short of a first down, Dutch Clark was almost certain to boot the ball over for a field goal on the final down. Presnell of Detroit took the ball off tackle on the next play.

Jack Manders, playing fullback on defense for Chicago, came up fast. Presnell, coming up to the line of scrimmage, saw an opening outside and broke out. Manders could easily have tackled Presnell with a gain of only a yard—*but Manders didn't make the tackle.* Instead he chased Presnell out toward the side line and made the tackle just inside the boundary to the playing field.

Manders's quick thinking and individual initiative in the heat of action was probably not apparent to the spectators. Realizing that, with the ball downed in front of the goal posts and only nine yards away, Clark would almost certainly boot it over and tie the score on the next play, he delayed his tackle until he had chased the ball carrier to the side line where the angle would be too acute to make a tie score by a field goal possible. As a result Detroit had to stake their last chance on a running play. It failed, and the Bears won the championship.

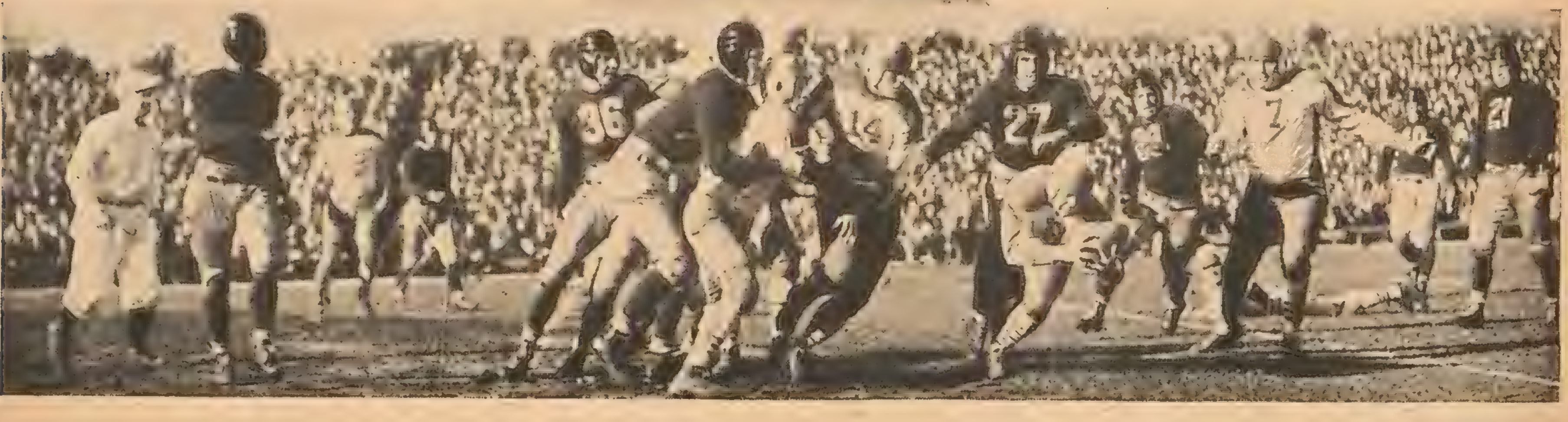
It was the individual initiative of Jack Manders in the heat of action that won that title. The point is this: most any college player would have made the tackle at the very earliest opportunity, and Manders himself probably would have done so during his college days, before the greater freedom for individual initiative permitted in the pro game had taught him to think for himself.

This same Glenn Presnell, then playing with Portsmouth, pulled a smart play of individual initiative against us in 1933.

Portsmouth was leading 14 to 0 in the third period. On the fourth down and eight yards to go, Presnell went back on a punt formation. As he received the pass from the center, three of our players smashed through and were upon him. He saw that a kick was almost certain to be blocked. Under the rules the defense could pick up a blocked kick and run with the ball but were not permitted to advance the ball after a recovered fumble. As Presnell started to swing back his foot for the kick he quickly realized that it would be blocked and deliberately dropped the ball at his side without making any attempt to boot it.

That's what I mean by the pro game permitting greater freedom for individual initiative than does the college game. Players are taught to do their own thinking instead of depending upon the coach to think for

Left: Manders of the Bears. The championship was won on his trick.



Action—hot and heavy—during a New York Giants-Boston Redskins game this year.

them. It isn't because college players aren't capable of thinking for themselves, but is probably due to our intensive college coaching system, that places a premium on mechanical teamwork and kills individual initiative. College coaches drill their players where to be and what to do on defensive and offensive formations and fail to stress the necessity of using their own initiative, while in the pro game we realize that a coach can't play the game for the players on the field, and after they are taught the intricacies of the team system they are given to know that they are on their own after the starting whistle blows and must think for themselves.

The experience of Heinie Miller, former great end at the University of Pennsylvania, illustrates this difference. Miller was given explicit instructions by the coaches to dive in and smash the interference on defense. Miller obeyed these instructions when the interference was compact—but when the interference was scattered Heinie always played them with his hands, using his own initiative in this respect, and he got through and spilled many a play. The Penn coaches raved and tore their hair over this. Miller was not obeying instructions. They threatened to take him out of many games but he was such a good end they didn't dare to.

I was a college quarterback, a college backfield coach for eight years at the University of Pennsylvania, and for three years at Temple University, and for several years have been at the head of the Philadelphia Eagles of the National Professional Football League. It required these later years of close association with the money game to show me the great advance that professional football has made over the college game. Naturally this is largely due to the fact that practically every player we have on the field is All-America material, capable of thinking for himself in an emergency. But we get a lot of All-America players who, never having been permitted to think for themselves in college football, are wholly incapable of doing so in the professional game. These don't last long in the pro game, regardless of the impressive reputation they have attained on college fields. If the college coach's job was not at stake, then he could teach his players to use their own initiative and think for themselves; and if this was the case, they would be much better fitted for the pro game.

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DIVISION OF GENERAL SHOE CORPORATION NASHVILLE TENNESSEE

Among the few college coaches who do this are Lou Little—great football tutor at Columbia University, who astonished the football world with Columbia's great victory in the Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day, 1934—and Heinie Miller, who in eight short years of football brought Temple University near the top of the heap. Both Lou and Heinie learned this from their own personal experience in professional football. After having starred in the college game at the University of Pennsylvania, Little and Miller side by side played pro football with the Frankford Yellowjackets, the Buffalo world's champions of 1920, and the Philadelphia Quakers.

One of the chief reasons, in my opinion, why Lou Little and Heinie Miller have been so successful is that they stress individual initiative on the part of their players once that starting whistle blows.

ANYBODY who saw the Penn-Columbia game at Franklin Field in Philadelphia on November 17, 1934, with the Columbia players throwing laterals back across the field at the end of forward passes, and with laterals hitched to the end of spinners and double reverse spinners, will understand what I mean.

Columbia's laterals down the field were made to any player who happened to be in that vicinity, and not to a designated player according to the planned strategy of the coach, as is customary in the college game.

If you watch the average college team you will notice that each has its particular system of play, and that the players line up always the same, according to the play that is about to be run off. College coaches too seldom permit any variation to this.

It is this gap that yawns between college mechanism and the individual initiative of the money game that causes so many college stars to fail in professional football. And it is the greater freedom of individual initiative that causes a lot of college players to like to play the pro game a lot more than they ever liked the game in college.

This statement may come as a surprise to some, but it is the truth. Ask any former college star who is now playing professional football. It is a matter of human nature. Take yourself, for instance, whatever your job. When you are encouraged to think for yourself and allowed to use your individual initiative, you take a lot more interest in your work than if you are compelled to do nothing but obey orders and follow instructions from the boss.

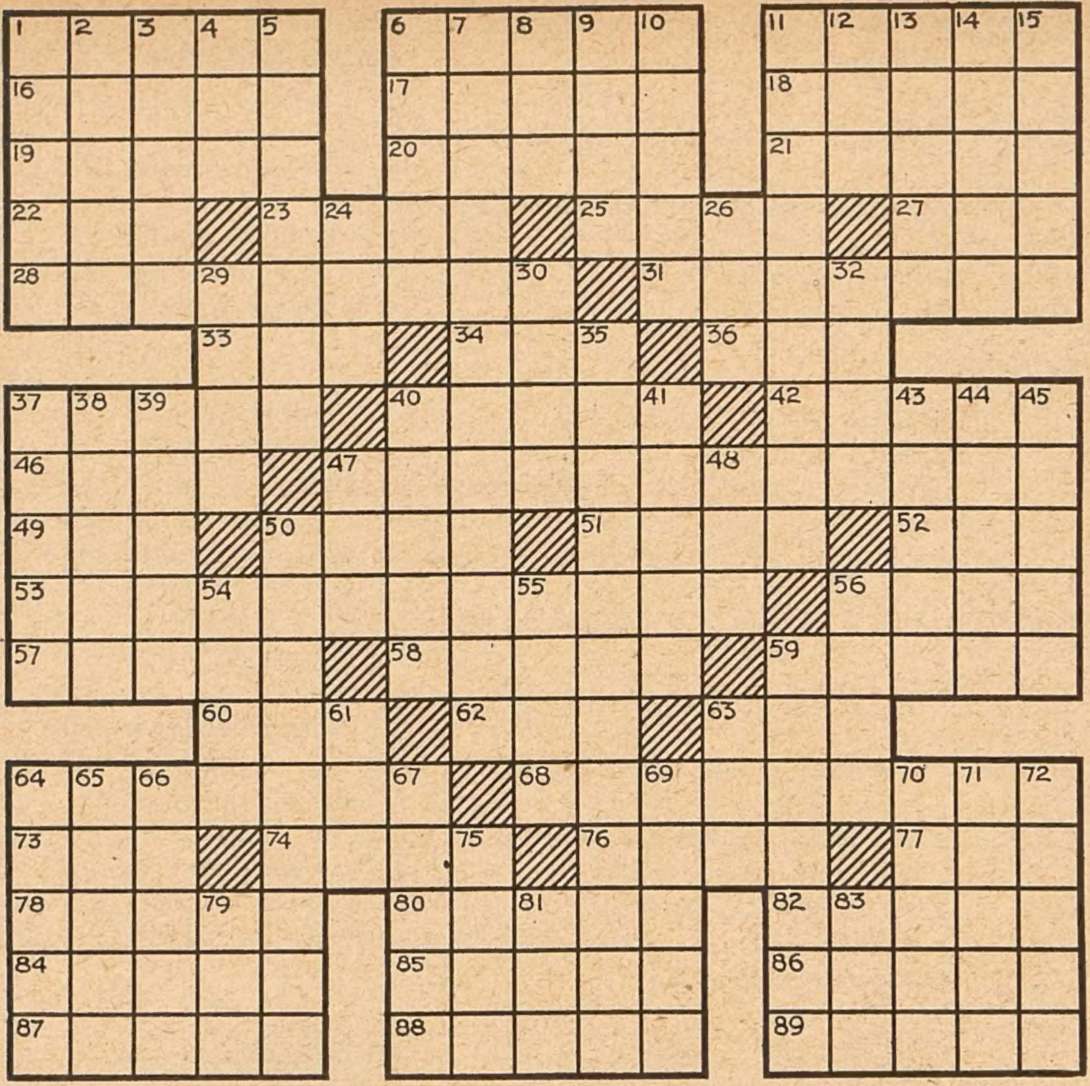
THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 26

1—Edwin Booth (1833-93).
2—About twenty million birds, according to estimates of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics (approximately one third larger than last year's turkey crop).
3—Serbo-Croatian.
4—Enrico Caruso (1873-1921).
5—Both eyes are on the same (right) side of the head.
6—Alexander Hamilton Stephens (1812-83).
7—Reduce.
8—No larger than a man's finger.
9—The idolaters of Hosea 13:2—"And now they sin more and more, and have made them molten images of their silver, and idols according to their own understanding, all of it the work of the craftsmen: they say of them, Let the men that sacrifice kiss the calves."
10—Tuberculosis.
11—Carnation Ormsby Butter King, producer of 38,606.6 pounds of milk and 1,752.5 pounds of butter in 365 days.
12—Dr. Harold Willis Dodds.
13—About six million million miles (the distance traveled by light during one year). This astronomical unit is employed in measuring the distance to stars.
14—The Campfire Girls of America (founded in 1911).
15—No; in swimming, a fur seal uses its front limbs, whereas a hair seal uses its rear limbs.
16—Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell, known as Gene and Glenn.
17—White pepper is also a product of the black-pepper plant, but the peppercorns' fleshy coverings are rubbed off.
18—William Randolph Hearst (there being no H in the Russian alphabet).
19—Percussion instruments.
20—

Wm. G. McAdoo.

CROSSWORDS



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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 American Indian (plural)
6 Part of the head
11 One who howls
16 Separate
17 Hostelry
18 Part of an amphitheater
19 Embankment
20 Greek letter
21 Peruses
22 Sooner than
23 Fervent
25 Social upstart
27 Entreat
28 Satirical
31 Decreed
33 Large flatboat
34 Dejected
36 Period
37 Tendency
40 Species of willow
42 Silly
46 Greasy liquids
47 Liberation
49 Past
50 An Arabian military commander
51 Cut of meat
52 Turf
53 To make artificial
56 Otherwise
57 Gait
58 A line of junction (pl.)
59 Emancipated
60 An electrified particle
62 Locality containing mineral springs
63 Projecting piece of machinery
64 Issued forth
68 Helmsman
73 Greek god
74 Harvest
76 A metal
77 Poem
78 An artery
80 Interdict
82 Footless animal
84 An affection of the larynx
85 An antelope
86 Boxed
87 Cultivation of the soil
88 Meaning
89 Jugs

VERTICAL

1 Draws
2 Musical drama
3 One who makes a sidewalk
4 Anger
5 Manager of food distribution
6 Brief
7 Officers of a military subsistence department
8 Devoured
9 Appendages
10 Carpenter's tool
11 One in a rude uncivilized state
12 Form of to be
13 Spume or foam
14 To invest
15 Effaced
24 Inquire
26 Pronoun
29 Containers
30 A son of Adam
32 A whine
35 Recitations
37 To become dry and brown with heat
38 Severity
39 Abscond
40 Leaves out
41 Uproars
43 Passageway
44 Running knot
45 Terminated
47 Measures of type
48 Pastry
50 A form of pantograph
54 Outcropping of an animal body
55 Headwear (plural)
56 Measures of work
59 Heating apparatus
61 Born
63 A constellation
64 Excess of the solar year over the lunar
65 Aborigine of New Zealand
66 Enlist (var.)
67 A fruit (plural)
69 Eat away
70 A member of the deer family
71 A snake
72 Requirements
75 Lacking color
79 An exclamation
81 A prohibition
83 The foot of any animal

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

DON'T COUGH YOUR HEART OUT

A cough is annoying, breaks up sleep. Depend on Piso's; for Piso's modern formula is backed by 70 years' experience treating coughs from colds. Piso's (1) helps loosen phlegm congestion; (2) soothes bronchial channels; (3) helps clear air passages; (4) relaxes cough impulse. Piso's (pie-so's) In bottles.

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TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

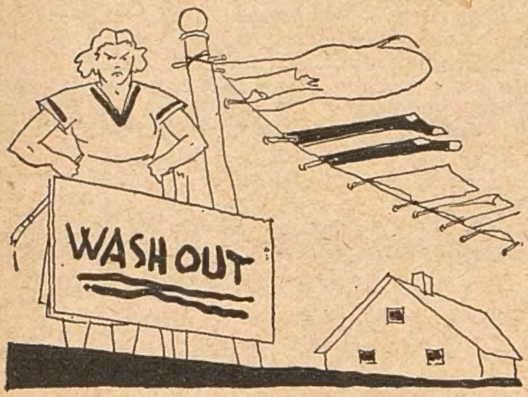
It Happened In

PIERRE, S. D.--Searching for Curtis Weigold, fugitive from the Wyoming Industrial Institute, George McCoy of the State Justice Department drove about the highways near Pierre.

A pedestrian thumbed a ride. McCoy stopped, picked him up, then took a close look at his passenger. It was Weigold.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Mrs. John Findlay filed suit for divorce because her husband "persistently discussed his ambition to become a hangman," much to the annoyance of herself and guests.

SHELL LAKE, WIS.—Motorists slowed down when they spied signs reading "Washout" on both sides of a highway detour at the Guy Campbell farm near here, but they saw no washout in the road. Mrs. Campbell, tired of having clouds of dust soil her wash, had put out the signs when she hung out the clothes.



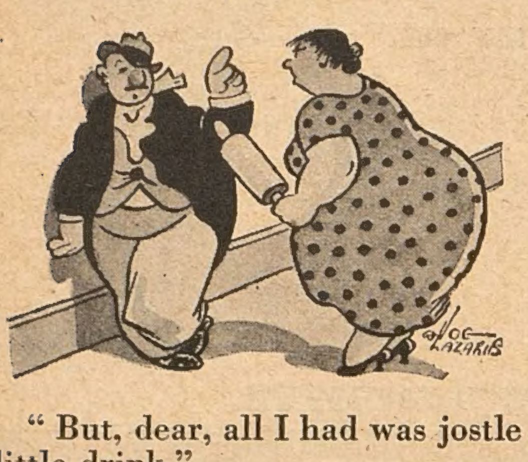
EVENING SHADE, ARK.—George E. Marlin, a farmer, applied to the Resettlement Administration for aid early this year, enrolled as a client of the New Deal agency, and was sold a team of mules.

Subsequently the Resettlement Administration's finance department arranged to pay for the mules, but through a clerical error sent the check to Marlin instead of having it cleared through the local office.

When the farmer got the check—made in the even amount of $200—he decided it represented his first monthly old-age pension allotment under the Townsend Plan, about which he had heard much discussion.

Marlin also recalled that under the Townsend Plan the pension was to be spent within thirty days. He left for Batesville to comply, and bought a secondhand merry-go-round.

Use the word "JOSTLE"



"But, dear, all I had was jostle little drink."

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any living person, it is purely accidental—a coincidence.

COVER PAINTED BY JAY McARDLE

A WARM, DAZZLING, DARK-HAIRED, BROWN-EYED BEAUTY!

A suave, debonair Russian count—ex-colonel in the late Czar's own regiment!

And two cold bullet-riddled bodies lying on the ground in Cemetery Lane!

Nothing seemingly could be further apart than the dashing count with his beautiful companion and the two murdered men lying bound and gagged in the tall grass. Yet, little by little, there was ferreted out a hidden trail which linked all four to one of the most daring swindles in New York City crime—a trail which led from a deserted country road to the gleaming mansions on Park Avenue.

Headquarters Old-Timer next week in Liberty leads you over this trail, shows you the inside workings of this cleverest of swindles that had among its dupes two of the smooth, "smart" denizens of New York's Forty-second Street district, and reveals the shrewd indefatigable police work which gathered up threads of clue which reached even to Petrograd and to Vienna!

PARADISE ON WHEELS—ROLLING MY HOME BEHIND ME

Perhaps you're one of the thousands—the estimates vary between 300,000 and a million—whose slogan is "A-trailering we will go!" Perhaps you've had the urge, but have held back because of lack of information. In either case you'll enjoy reading the vivid personal experiences of Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., on his 18,000-mile jaunt as he tells it in next week's issue.

Also stories and articles by Will Irwin, James M. Cain, Harry Newman, Elizabeth Troy, Bert Green, and others

NEXT WEEK IN Liberty ON SALE NOV. 25

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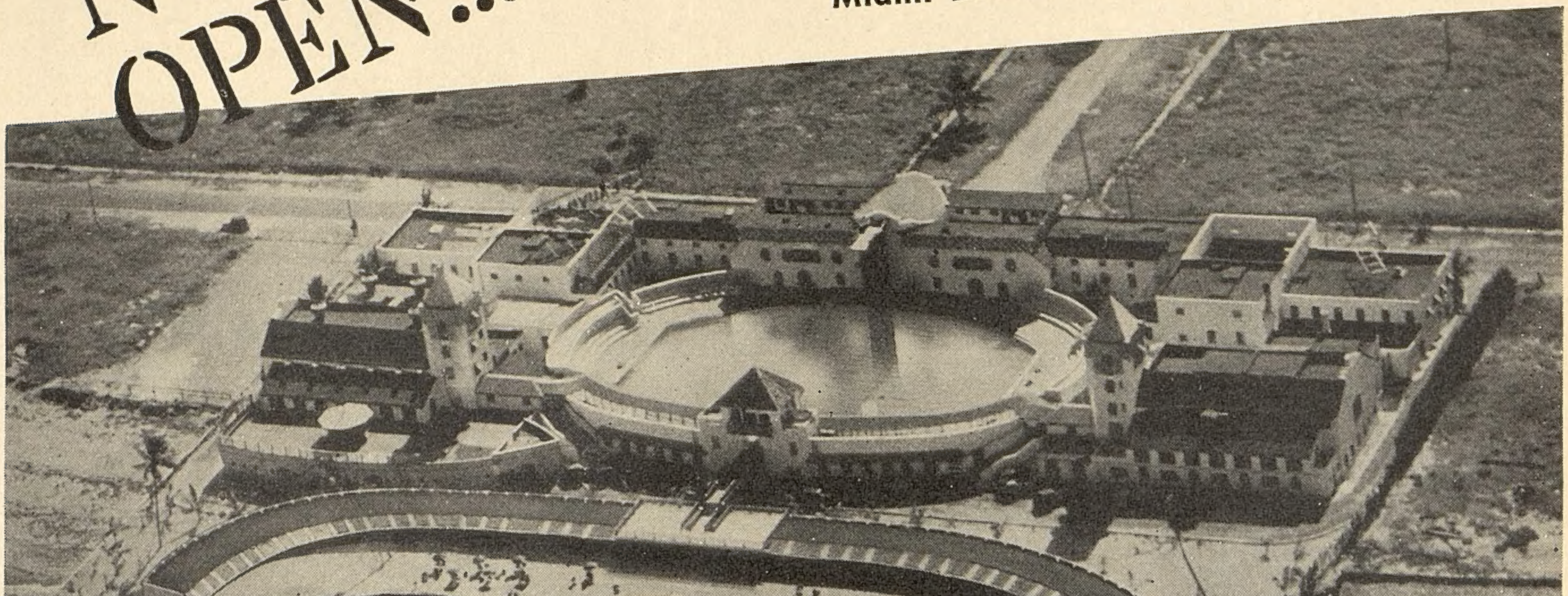

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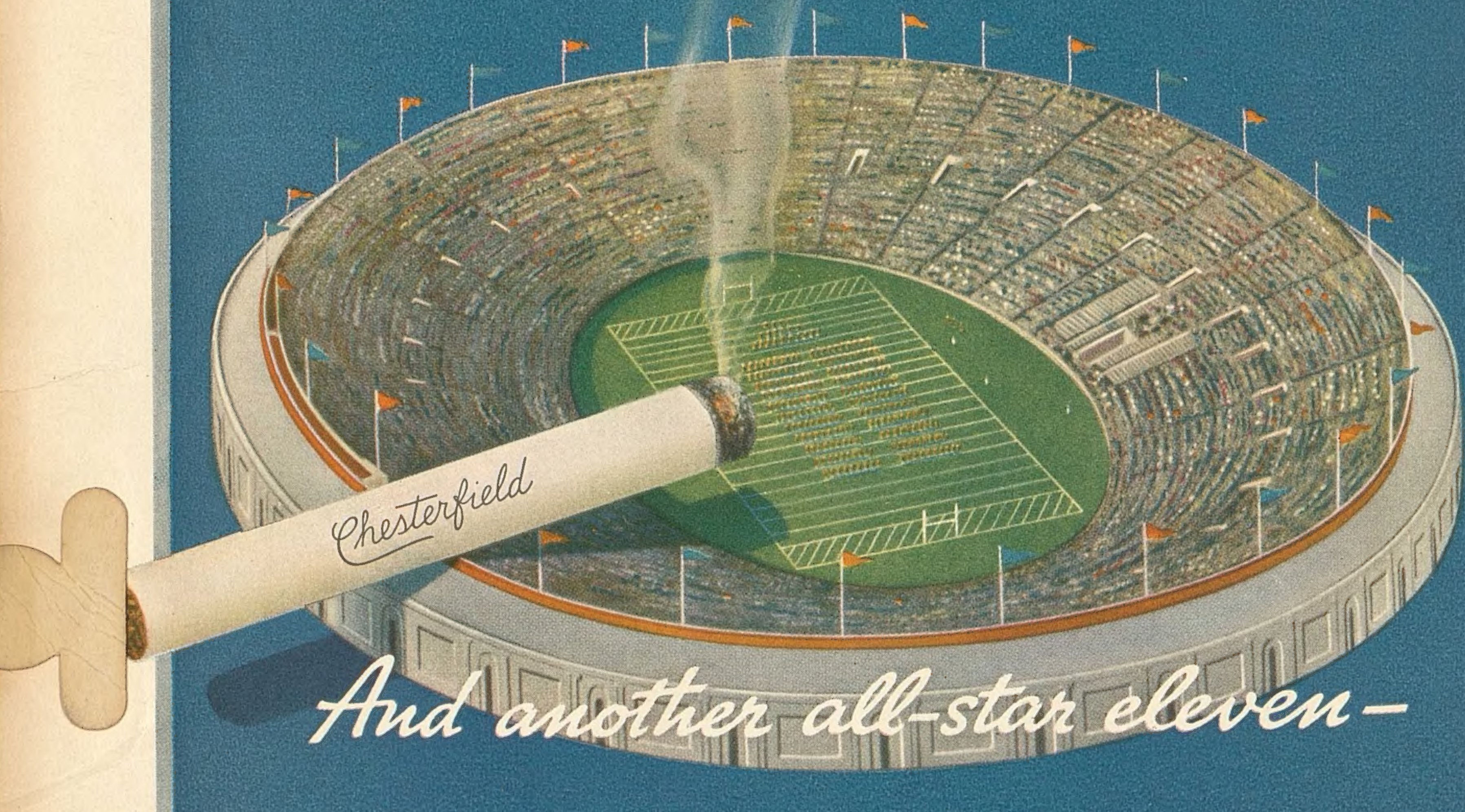
Fifty thousand wild adherents –
Tackle thrusts and headlong clashes,
Two yard bucks and dizzy dashes,
Head and shoulder, heart and soul,
Till you fall across the goal.



And another all-star eleven –

THEY
SATISFY

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